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THE MAIDEN QUEEN.



THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

# QUEEN VICTORIA

HER GLORIOUS LIFE

AND

ILLUSTRIOUS REIGN

BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD, A. M., LL. D.

Assisted by an Efficient Editorial Corps

A FASCINATING NARRATIVE

OF THE REIGN OF

ENGLAND'S MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SOVEREIGN

An inspiring portrayal of the lamented Monarch of Europe's mightiest Empire, showing her wonderful character as a Queen, her loyalty as a wife, her devotion as a mother, and her graciousness as a woman.

Embracing a complete description of her birth and ancestry, her marriage and coronation, her domestic happiness and bereavements, the beauty of her declining years, her death and burial.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, was born at Kensington Palace, London, early on the morning of the 24th of May, 1819. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and Her Serene Highness, Victoria Mary Louise, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Saalfeld, widow of Enrich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold.

Queen Victoria came to a beautiful world, at the most beautiful period of the year. The rain was all over and gone, and the singing of birds was heard in the land. Countless poets, from Chaucer to the singers of this later time, have sung in happy measures the glories of the English May-time; and it is not to be wondered at that a loyal, loving people should think of this royal babe of Kensington as "England's Sweet May-flower," the name her royal grandmother of Coburg gave her.

This little child was born not far from the throne, and there were many thoughtful people who had grown tired of the Georges and the Georgian age, who cherished the hope that she might live to wear the Crown of England; but there were none, so charged with prophetic dreams, as to be bold enough to predict that that little hand would sway the sceptre of the mightiest Empire of the earth for more than three score years.

The infant Princess, the fair "May-flower" of that year of grace 1819, came to her royal state rich in a pedigree of old renown. She was the undoubted legal successor of the Monarchs of a thousand years. In her veins ran the blood of Saxon, and Norman, and English princes, from the far-away days of Alfred the Great. The connecting links were mostly women. The wise and worthy Matilda, wife of Henry I., united the Saxon and Norman race; the daughter of Matilda brought in the Plantagenets; the Tudor with Elizabeth of York connected them with the Plantagenets. Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., united by marriage the Tudors and Stuarts. To the last of these houses, our Queen Victoria belongs. Saxon, Plantagenet, and Stuart. She is the lineal descendant of them all! And Mr. Valentine most happily remarks: "Those who believe in heredity will notice with pleasure that the life of the Queen has shown much of the courage of the lion race of Plantagenet, of the sagacity of the Tudors, of the kindness and grace of the Stuarts without their weaknesses.

A table of the family of George III. may be valuable just here, to those who are interested in questions of succession.

The father of the Princess Victoria was Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. The old King's living sons (two died young) were:

1. George, Prince of Wales, who in 1795 married Caroline of Brunswick, his first cousin, and had only one child, the Princess Charlotte, who was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and died shortly afterwards, her child being born dead.

2. Frederick, Duke of York, was married in 1791



to Princess Frederica, daughter of the King of Prussia. They had no children.

3. William, Duke of Clarence, married Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Weiningen in 1818. Their two daughters died in infancy.

4. Edward, Duke of Kent, was married in 1818, to the Princess Victoria Maria Louise of Saxe-Coburg, sister to Prince Leopold, and widow of the Prince Leiningen, and had one child, Princess Victoria.

5. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, married Princess Fredericka of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in 1815. This lady had been twice married. They had one son, Prince George, afterwards King George V. of Hanover.

6. Augustus, Duke of Sussex, married to a subject. His children could not succeed to the throne.

7. Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, married in 1818 Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel. Their children were—Prince George, now Duke of Cambridge; Princess Augusta, married to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck.

Edward Augustus, father of Queen Victoria, was the fourth son of George III. and Queen Charlotte. He was born at Buckingham Palace, November 2d, 1767. Life and death linked hands in the palace that day. Edward, Duke of York, was lying in state preparatory to his funeral on the 3d of November. On the 30th of the month the infant prince was christened, receiving as his first name Edward in honor of his dead uncle.

The Duke of Kent was never a favorite with his family. He was ill-treated and neglected. The days

of his youth were rough and unhappy. Most of the peasant boys of England were much happier than Prince Edward. He was the scapegoat of the family. The blame that fairly belonged to his brothers was laid on his shoulders. He was sent to Germany for military drill and kept on a contemptibly small allowance. He was always in debt and worried the ministers of that day by continual requests for supplies.

Yet he managed to make very warm friends. He was genial and gentlemanly and kind.

Referring in later years to the estrangement that existed between his royal father and himself, the Duke said: "Much of the sorrow of my after life may be ascribed to that most uncalled-for sojourn in the Electorate."

There is little doubt but that the serious financial embarrassments that made the whole life of the Duke of Kent a struggle with comparative poverty, may be attributed to the ill-judged and almost wanton cruelty of those who had authority over him. He was, moreover, exceedingly unfortunate in having Dr. Fisher for his tutor. For this reverend pedagogue in all his dealings with his royal pupil treated him with the cruelty of a tyrant rather than with the kindness and consideration of a tutor.

In May, 1786, he was made Colonel in the Army, and invested with the dignity of a Knight of the Garter. The next year he was sent to Geneva. In June, 1790, he returned home without permission. His royal father refused him an interview.

He was sent to Gibraltar as its Military Governor, and entered upon its duties with great ardor. He became a very strict disciplinarian. Complaints found

their way to the Government in England, and the soldiers, what few there were of them, broke out into open mutiny. The Prince was recalled, and came home to be looked upon as a sort of royal failure.

In 1793 we find him at Quebec discharging the duties of a Major-General. From thence, at his own request, he went to join Sir Charles Grey in the West India Islands. He took a valiant part in the capture of Martinique and Santa Lucia, for which he received the thanks of Parliament. So for princes as for other men it seems to be true "All things come to him who waits."

In 1799 he was created Duke of Kent and Strathern and Earl of Dublin. The same year he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Canada.

The Duke of Kent was a man of profound convictions. He was a diligent and sincere student of all matters affecting the social and political life of the nation. He entertained opinions that were extremely unpopular at Court; but the truth of these opinions, and not their popularity or unpopularity, was to him the matter of supreme importance. He was as fearless in speech as he was independent in thought, and though he became the victim of the most bitter and unreasonable attacks on the part of his political opponents, he was generally held in very high esteem for his frankness and sincerity. At a public banquet in response to a toast given in his honor, he said:

"I am a friend of civil and religious liberty all the world over. I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren, and I hold that power is only delegated for the benefit of the people. These are the

principles of myself and my beloved brother the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular opinions just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office."

These were indeed remarkable words to fall from royal lips when the Nineteenth Century was only in its teens. Such a Duke was worthy to be the father of a Queen.

Speaking of the Duke of Kent in the House of Commons in the year 1818, Lord Brougham said that "no man had set a brighter example of public virtue, no man had more beneficially exerted himself in his high station to benefit every institution with which the best interests of the country, the protection and education of the poor, were connected, than His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent."

In 1815 the Duke for the sake of economy went to live on the Continent, and here he met the lady who was destined to make one brief year of his troubled life serene and happy.

Queen Victoria's mother, the Princess Victoria Mary Louise, fourth daughter of Francis Frederick Anthony, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and his wife Augusta, daughter of Henry, Count of Reuss-Ebersdorf, was born at Coburg, August 17th, 1786. When she was seventeen years of age she was married to Ernest Charles, Hereditary Prince of Leiningen, a widower, twenty years her senior. After eleven years the Prince died leaving his widow and two children; Prince Charles, who succeeded his father in 1814, and a daughter, the Princess Feodora, half-sister and companion of the Queen's early years.

The Duke was most happy in his choice of a wife. Though a widow with two children, the Princess was

still young, and she was universally acknowledged to be a very handsome woman. She possessed great strength of mind. She began the real work of life while she was very young, and though she did not meet with a very enthusiastic welcome from the royal family or from the Court, she was destined to make for herself a most enviable place in the high esteem of England. She was worthy of much kindlier treatment than she received, for was she not the sister of that glorious Prince Leopold, who had endeared himself so to the nation while the husband of the adored Princess Charlotte!

The Duchess of Kent has been described as "a duchess of duchesses: a duchess to her finger-tips." She was a most charming woman. Elegant in figure, with large expressive brown eyes and luxuriant brown hair. In manner she was gracious and dignified, but the virtues that shone most conspicuously in her character were domestic virtues. Womanly graces and mother devotion won for her universal esteem.

The Duke at the time of his marriage was about fifty-eight years of age. A tall, stately gentleman, disposed somewhat to stoutness. The Duchess was a little over thirty, in the full bloom of her grace and beauty, a woman of rare ability, and not without considerable ambition, and with a wonderful faculty of holding her own, as the progress of this history will abundantly testify.

The marriage of the Duke of Kent and the Princess Victoria took place at Coburg on the 29th of May, 1818, and was repeated at Kew on the 11th of June of the same year. Immediately after the ceremony the Duke and Duchess went abroad, and took up their

abode in the Castle of Amorbach, Bavaria, part of the inheritance of the Duchess's young son. Here some happy months were passed; but when the expectation of a child came, the Duke grew desirous of returning to England, that his son or daughter might be British-born. He had a prophetic feeling that it would be the heir or heiress to the Crown.

The Duke and Duchess were too poor to live in England. The Duke was as usual burdened with debt. He wrote to his royal brothers for a loan,—he told them he wanted to come home that the heir or heiress presumptive to the throne of England might be born on British soil. But that was the one reason above all others that led them to refuse. The condition of things was very critical; and if it had not been for the generous help of Mr. Alderman Wood—may his tribe increase—who advanced money to the troubled pair, Queen Victoria might have been born a French woman!

The royal pair were soon installed in apartments in Kensington Palace, which had for some time been given up to the use of the junior members of the royal family.

The apartments occupied by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were in the southeast portions of the palace, beneath the King's gallery. They are now unused; but a visitor will find in one of the rooms on the principal floor, having three windows looking eastward over Kensington Gardens, a gilt plate upon the wall, with this inscription:

“In this room Queen Victoria was born, May 24, 1819.”

It was day-dawn, on that happy May morning of



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1837.



THE BRIDAL MORN—FEBRUARY 10, 1840.



1819, when the Queen was born. The clock had just struck four, the light of the early summer morning was breaking through the palace windows to greet the face of a little child. The birds were singing in the branches, the lark, away up in the cloudless heavens, was beating out a merry madrigal. The flowers were opening all their chalices at the wooing of the sun, and on the altar of the new-born day laid their oblation of fragrance and beauty. Queen Victoria was a daughter of the morning. Light and beauty waited at her palace-gates to bid her welcome. The birthday of the Queen was the birthday of a new era. It was four o'clock with England's morning—the Victorian age was born, the grandest age that England has seen in all her thousand years!

There was joy in the palace! The mother-heart of the Duchess opened once again its fountains of solicitude and love. The new life smiling at her side gave all life new, deep meanings. And if we may guess at the purpose of that morning from the story of her noble devotion to her royal daughter, she was resolving that this little maiden should be brought up in such a manner as would make her worthy of being Queen of England.

There was joy in the Palace! The noble Duke was in ecstasies. A young father may be proud of his first-born, but he will moderate his raptures. But the Duke was not only glad. He rejoiced! He exulted! The spirit of prophecy came upon him, and he avowed that he had not the slightest doubt but that all in good time she would be "the August Sovereign of these realms!" And as he looked down on the little mite

of humanity in its royal cradle, he smiled as only an English Duke can smile.

There was joy in London, and indeed throughout the whole nation. The bells rang merry peals. And in ten thousand homes the mothers, learning what hard work the Duchess had to have her baby born in England, just lifted up their hands in benediction and said: "God bless them both!"

A distinguished prelate paid a visit to Kensington Palace and tells in a most pleasant manner of the serious delight the Duke took in all that concerned his little daughter. This was just before the family went to Sidmouth. The Prelate says:

"On my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated it was his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib; adding, 'As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer that as she grew in years she might grow in grace and favor both with God and man, nothing could exceed the fervor and feeling with which her father responded with an emphatic Amen. Then, with no slight emotion, he continued: 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father, but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.'"

## CHAPTER II.

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### HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The sacred rite of baptism was administered to the infant Princess in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace on the 24th of June, 1819. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, assisted by the Bishop of London. The Prince Regent stood as sponsor, with the Duke of York, who represented the Emperor of Russia. The godmothers were the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, the maternal grandmother of the Princess, represented by the Duchess of Gloucester; and the Queen of Wurtemberg, Princess Royal of England, who was represented by her sister, the Princess Augusta. It is said that her father had desired that the child was not called Georgiana, after himself, that his "little Queen" should be named Elizabeth, but the Prince Regent gave the infant her first name Alexandrina in honor of the Emperor of Russia. There is a story, not very well founded, running to the effect that the Prince Regent was not a little annoyed that the child was not called Georgiana, after himself, Failing that he said, "Give her her mother's name as well," and the royal infant lay all unconscious in the Archbishop's arms while he solemnly said:

"Alexandrina Victoria, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Prince Leopold was present at the ceremony, delighted at the sight of his royal niece; but sore at

heart as he thought of the Princess Charlotte, the lost and loved.

For a time the royal maiden was called by the pet name "little Drina," but this name soon fell into happy disuse and she was called Victoria, the name her mother bore, and had filled with gracious meanings: the name by which Her Majesty will be known and loved and honored through all lands and climes, through countless generations.

The choice of this name was eminently satisfactory to the gracious lady who bore it, as is seen from the fact that she signed her first state document simply "Victoria."

When the Princess was six months old the Duke took his family to Sidmouth, on the Devonshire coast, for change of air, and here the Princess encountered the first of those many dangers from which her life has been so often almost miraculously preserved. A boy shooting sparrows accidentally discharged some bird-shot in at the nursery window, and the shots passed close to the baby's head, but happily missed her. Of this first peril she was unconscious.

In the early days of 1820, the Duke of Kent writing from Woolbrook Cottage, Sidmouth, says: "My little girl thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate, and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy; too healthy, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder."

The infant Princess was beyond all question a very lovely child. Her large blue eyes, her complexion of faultless bloom, her figure, perfect though petite, combined to make a model of infantile beauty. Mrs.

Allingham, who knew the Princess in her very early days during that brief residence at Sidmouth, says: "She was a very fair and lovely baby, and there was even in her infant days a charm about her which has never left our gracious Queen. The clear, frank glance of her large blue eyes, and the sweet but firm expression of her mouth, were very remarkable, even when a baby of eight months old." A very natural, child-like, human child, was this dear Princess toward whom the heart of England was turning with tender interest and many prayers. Born in the purple, and with dignity enough and to spare, when the right time came, she was in these young days as sweet and gentle and unassuming as a peasant's child. She smiled and bowed as she rode in her little pony-chaise, and bade the passers-by a cheery "Good morning," and when so instructed by her attendant would hold out her soft dimpled hand to be kissed.

And now came the first loss and sorrow of the Queen's young life. Happily she was too young to understand the solemn importance of passing events. From her early infancy she was to be an orphan of Fatherly love and protection. The dark day came by the sad seashore, for it was at Woolbrook Cottage, Sidmouth, that she lost her royal father. He was devoted to his child; he used to tell his guests to look well at her, for that she was the future Queen of England; and he was always ready to play with her and caress her. He had been out for a long walk with his great friend and equerry, Captain Conroy, one day, and had been caught by a storm. They hastened back to the cottage, and Captain Conroy entreated the Duke to change his boots at once, as they were

wet. But on his way to his room he met the nurse with his little daughter in her arms, and was tempted by his fondness for the infant to remain playing with her till he had received a chill. Inflammation of the lungs set in and proved fatal. He died January 23, 1820, leaving his infant child to the guardianship of her mother, and making General Wetherall and Captain (afterwards Sir John) Conroy trustees for the Duchess's property.

The Duke of Kent was a great loss to the nation. Just when it seemed as if his path was becoming sunny and pleasant, and opportunities of honor and usefulness were presenting themselves, he was cut off in the fullness of his prime. But if he was a loss to the nation, what a loss he was to the Duchess and his child! That there was a deep and tender attachment between the Duke and the Duchess is well known. Just as the sunshine came into her own sad life, and all looked bright and fair, the sky was suddenly beclouded and all the land was dark.

The Duke of Kent's sister, the Princess Augusta, writing to a friend shortly after her royal brother's sudden demise, pays this high tribute to the tender devotion of the Duchess of Kent:

"Think, my dearest Lady Harcourt, that yesterday five weeks ago my brother was here on his way to Sidmouth; so happy with his excellent good wife, and his lovely child; and within so short a time was well—ill—and no more! \* \* \* God knows what is for the best, and I hope I bow with submission to this very severe trial; but when I think of his poor, unhappy wife, and his innocent, fatherless child, it really breaks my heart. She has conducted herself

like an angel, and I am thankful dearest Leopold was with her. \* \* \* She quite adored poor Edward, and they were truly blessed in each other; but what an irreparable loss he must be to her!"

In a latter letter written from Windsor Castle the Princess Augusta says:

"In all my own sorrow, I cannot yet bear to think of that good, excellent woman, the Duchess of Kent, and all her trials; they are really most grievous. She is the most pious, good, resigned creature it is possible to describe. \* \* \* Dearest William is so good-hearted that he has desired Adelaide to go to Kensington every day, as she is such a comfort to the poor widow, and her sweet, gentle mind is of such great use to the Duchess of Kent. It is a great delight to me to think they can read the same prayers and talk the same mother tongue together, it makes them such real friends and comfort to each other."

The position of the widowed Duchess was most distressing. But for that noblest of brothers, Prince Leopold, it is hard to tell what she would have done.

She had resigned her German jointure and home, and was now alone in a strange land, the language of which she could not yet speak well, with limited means when her princely rank was taken into consideration. But her brother Leopold, who was at the time in Scotland, hastened at once to her side, and conveyed her and his infant niece back to Kensington.

It would seem as if the Duchess had shared her husband's previsions as to the future of their child, for instead of returning to her German home, where she would have dwelt amidst her own people, and where her English jointure would have gone much

further than at Kensington, she resolved to remain in the land over which her daughter might eventually be called to reign; being well aware that the jealous insular nation who might hereafter be her subjects had, at that time, a strong prejudice against what they called "foreign ways." The Duchess therefore remained at Kensington, receiving there the deputation of the House of Commons who brought the condolences of the Parliament to her, her infant in her arms, a significant token of the devotion with which she intended to give herself to the care and education of her daughter.

The magazines of this period are full of the most delightful pen-pictures of the brilliant young Princess and her gracious mother. One of the most popular of these periodicals has this charming portraiture of the merry Princess in her eleventh year:

"Her mother, whose devoted attachment to her daughter is of the most exemplary kind, suffers no opportunity to pass for inculcating on the mind of the Princess those amiable lessons of kindness, gentleness and forbearance which equally become the Princess and the peasant. Though the young Princess has great vivacity, her manners to those about her are of the most engaging kind. She has very few young companions of her own age, but towards them she deports herself in a manner to ensure their regard. Her health is in general good; she rises early, and takes great pleasure in walking about the grounds of Kensington, her own little pony-carriage following. She already takes delight in personally bestowing her charities upon the deserving poor in her vicinity, and young as she is, has already made many hearts glad



by her generous kindness. Her royal mother is particular as to her daughter's due discharge of her religious duties, and to her punctual attendance on divine worship."

William Wilberforce, the great philanthropist of his time, had the privilege of a visit to Kensington. In a letter to his friend Hannah More he describes the interview :

"She received me with her fine animated child on the floor by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one. She was very civil, but as she did not sit down I did not think it right to stop above a quarter of an hour, and there being but a female attendant and a footman present, I could not well get up any topic so as to carry on a continual discourse. She apologized for not speaking English well enough to talk it, and intimated a hope that she might talk it better and longer with me at some future time. She spoke of her situation, and her manner was quite delightful."

Charles Knight gives a very pleasant picture of the royal maiden as he saw her in 1828 :

"I delighted to walk in Kensington gardens," he observes. "As I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance ; the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the fair, soft English face is bright with smiles. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl, that she should not have been

taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on, and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

A brief extract from the diary of Sir Walter Scott of May 19th, 1828, will be of interest here:

"Dined with the Duchess of Kent. Was very kindly received by Prince Leopold and presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent to the crown, as things now stand. \* \* \* This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart, we should find some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter."

The infant Princess in her early childhood won her way to the heart of the King, her royal uncle. Rough and brusque as the Georges were for the most part, they often revealed indications of a tender emotional nature. It had often been noticed that there was a very considerable personal resemblance between the King and the late Duke of Kent, and when in due course the King came to pay a visit of condolence to his bereaved sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent, the widowed mother appeared, as was her custom, with her infant daughter in her arms. Mistaking the King

for her father, the Princess Victoria crowed and cooed and stretched out her little arms to her royal uncle to be taken, as she had done to her father a thousand times. The King was greatly moved, and for the child's sake, and for his dead brother's sake, he took the infant in his arms and tenderly caressing her vowed that he would indeed be a father to her.

Very often, following a pretty German fashion, the Duchess and her daughters would breakfast under the trees in the open air, surrounded by the little Princess's pets; for she was fond of dogs, and the noble animals returned her affection. In short, the lives of mother and daughter appeared inseparable.

The Princess was carefully trained in good habits, even in those early years. She was apt, like most little ones, to be fickle in her amusements; but she was taught to finish whatever she had begun. Her governess was Baroness Lehzen, the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman, who had been brought over to educate the Princess Feodora, and remained as instructress to the heiress of the throne. This wise and excellent woman was much loved by her royal pupil, who has told us, "I adored though I was greatly in awe of her."

Little girls of America will be interested to know that the little Princess had a hundred and thirty-two dolls, and that most of these she dressed in artistic costumes. She kept a list of them—for every doll had its name—in a copy book.

The young girl's life in her palace home was simplicity itself. Breakfast was served in summer at eight o'clock, often in the open air. The Princess had bread and milk and fruit on a little table by her

mother's side. After breakfast, the Princess Feodora studied for a little while with her governess, Miss Lehzen, then the two Princesses went out for a walk or a drive in company with the governess and some other attendant. At two o'clock there was a plain dinner, when the Duchess of Kent had her luncheon. In the afternoon there was another walk or drive. At the time of her mother's dinner, the Princess had her supper by her mother's side, and at nine o'clock the little lady retired for the night.

Lord Albemarle in his Autobiography gives us another glimpse at the small heiress of England. "One of my occupations of a morning," he says, "while waiting for the Duke (of Sussex), was to watch from the windows the movements of a bright, pretty little girl seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering pot between the flowers and her own little feet. She was dressed in a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton; a colored fichu round the neck was the only ornament she wore."

Thoughtful, sympathetic kindness was taught as one of the proper elements of a young lady's life. As, for example, she found in the last illness of her royal uncle the Duke of York an opportunity for the exercise of tender sympathy, and every day the little Princess bore to the bedside of her dying uncle a bouquet of flowers to cheer the gloom of the chamber of death.

Strict economy was inculcated in the Princess. There is a story told of her having, when at Tunbridge Wells, visited the bazaar to buy presents for her relations, and of her having expended all her money be-

fore a gift she desired for another cousin had been purchased. She saw a box which would exactly do for this last present, and the bazaar people wished to send it to her with the other purchases, to be paid for hereafter, but Baroness Lehzen said, "No! you see the Princess has not the money, and so she cannot buy the box." The shopkeeper offered to lay the box by for the Princess, and the offer was gladly accepted, the royal child returning to pay for it, and take it, when her next allowance of pocket-money was paid.

"We remember well," says Leigh Hunt, "the peculiar pleasure which it gave us to see the future Queen, the first time we ever did see her, coming up a cross path from the Bay's water gate, with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hand she was holding as if she loved her. A magnificent in scarlet came behind her, with the splendidest pair of calves in white stockings, which we ever beheld. He looked somehow like a gigantic fairy, personating for his little lady's sake the grandest kind of footman he could think of; and his calves he seemed to have made out of a couple of the biggest chain lamps in the possession of the godmother of Cinderella."

A writer in Fraser's Magazine, who, in somewhat florid style, thus relates his observations: "When first I saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. She wore a plain straw bonnet with a white ribbon round it, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamschatka. I defy you all to find me a prettier pair of feet than those of the

belle Victoria, when she played with the pebbles and the tides on Ramsgate sands."

Miss Porter describes her as "a beautiful child, with a cherubic form of features, clustered round by glossy fair ringlets. Her complexion was remarkably transparent, with a soft and often heightening tinge of the sweet blush-rose upon her cheeks, that imparted a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes. Whenever she met any strangers in her usual paths, she always seemed, by the quickness of her glance, to inquire who and what they were."

In the year 1826 plans were made for the beginning of the Queen's education. The following is a brief list of her tutors and her lines of study:

Governess: Miss (afterwards Baroness) Lehzen.

Tutor: Rev. George Davys.

Writing and Arithmetic: Mr. Steward.

Singing: J. B. Sale, Chapel Royal.

Singing: Lablache.

Dancing: Mr. Bourdin.

Drawing: Mr. Westall.

French: M. Grandineau.

Sketching was a favorite occupation with the young Princess. She was born with the artist's eye, and with his love of form and beauty. It was under the inspiration of her Uncle Leopold and when she visited him at Claremont that she first began sketching from nature.

She was reared to speak in French and German as well as in her native tongue. German she found most efficacious when she wanted a favor from her mother. By the time she reached her eleventh year Italian, Latin, Greek and mathematics had been added to her

studies. Her first visit to the British Museum was an unbounded joy, and she begged to be taken there often. Botany, too, delighted her, and she began the study, under the tuition of her Uncle Leopold, among the bowery groves of Claremont.

The Rev. George Davys, her tutor, speaks often of the Queen's strict regard for truth in these years of early girlhood. "The Queen," said Dr. Davys, "always had, from my first knowing her, a most striking regard to truth. I remember when I had been teaching her one day she was very impatient for the lesson to be over—once or twice rather refractory. The Duchess of Kent came in and asked how she had behaved. Lehzen said, 'Oh, once she was rather troublesome.' The Princess touched her and said, 'No, Lehzen, twice, don't you remember?' The Duchess of Kent, too, was a woman of great truth."

The Princess was a great favorite with her royal grandmamma, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, who, writing to the Duchess of Kent upon the Princess's eleventh birthday, says: "My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart! The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished."

It was in the merry month of May in the year 1829, and in the eleventh year of her age, that the Princess Victoria attended her first public ball. The gaieties of Court life were almost entirely a sealed book to her.

So thoroughly and happily was she occupied from day to day that she had no time, and very little inclination, to take part in Courtly functions and festivities. On this occasion the Princess had the opportunity of seeing how a Queen who was but a month older than herself was received with royal honors at the Court of George IV. This young sovereign was Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal. The two young ladies had previously exchanged some formal State visits, but official etiquette did not admit of a close intimacy. The young Queen was all ablaze with the splendor of the jewels of the Crown of Portugal; she was surrounded by her Court and was led to the ball-room by the hand of the King himself. A spectator of this splendid Court function contrasts the charming simplicity of the Princess in dress and manners, with the dazzle and glitter of the precocious Queen. These royal young ladies danced in the same quadrille, but the refined taste of the English-bred Princess won universal admiration. It will be interesting to note that the Princess Victoria's partners at her first ball were Lord Fitzdam, heir to the Dukedom of Norfolk, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, the young Prince Esterhazy, and the sons of Lords De-la-Warr and Jersey.

In the year 1828 the Princess Feodora, half-sister to the Queen, was married to the Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. This was one of the first real heart sorrows of Her Majesty, for while she rejoiced in Feodora's happiness, she felt she had lost the dearest friend and companion of her early years.



## CHAPTER III.

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### THE ROMANCE OF MAIDENHOOD.

On the 15th of November, 1830, Lord Lyndhurst brought forward in the House of Lords a Regency Bill. In moving that the Duchess of Kent be appointed Regent and Guardian of the Princess Victoria during her minority, the noble and venerable Lord paid this tribute to the character of the Queen's mother :

"The first question," said the Lord Chancellor, "which your Lordships will naturally ask is, Whom do we propose as the guardian of her Royal Highness under the circumstances inferred? I am sure, however, that the answer will at once suggest itself to every mind. It would be quite impossible that we should recommend any other individual for that high office than the illustrious Princess, the mother of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. The manner in which Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has hitherto discharged her duty in the education of her illustrious offspring—and I speak upon the subject not from vague report, but from accurate information—gives us the best ground to hope most favorably of Her Royal Highness's future conduct. Looking at the past, it is evident we cannot find a better guardian for the time to come." The bill was passed with the hearty and enthusiastic endorsement of both Houses of Parliament, and of the country at large.

The Baroness Lehgen, a good many years after the event just referred to, sent the Queen an important letter touching this period of the life of the Princess.

"I ask your Majesty's leave," says the Baroness, "to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys was gone the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.'

"'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered.

"'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.'

"'So it is, madam,' I said.

"After some moments the Princess resumed, 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.'

"The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying,

"'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating:

"'I will be good.'

“I then said, ‘But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children, and, of course, they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess.’

“The Princess answered :

“‘And if it was so I would never be disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children.’”

In the year 1831, Florentia, daughter of the Earl of Paris, and wife of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland, was appointed State Governess to the Princess. Her chief duty was to be present when the heiress-presumptive appeared in public or at Court.

On the 24th of February, 1831, the Princess Victoria made her first formal appearance at Court, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of her royal aunt, Queen Adelaide. The drawing-room held by Her Majesty was said to have been the most magnificent witnessed since that which signalized the presentation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales on the occasion of her marriage. The Princess Victoria stood on Queen Adelaide’s left hand. Her dress was made entirely of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom. She wore a dress of English blonde over white satin, a pearl necklace, and a rich diamond agraffe fastened the Madonna threads of her fair hair at the back of the head. She was the object of interest and admiration on the part of all assembled. The scene was one of the most splendid ever remembered and the future Queen of England contemplated all that passed with much dignity and with evident enjoyment.

The Duchess of Kent was quite anxious that her

royal daughter should become acquainted with the country she might one day govern, and with the character, habits and industries of the people who might become all in good time her loving subjects. And so it came to pass that with her mother for her companion and guide, the Princess Victoria in the summer and autumn of 1832 became quite a provincial traveler. She visited Warwick and Coventry and the classic regions made immortal by their association with Shakespeare, Shrewsbury, Powis Castle, Wynnstey and Beaumaris were all visited in turn. At Beaumaris the Princess visited the Welsh Eisteddfod, and distributed the prizes awarded to the successful singers and performers. On the 13th of October the royal party visited Plas Newydd, and there the Princess performed her first public task of honor by laying the first stone of a School for Boys. Four days afterwards she opened the new Victoria Bridge over the river Dee near the quaint old town of Chester. Here, too, she planted an oak, and became, young as she was, godmother to the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor. The youthful traveler was not only delighted with the beauty of England; to be among the people, to see them at their tasks, to become more or less acquainted with their manner of life, had an unspeakable charm for her inquiring mind. And all this interest the people fully appreciated and reciprocated. Her unassuming, simple girlhood; the filial tenderness she manifested towards her distinguished and beloved mother, won all hearts to her and laid the basis of a deep enduring loyalty.

At Broomsgrove the Princess was greatly interested in the work of the nailers, and in response they

gave her a most unique token of their regard. They presented her with a thousand nails of all sizes and patterns enclosed in a quill, and enshrined in a golden box.

The Cathedrals and stately Universities awoke her reverence and awe. Chantrey's marble group of "Sleeping Children" in Litchfield Cathedral enchanted her. At Oxford, the royal visitors were received with the most dignified welcome. The Vice-Chancellor delivered a most learned and solemn address of welcome, and the famous University Press presented the Princess with a magnificent Bible, and a history of her gracious visit printed in satin.

So ended the royal travels of 1832. We are quite sure the Princess would very highly prize the big, elaborate Bible presented by the solemn Dons of Oxford; but the Princess was only a girl, not yet fifteen years of age, and we shall not blame her if she prized quite as highly that lovely golden box, with a thousand nails, presented by the hardy toilers of Broomsgrove.

In 1833 the Duchess and her daughter resided for some months at Norris Castle in the Isle of Wight, where the Princess was frequently seen enjoying country rambles, or listening to the stories of the sailors and the coastguardsmen as she lingered about the shore. A pretty incident is told by an American writer who was visiting the island. While in Arretton churchyard, near Brading, he noticed a lady and a little girl seated near the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter." The lady was reading aloud the story of the humble heroine, and as the visitor regarded the pair he could see that the large blue eyes of the young girl were

suffused with tears. He subsequently learned that the ladies were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. It was doubtless during this visit of her girlhood that the Queen formed an affection for the Isle of Wight, which induced her in later years to select Osborne as a marine residence.

The Coronation of King William IV. took place on the 8th of September, 1851. The Duchess of Kent absented herself from this royal function, and kept the Princess at home. The reason for this course of action has never been told, but we may be sure it gave great umbrage to the King.

About this time the Duchess of Kent and the Princess visited Plymouth, where, on the Hoe where Francis Drake received news of the approach of the Spanish Armada, her little hands presented their colors to the 89th Regiment. The Duchess and Princess visited the famous dockyard.

Old Admiral Ross gave his loyal heart wholly to the young Princess, and spoke often of her charming manner and of the kindness of the Duchess of Kent. He said the young Princess had something especially and remarkably "royal" in her bearing without a spark of affectation.

One instance of the kindness and condescension of the Duchess, and of how she brought up the Princess, has been often related in the family. The admiral's eldest daughter was ill and unable to go downstairs to luncheon. After the meal the Duchess and her royal daughter went up to the invalid's dressing-room to see her. Miss Ross rose from the sofa to get a chair for the Princess, but the Duchess said at once, "Pray do not rise, Miss Ross; you are ill; Victoria will get a

chair for herself;" and sitting down, the royal ladies chatted with her very graciously.

In the early summer of 1835 the young Princess accompanied Queen Adelaide to the Ascot races, and as she drove along in the gay procession her sweet girlish appearance attracted great attention, and not infrequently she was greeted with most hearty cheers. She wore a large pink bonnet and a rose-colored satin frock which matched the roses on her cheeks, and formed an impressive contrast to her fair hair and her rare blue eyes. Among other strangers present at this gay scene was Mr. N. P. Willis, who was on a visit to England. He was certainly not the greatest, but he was one of the most charming of our American poets. The English people took kindly to him, and he won the name of "the James Montgomery of America," which was indeed honor enough.

The American poet, though little given to the worship of Royalty, was still curious to see the King and Queen of England, and the heiress-presumptive to the throne. In describing the scene he says:

"In one of the intervals I walked under the King's stand, and I saw Her Majesty the Queen and the young Princess Victoria very distinctly. They were leaning over a railing listening to a ballad singer, and seemed as much interested and amused as any simple country folk could be. \* \* \* The Princess is much better looking than any picture of her in the shops, and for the heir to such a crown as that of England, necessarily pretty and interesting. She will be sold, poor thing! bartered away by those dealers in Royal hearts, whose grand calculations will not be much consolation to her if she happens to have a

taste of her own." Mr. Holmes in the briefest of comments says: "The American did not turn out a true prophet." No; Mr. Willis was a rather poor poet, and a worse prophet. Indeed prophesying is a very trying business, however careful you are; your prophecy is so apt to go all the other way. A sagacious politician once gave a friend of his—who was much given to predicting the result of elections—this piece of sage advice: "Be wise, my friend; never prophesy unless you know!"

The Confirmation of Her Majesty took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 30th of August, 1835. The solemn ceremony was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. In addition to the Princess Victoria and her mother the Duchess of Kent, the King, Queen Adelaide, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar were present. With a lowly and reverential spirit the Princess bowed before the altar of dedication, and when the venerable prelate exhorted her with great tenderness to look to the King of Kings for counsel and support, in all the solemn obligations and duties to which she had been called, the gentle Princess was so moved that she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, and broke forth into most gracious tears. The Duchess of Kent was very deeply affected, and even the King could not wholly restrain his emotion.

Later in the year the Princess and the Duchess of Kent paid a visit to Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. A ball was given in honor of the Princess, at which three hundred favored guests had the happiness of looking on the fair young face of their future Queen. The ball was opened by the Prin-



cess, who danced with Lord Exeter, and then retired for the night. She was still the Duchess's "dear little girl."

It is evident there was no love lost between King William IV. and the Duchess of Kent. That Her Royal Highness had persistently kept the Princess Victoria as far as possible from all the influences of the Court, was to His Majesty subject of great annoyance. He regarded this course of action as a direct insult to himself, and lost no opportunity of giving the most outspoken expressions of his dissatisfaction, not to say disgust, at the course of action pursued by the Duchess. A notable example of the manifestation of this royal anger occurred on Sunday, August 21st, 1836. It was the King's birthday, and being Sunday the celebration was somewhat private. There were not more than a hundred guests all told. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the King, and one of his sisters on the other, and the Princess Victoria opposite. In the course of the celebration, the King's health was drunk as a matter of course, and the King in response, so far forgot the dignity due to a King and a gentleman as to grossly insult the Duchess of Kent. Among other things he said that "that young lady (pointing to the Princess Victoria) the heir-presumptive of the Crown, is in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she has been placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted—grossly and continually insulted—by that person; but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behavior so disrespectful to me. Amongst

many other things, I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my Court; she has been repeatedly kept away from my drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present; but I am fully resolved that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am determined to have my authority respected; and for the future I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do." Greville says that this awful philippic was delivered with a loud voice, and in an excited manner; that the Queen was in deep distress, while the tender-hearted Princess burst into tears. The whole company were aghast and ashamed! But the Duchess spoke never a word!

This was only one of many occasions on which the King manifested his strong personal antipathy to the Duchess of Kent. She had wounded his royal vanity. She had made it quite apparent that she did not regard the influences of his Court as the most desirable and healthful for her daughter; and in these deep convictions, there were united the anxieties of a mother with the pride of a Queen!

King Leopold, not less than the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, was intensely anxious to arrange a meeting between Prince Albert and Princess Victoria. In June of 1836 this meeting took place. The Duke of Coburg and his two sons, Ernest and Albert, paid a visit of some weeks at Kensington Palace. This was the first coming of Prince Albert to the land wherein he was to find a wife and a home, and, after more than twenty years of honorable and faithful service, he was

also to find a grave. He was cordially welcomed by the King and Queen, and was not a little moved by the splendid functions of the English Court. He was present at a drawing-room, where his fair cousin stood on the left hand of the Queen, and he there saw one thousand eight hundred persons pass before Queen Adelaide. This drawing-room was also followed by a dinner, very long and very late for the young German Prince, accustomed to the reasonable hours and simpler ways of his wise Fatherland. Then the Aunt-Duchess gave a splendid fancy ball at Kensington, at which William Duke of Brunswick, the Prince of Orange and his sons and the Duke of Wellington were present. The princes assisted in keeping up the revelry till four in the morning. They visited the Duke of Northumberland and Claremont, and then strove to see as many of the sights of London as time permitted.

Of all these Prince Albert was most impressed by the gathering of the charity children, in St. Paul's, and the wonderful effect of those young voices singing. The visit lasted a month; then (we must believe reluctantly) the cousins parted.

King Leopold had taken more than one occasion to speak with great delicacy and tenderness to the Princess Victoria on the question that was as dear to him as it was to the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg and to the Duchess of Kent, that of a union between herself and her cousin Prince Albert. The first words that are on record indicating the sentiments of the Princess Victoria on the matter are found in a letter written by the Princess to her uncle on the 7th of

June, 1836, just after the departure of the Coburg guests from Kensington. The brief letter says:

"I have now only to beg you, my dearest uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on this subject now of so much importance to me."

On the 24th of May, 1837, the Princess Victoria attained her legal majority, being then eighteen years of age. She was awakened by a most delightful serenade at seven o'clock on that bright May morning. A band of vocal and instrumental performers in full dress rendered several suitable numbers most effectively. The Princess sat at one of the palace windows greatly enjoying the music. The serenade closed with "God Save the King," in which the crowds who had gathered heartily joined.

During the day the Princess was made the recipient of many costly presents; among the rest came a magnificent grand piano from her uncle the King valued at over \$1,000. The King further stated that he would give the Princess \$50,000 a year from his own income, provided she would allow him to name the officers of her household. This generous but suspicious offer was gracefully declined. Even Kings have to learn sometimes that there are some things that cannot be bought with gold. As the day wore on congratulatory addresses arrived. Among other expressions of good will, a deputation from the City of London waited on the Duchess of Kent to congratulate her on the judicious and effectual manner in which she had trained her daughter for the duties and responsibilities of the coming years.

The response of the Duchess on this occasion reveals how grandly she had sought to serve the nation and the age in her deep and constant care for the culture of her child. She seemed to realize that Alexandrina Victoria was God's child, and the child of the nation as well as hers, and she trained her daughter for God and for her country.

Long ages before, the daughter of Pharaoh committed to care of his Hebrew mother, the little boy she found tossing in his bulrush cradle on the Nile, with this memorable charge: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages." So it seemed to the Duchess of Kent, as if God, in that legacy of love He gave her, on that bright May morning in 1819, gave her a child to nurse for Him, and for the land of which she might one day be Queen. Faithful had been the nursing, and the wages that followed were to be great beyond compare. But here are the words spoken by the Duchess of Kent to the Civic Deputation:

"I pass over the earlier part of my connection with this country. I will merely briefly observe that my late regretted Consort's circumstances, and my duties, obliged us to reside in Germany; but the Duke of Kent, at much inconvenience, and I, at great personal risk, returned to England, that our child might be born and bred a Briton.

"In a few months afterwards, my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone almost friendless and unknown in this country; I could not even speak its language.

"I did not hesitate in deciding how to act. I gave up home, kindred and duties to devote myself to that

one duty to which my future life was to be entirely devoted. I was supported in the execution of that duty by the country; it placed its trust on me, and the Regency Bill gave me its crowning act of confidence.

"I have, in times of great difficulty, avoided all connection with any party in the State; but while I did so, I never ceased to impress her duties upon my daughter, that by their observation and fulfilment she might gain the esteem and affection of the people. To do this, I have taught her should be the first earthly duty of a constitutional sovereign.

"The Princess has now arrived at that age, which justifies me in expressing my confident expectation that she will be found strengthened to execute the sacred trust which may be reposed in her, for, communicating as she has, and does, with all classes of society, she must perceive that the more widely religious knowledge and a love of freedom are diffused the more orderly, prosperous and industrious is the population; and, that the preservation of the constitutional prerogative of the Crown must be co-ordinate with the protection of the liberties of the people."

It is said that, on this occasion, the timid reticent Princess, who was so soon to be Queen of Great Britain, made her first brief speech in public. She said, with a deep blush and a most natural expression of timidity on her maiden cheeks: "I am very thankful for your kindness, and my mother has expressed all my feelings."

This royal birthday that began with music was filled with melody through all its hours. London was

en feté gay in holiday attire. Neither House of Parliament sat. There was a Grand State Ball at St. James's Palace. The Metropolis was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and all through the country there were demonstrations of loyalty and gladness.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### EXIT KING WILLIAM IV.

The last session of the last Parliament of William IV. was opened by Commission on the 31st of January, 1837. This year was destined to be a memorable one in the history of England. In its earliest days shadows were gathering about the throne. The serious condition of the King's health prevented him from opening Parliament in person. It was generally believed that the King was fast nearing his end. For some reason, the true state of the King's health was studiously kept from the public. The bulletins of the royal physicians were most misleading. The nature of the King's disease was widely known, and the intensity of his sufferings awoke the profound pity of his people. A month before his death, his case was pronounced hopeless by the Court physicians.

In these days of darkness and sorrow, the name of Queen Adelaide shines like a star in the gathering gloom. Beneath the royal purple of the Queen, there beat a woman's heart of boundless tenderness. The eyes of Queen Adelaide were still wet with tears for the gracious mother, the Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Coburg Meiningen, who had but recently passed from the vanities of earth for the solemnities of the silent land. The loss of a mother at any period of life is an irreparable loss, whether it befall us in childhood or youth or growing years. We may lose many friends and relations, but there is only one mother to lose.





QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1887.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1897.

The heart of Queen Adelaide was beating quick and sore with a conscious "mother-want"; and now she was called to drink another cup of bitterness, to bend with breaking-heart at the bedside of her dying husband. Never was so sacred a vigil more tenderly kept. As the end drew nigh, the Queen's devotion became more pathetic and intense. There is a love that watching cannot weary. There is a patience of service that never dies. For twelve successive days and nights she never removed her clothes.

"For three weeks," said His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in addressing a large audience, "the Queen sat by the King's bedside performing for him every office which a sick man could require, depriving herself of all manner of rest and refection. She underwent labors which I thought no ordinary woman could endure. No language can do justice to her meekness and the calmness of mind she sought to preserve before the King, while sorrow was preying on her heart. Such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to a mind desiring to be gratified with the sight of human excellence."

Sir Walter Scott has written nothing worthier of his name and fame than that grand stanza :

"O, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable, as the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel, thou!"

The illness that had prevented the King opening Parliament to the end of January grew more and more serious. Then there came indications of some

radical improvement; then a relapse. The King was an old man when he came to the throne. The vitality of youth was gone. Recuperating forces worked feebly and slowly, and then they ceased to work at all. There was grave anxiety throughout the land. At last the muffled peals from a thousand "passing bells" told all England that the King was dead.

No worthier or more judicious estimate of the last of the Georges can be found than that of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who says: "The death of King William may fairly be regarded as having closed an era of our history. With him we may believe ended the reign of personal government in England. William was indeed a constitutional King in more than mere name. He was to the best of his lights a faithful representative of the constitutional principle. He was as far in advance of his two predecessors in understanding and acceptance of the principle as his successor has proved herself beyond him. Constitutional government has developed itself gradually, as everything else has done in English politics. The written principle and code of its system it would be as vain to look for as for the British Constitution itself. King William still held to and exercised the right to dismiss his ministers when he pleased, and because he pleased. His father had held to the right of maintaining favorite ministers in defiance of repeated votes of the House of Commons. It would not be easy to find any written rule or declaration of constitutional law pronouncing decisively that either was in the wrong. But in our day we should believe that the constitutional freedom of England was outraged, or at least put in the extremest danger, if a sovereign were to dismiss a ministry at

mere pleasure, or retain it despite the expressed wish of the House of Commons. Virtually, therefore, there was still personal government in the reign of William IV. With his death the long chapter of its history came to an end. We find it difficult now to believe that it was a living principle, openly at work among us, if not openly acknowledged, so lately as in the reign of King William."

The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great state pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of their subjects may be supposed to be on them, even if the dignity of bearing is not the free gift of nature. The manners of William IV. had been, like those of most of his brothers, somewhat rough and overbearing. He had been an unmanageable naval officer. He had again and again disregarded or disobeyed orders, and at last it had been found convenient to withdraw him from active service altogether, and allow him to rise through the successive ranks of his profession by a merely formal and technical process of ascent. In his more private capacity he had, when younger, indulged more than once in unseemly and insufferable freaks of temper. He had made himself unpopular while Duke of Clarence by his strenuous opposition to some of the measures which were especially desired by all the enlightenment of the country. He was, for example, a determined oppo-

ment of the measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had wrangled publicly, in open debate, with some of his brothers in the House of Lords; and words had been interchanged among the royal princes which could not be heard in our day even in the hottest debates of the more turbulent House of Commons. But William seems to have been one of the men whom increased responsibility improves. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional sovereign which, to the last day of his active life, his father, George III., never could be brought to comprehend—that the personal predilections and prejudices of the King must sometimes give way to the public interest.

It may be said of King William, in the words of Shakespeare, "He certainly made a good end," hearing many prayers and joining in them with great fervor. There were many tender passages between the King and his sorrowing, heart-broken Queen. When he saw her on the point of breaking down, he said: "Bear up, Adelaide; bear up, my dear."

When he awoke on June 18th he remembered that it was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary, and he laid his hand upon the eagle which adorned it, and said he felt revived by the touch. The King died at 4 o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837.

## CHAPTER V.

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### SUMMONED TO THE THRONE.

We have spoken of Queen Victoria as a "daughter of the morning." The clock struck four at Kensington when her eyes first opened to the light. Eighteen years have passed, and as the clock strikes four at Windsor Castle, the King is dead. The messenger of death has set his seal on the royal lips,—but the same messenger has a new message of life and duty for the maiden Princess who lies sleeping sweetly in the palace of Kensington.

The story of the taking of that all-important message to the Princess Victoria, who is proclaimed by the early light of this summer morning "Queen of England," is quite romantic. It has been told so sweetly and graphically by Miss Wynn in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality" that we will listen while she tells it once again.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the King's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington till five o'clock in the morning.

"They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; then turned into one of the lower rooms, where

they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance.

“After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her.

“Then they said, ‘We are come on business of state to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.’ It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few moments she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.”

There is a legend—in which we want to believe—to the effect that the Princess threw off her night-cap and addressed her first words as Queen to his Grace of Canterbury and said, “I beg your Grace to pray me”—which the Prelate did with great tenderness. Others say she threw herself into her mother’s arms and wept. Let us believe both records true, and honor the young Queen for both.

Perhaps our youthful Queen  
 Remembers what has been—  
 Her childhood’s rest by loving heart,  
 And sport on grassy sod—  
 Alas! can others wear  
 A mother’s heart for her?  
 But calm she lifts her trusting face  
 And calleth upon God.



Yea! call on God, thou maiden  
Of spirit nobly laden,  
And leave such happy days behind,  
For happy-making years  
A nation looks to thee  
For steadfast sympathy.  
Make room within thy bright clear eyes,  
For all its gathered tears.

And so the grateful isles  
Shall give thee back their smiles,  
And as thy mother joys in thee,  
In them shalt thou rejoice;  
Rejoice to meekly bow  
A somewhat paler brow,  
While the King of Kings shall bless thee  
By the British people's voice.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The first act of the maiden Queen was typical of her gentle, sympathetic nature, and worthy of her royal state. Immediately on the departure of the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the new Sovereign wrote a tender and loving letter of condolence to the Queen Dowager, who was bowed in the first agonies of widowhood. She would be among the very first to speak a word of tender sympathy to her dear Aunt Adelaide, but with a delicacy of thought that was very beautiful in one so young, she used the old order of address and sent her letter to "Her Majesty the Queen." When the unaltered form of address was pointed out most respectfully by a member of the royal household, the youthful Queen replied: "Transmit it as it is; I will not be the first to recognize the change."

A Privy Council was summoned and before the

sun turned toward the west the Queen had met the nation in its chief representatives.

The Council was held in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace at high noon of this eventful 20th of June, 1837. The gathering was unusually large, there being ninety members of the Council present. That the ancient throne of England was to be ascended by a maiden in the morning of her years, was in itself a matter of romantic interest; and more than this, these sagacious statesmen knew that the accession of this young Princess meant the dawn of a new and brighter era in English history. No wonder that these august and venerable servants of the state crowded the audience chamber on this auspicious occasion. And to the fair Victoria, it must have been a trying ordeal to meet face to face these great dignitaries of her state, herself the "observed of all observers." Mr. Disraeli described that gathering as that "bewildering crowd" summoned for the first time within her bowers.

"In a palace in a garden, not in a haughty keep, proud with the fame but dark with the violence of ages; not in a regal pile, bright with the splendor, but soiled with the intrigues of court and factions; in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth, and innocence, and beauty, came a voice that told the maiden that she must ascend her throne! The council of England is summoned for the first time within her bowers. There are assembled the prelates and captains and chief men of her realm; the priests of the religion that consoles, the heroes of the sword that has conquered, the votaries of the craft that has decided the fate of empires! men gray with thought and

fame, and age, who are the stewards of divine mysteries, who have toiled in secret cabinets, who have encountered in battle the hosts of Europe, who have struggled in the less merciful strife of aspiring senates; men, some of them, lords of a thousand vessels and chief proprietors of provinces, yet not one of them whose heart does not at this moment tremble as he awaits the first presence of the maiden who now must ascend her throne. A hum of half-suppressed conversation which would attempt to conceal the excitement, which some of the greatest of them have since acknowledged, fills that brilliant assemblage; that sea of plumes, and glittering stars, and gorgeous dresses. Hush! the portals open; she comes; the silence is as deep as that of a noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of her court, who bow and then retire, Victoria ascends her throne, a girl, alone, and for the first time amid an assemblage of men. In a sweet and thrilling voice, and with a composed mien which indicates rather the absorbing sense of august duty than an absence of emotion, the Queen announces her accession to the throne of her ancestors and her humble hope that divine providence will guard over the fulfilment of her lofty trust. The prelates and captains and chief men of her realm then advance to the throne, and, kneeling before her, pledge their troth, and take the sacred oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Allegiance to one who rules over the land that the great Macedonian could not conquer; and over a continent of which even Columbus never dreamed: to the queen of every sea, and of nations of every zone! It is not of these that I would speak; but of a nation nearer

her footstool, and which at this moment looks to her with anxiety, with affection, perhaps with hope. Fair and serene, she has the blood and beauty of the Saxon. Will it be her proud destiny at length to bear relief to suffering millions, and, with that soft hand which might inspire troubadours and guerdon knights, break the last links in the chain of Saxon thralldom?"

Another eye-witness relates the following :

"Arriving at the Palace, I was shown into the ante-chamber of the Music Room. It was filled with Privy Councillors standing round the long table, set in order, as it seemed, for a Council, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington on the right, near the head of the table, Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, in full dress, with others of the Whig party, on the left, near the top of the table. The Duke of Argyle, and one or two officers of the Household, were behind the arm-chair at the top. There were nearly ninety Privy Councillors present,—so I was told. After a little time, Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, advancing to the table, addressed the Lords and others of the Council, and informed them of the death of William IV., and announced to them it was their duty to inform Her Majesty Queen Victoria of that event, and of her accession. He added that he, accompanied by those who might choose to assist him, would wait upon Her Majesty. Accordingly, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover), and the Duke of Sussex, together with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Lord Chancellor, withdrew through the folding doors behind the arm-chair, and saw the Queen. She

was alone; but Lord Lansdowne told me that as they entered they saw a lady retiring into the back apartment. Lord Lansdowne returned, and informed the Council they had seen the Queen. \* \* \* Not long afterwards the door was thrown open, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland (who had returned) advanced to receive Her Majesty, and the young creature walked in and took her seat in the armchair. She was very plainly dressed in mourning,—a black scarf round her neck, without any cap or ornament; but her hair was braided tastily on the top of her head. She inclined herself gracefully on taking her seat. \* \* \* Soon after she was seated Lord Melbourne stepped forward and presented her with a paper, from which she read her declaration.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of His Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this Empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and to long experience. I place my firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it, also, a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liber-

ties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of this country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration. Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion, as by law established, securing, at the same time, to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty. And I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

She went through this difficult task with the utmost grace and propriety,—neither too timid nor too assured. Her voice was rather subdued, but not faltering, pronouncing the words clearly, and seeming to feel the sense of what she spoke. Every one appeared touched with her manner, especially the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne; I saw some tears in the eyes of the latter. The only person who was rather more curious than affected was Lord Lyndhurst, who looked over Her Majesty’s shoulder as she was reading, as if to see that she read all that was set down for her.

“After reading the Declaration, Her Majesty took the usual oath, which was administered to her by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, who, by the way, let the Prayer-book drop. The Queen then subscribed the oath, and a duplicate of it for Scotland. She was then designated in the beginning of the oath Alexandrina Victoria, but she signed herself Victoria

R. Her handwriting was good. Several of the Council—Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Wellington—came to the table to look at the signature, as if to discover what her accomplishments were in that department. Some formal Orders in Council were made and proclamations signed by the Queen, who addressed Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne with smiles several times, and with much cordiality.

“The next part of the ceremony was swearing in new Privy Council. A cushion was placed on the right-hand of the Queen’s chair, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first took the oaths. They kissed the hand of the Queen; she saluted them affectionately on the cheek. She had kissed them before in the inner apartment, as Lord Lansdowne told me. The Archbishops and Chancellor were then sworn; after them Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne, and the Duke of Wellington. After that, they swore in twenty together. There was a good deal of bustle and noise while this was going on. \* \* \* The ceremony over, some of us sat down to the Council table. During this time the doors of the Chamber were opened frequently, and many persons were admitted to see the young Queen, who continued quietly sitting at the head of the table, giving her approval in usual form to several orders in Council.”

Mr. Charles Greville, the Clerk of the Council, thus describes this memorable scene :

“The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the

chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne had himself to learn. \* \* \* She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any



individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers, and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

A very pleasant story is told of the way in which the young Queen, in a spirit of gentle mirth, issued her first command to her royal mother. Victoria had been excited and was greatly fatigued by the crowded events of the day, and the moment she was free to leave the solemn presence of her Council, she hastened with all speed to her mother's chamber, and, throwing herself with child-like abandon into those dear arms that had sheltered and comforted her through all her happy youth, broke forth into a fit of passionate weeping. How the mother brooded in tenderness over her royal daughter, how she soothed her with gentle words and sweet embraces, it is needless to tell. The storm of tears subsided, and the child-queen said:

"I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England! But I suppose I am so, am I not?"

"You know you are, my love," responded the gracious smiling mother; "the scene you have just left must have assured you of it."

"I suppose I shall grow used to it," said the Queen with a sigh, and then half playfully she continued, "Since it is so, and your little daughter is Sovereign of this great country, I shall make you, my dear mamma, the object of my first royal experiment.

Your Queen commands you, dear mamma, to leave her alone, quite alone for two hours!"

And so, the first day of Victoria's reign came to a close, the day so full of exciting scenes, freighted with such import to England and the world. And in the sweet silence of that June night, the royal maiden slept.

"Peace, peace, Orestes like we breathe the prayer,  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The thrice prayed for, the most fair,  
The best beloved night."



QUEEN VICTORIA—HER LAST PORTRAIT.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF ENGLISH ROYALTY.

Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Edward of York.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### PROCLAIMED QUEEN.

The Princess Victoria was formally proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland on the 21st of June, from St. James's Palace. Long before the time fixed for the interesting ceremony a vast crowd had gathered, filling every available space, every balcony and window, every parapet and point of vantage. One of the most interested and excited of the crowd was the great Irish agitator, Dan O'Connell, who occupied a place in the very front ranks, cheering vociferously. At ten o'clock the guns in the Park fired a royal salute, upon which the maiden Queen made her appearance, to the boundless delight of the assembled crowds. She stood between Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne, and was received with deafening cheers. Immediately behind the young Queen the form of her gracious mother was seen, whose presence evoked the most cordial and hearty plaudits. The mothers of England loved the Duchess of Kent, and not without sufficient cause. The Queen was much fatigued and excited, but her pale face flushed with genial appreciation, as peal after peal of loyal cheers shook the whole region with their merry music.

The Queen was dressed in deep mourning, with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far

back on her head, exhibiting her light hair in front, simply parted over her forehead. As Her Majesty appeared at the window, the band of the Royal Guards struck up the National Anthem. On its conclusion, Sir William Woods, acting for the Garter King-at-Arms, and accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England, read aloud the Proclamation.

The following is the form of Proclamation adopted by the Privy Council :

“Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy, our late Sovereign, King William the Fourth, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria ; saving the rights of any which may be born of his late Majesty’s Consort. We, therefore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty’s Privy Council, with members of others, principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of London, do now, hereby, with one voice, and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim, that the High and Mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lady Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith (saving as aforesaid), to whom (saving as aforesaid) we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens

do reign, to bless the royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us.

“Given at the Court at Kensington, this 26th day of June, 1837.

“God Save the Queen.”

The Queen stood during the whole rehearsal of the Proclamation. She was deeply moved by the intense enthusiasm of her loving people, so moved that tears started to her eyes and fell down her fair pale cheeks. Elizabeth Barrett immortalized these tears in a memorable poem, two stanzas of which we quote :

“God save thee, weeping Queen!  
 Thou shalt be well beloved:  
 The tyrant’s sceptre cannot move  
 As those poor tears have moved  
 The nature in thine eyes we see  
 Which tyrants cannot own—  
 The love that guardeth liberties  
 Strange blessing on the Nation lies,  
 Whose Sovereign wept—  
 Yea, wept to wear its crown.

“God bless thee, weeping Queen!  
 With blessing more divine,  
 And fill with better love than earth’s  
 That tender hearth of thine;  
 That when the throne shall be  
 As low as graves brought down,  
 A piercèd hand may give to thee  
 The Crown which angels shout to see;  
 Thou wilt not weep  
 To wear that heavenly crown.”

On first hearing of the King’s death, Prince Albert addressed the following beautiful and characteristic letter to the young Queen. It is the first of his which we have, written in English, and, allowing for a

somewhat foreign turn and formality of expression, it shows what proficiency he had already made in a language which, from the correctness with which he both spoke and wrote it, he soon made his own. "How much," says one who had deeply studied his character, "of the Prince's great nature is visible in it. Though addressed to a young and powerful Queen, there is not a word of flattery in it. His first thought is of the great responsibility of the position, the happiness of the millions that was at stake. Then comes the anxious hope that the reign may be glorious."

"Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

"My Dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

"I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

ALBERT."

This high-minded noble young monarch had scarcely set her foot upon the throne before she took her trusty councillor, Lord Melbourne, into her con-



fidence and expressed an ardent desire to pay her father's debts. The question of her liability, or of any excuses based on the miserable allowance on which the Duke of Kent had been compelled to subsist, did not enter into the question. The young Queen wanted her father's name to be clear before the world. "I must do it. I consider it a sacred duty," said Her Majesty. This was not a mere matter of sentiment, the Queen was jealous of her father's honor, she wanted to silence tongues too much given to talking, and to lift her father's name forever above reproach. There was a royal honesty in all this, and these were elements of character that endeared Victoria to her people. If the mothers of England loved this girl-queen for her filial piety and devotion to her mother,—thoughtful, earnest men honored her for her womanly pride in her father's honor. The debts were paid in due course. Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas were among the Duke of Kent's heaviest creditors. Representatives of these peers received the amounts due, accompanied by a beautiful piece of plate from the Queen, with a personal letter expressive of the deep sense of obligation towards those who had been her father's friends in the days when he needed firm and faithful friends.

It need hardly be said that this was a matter of great delight to the Duchess of Kent.

When Her Majesty first began the real, serious work of her life, Viscount Melbourne regretted very much the necessity of troubling her so early in the mornings, and spoke apologetically of the close application and hard work rendered unavoidable by so large

a number of wearisome State Documents. The youthful Queen replied:

“My Lord, it is but a change of occupation. I have not lived a life of leisure, and, as you know, it is not long since I left off my daily lessons.”

On the 13th of July, she left forever the home of her birth and the scenes of her happy childhood. It must have cost her a pang to say farewell to dear, quaint, old Kensington, even though she was about to find a home in stately Buckingham Palace.

From the day of her father's death until she ascended the throne, the Queen had never passed a night outside her mother's bedchamber. She had never been seen in public or even heard of except in conjunction with her mother.

On the 17th of July the Queen went from Buckingham Palace in state to dissolve Parliament. The procession was hailed by enthusiastic shouts from assembled crowds through the park and in Parliament Street, all anxious to see the youthful sovereign. She was escorted by a squadron of the Horse Guards. At the entrance to the House of Lords the Queen was received by the Foot Guards, their band playing the National Anthem. The fair young sovereign took her seat on the throne with a graceful and composed dignity which greatly impressed the noble assembly.

The distinguished American Senator, Charles Sumner, was present on this occasion, and bears his testimony to the graceful manner in which the youthful monarch discharged the trying duties of the hour. Mr. Sumner praised very highly the manner in which the Queen read the speech from the throne.

Fanny Kemble, who was also present, tells us that

the Queen "was not handsome, but very pretty, and the singularity of her great position lent a sentimental and poetical charm to her youthful face and figure. The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance, while the want of height only added to the effect of extreme youth of the round but slender person and gracefully-moulded hands and arms. The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

The closing words of the Queen's first speech to Parliament deserve to be held in perpetual remembrance. With a clear and distinct utterance, and with a hopeful smile on her fair young face, she said:

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement whenever improvement is required; and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I shall upon all occasions look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament and the affections of my people, which

form the true support of the dignity of the Crown, and ensure the stability of the Constitution."

Then rang out from a thousand voices long and loud and clear the loyal benediction: "God save the Queen."

On the 22nd of August in this happy year, the Queen made her royal progress to Windsor. She traveled in an open barouche accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, with outriders in scarlet liveries, and a party of Lancers, "The Queen's Own," by way of escort. Crowds of people everywhere welcomed her presence with loyal acclamations. All through Kensington, Hammersmith, Brentford, Hounslow, triumphal arches spanned the crowded thoroughfares, and tens of thousands of happy people, clad in holiday attire, thronged the streets to catch a glimpse of Her Majesty and shout, "God save the Queen." The Long Walk at Windsor was alive with an immense concourse of people. A novel procession of bachelors, all wearing white roses in their coats, lined the avenue by which the Queen approached the Castle. The guns on the towers of Windsor boomed loud and long their thunderous welcome to the new Sovereign.

One of the most pleasant features of this royal home-coming was a feast at which four thousand two hundred poor people sat down at seventy-two tables, each being thirteen yards in length. A grand display of fireworks closed the eventful day.

Two distinguished Indian gentlemen, Jehangeer Nowrojee and Hirjeeboy of Bombay, were in England in 1837, and took the opportunity of getting a glimpse of their youthful Sovereign at Windsor, and

this is the pleasant record they made in a book published in Bombay on their return:

“We saw Her Majesty coming on the terrace, and everybody ranged themselves on both sides of the road to pay their respects and have a peep at their youthful Sovereign. She was plainly dressed and we had the honor and gratification of seeing her. She passed close by where we stood, and had in attendance on her Lord Melbourne and Lord Falkland. There were many others who were not pointed out to us. We were, of course, steadfastly and earnestly gazing on the face of that young lady, who held so high and important a post as the Queen of Great Britain, and we were asking ourselves whether she would not in all probability had her lot been to pass through life as Princess Victoria, when attracted by our costume, she looked upon us. We made our salaams, and we received our answer in that look to the thought which had been in our minds. We saw in an instant that she was fitted by nature for—and intended to be—a Queen. We perceived a native nobility and expression which conveyed to us the idea that if meek and amiable, she could also be firm and commanding, and imagined that, should no unforeseen end tarnish the lustre of her reign, it would come to be known and quoted as England’s Golden Age.”

## CHAPTER VII.

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### AMONGST HER LOYAL PEOPLE.

In October of this busy year it was felt that a little rest, in change of scene and surroundings, together with the healthful breezes of the sea, would be very beneficial to Her Majesty. So, just as "the leaves were paling yellow, and trembling with red," the Queen and her Court went for a brief sojourn to Brighton, which was then known as "the Queen of the English watering places," or, as we should call it, the Gem of Seaside Resorts. All along the journey the Queen and her Court witnessed the most enthusiastic tokens of loyalty and devotion. All along the journey, from London to the sea, triumphal arches decorated with banners and loyal mottoes and resplendent with brilliant flowers, greeted the young Monarch as she rode along. Villages and hamlets vied with each other in bidding Victoria welcome, and though these demonstrations were less pretentious than the parades and carnivals of great cities, they were not less hearty or sincere. The bells rang, bands played woefully out of tune, but deeply in harmony with the spirit of the occasion. At almost every turn of the winding way some new feature of special interest served to break up the monotony of the royal progress. At Crowley the Queen was received by a band of gallant yeomen bearing white staves, who of course insisted on presenting an address. At Hurs-

pierpont one of the loveliest scenes presented itself. Right and left the way was lined with little children daintily attired, who scattered flowers in the way and sung "God Save the Queen," while the church bells rang out a merry peal.

Brighton gave itself up to the intoxication of loyal delights. The houses were bowers of vernal beauty, gay with streamers and tossing banners; guns were fired, bells were rung, bands played, choirs sung. At night the city broke out in a conflagration of loyalty. Such brilliant fireworks illuminated Brighton that night—and sailors far out at sea said they had never witnessed such a sight—it seemed as if Old England was all ablaze with gladness.

As the Accession year was drawing to its close, another great pageant awaited the Queen. The Corporation of the City of London had invited their young Sovereign to pay them a visit at the Guild Hall on November the 9th, the ensuing Lord Mayor's Day, and that goodly corporation, that never did anything by halves, was resolved to make that welcome worthy alike of the good old city of London, and worthy of the youthful Queen. All London went mad with delight. Fabulous prices were paid for positions along the route where a pleasant sight of the procession might be obtained. Windows in Fleet street rented for \$350. A week before the great event the struggle for tickets became intense. The sum of \$250 was freely offered for a ticket to witness the banquet at the Guild Hall. But these offers were all in vain! Those who had them held on to them. Such an event would only happen once in a lifetime! A thousand items more or less interesting may be

gathered from a perusal of the journals of that day. Nothing, nor great nor small, escaped the Argus eyes of the press. They tell us that the Duke of Cambridge said it was the grandest event he had ever witnessed. The Duke of Wellington, who was never extravagant in speech, thought the arrangements surprisingly perfect.

The Royal Artillery Company acted as a Guard of Honor under the Duke of Sussex. One of the most charming features was that of rows upon rows of delighted children, ranging in age from three to twelve, standing in a row on either side the footway in Pall Mall.

The morning was dull and drizzling, as November mornings mostly are in London; the mud was so plentiful and persistent that the Aldermen who rode on horseback during the progress of the procession with Sir Peter Laurie at their head, wisely and judiciously wore over their silk stockings and satin breeches buckram overalls as a protection against the mud.

As the day grew older it grew brighter, and all along the route the enthusiasm grew more and more pronounced. From every window and housetop banners and handkerchiefs were tossed and waved. London had but one all-absorbing thought that November day, and that of loyalty to its Queen.

Opposite St. Martin's Church the voices of the children of the parochial schools formed a grand chorus. In the yard of the new church in the Strand, the King's College students occupied platforms. The Mistress of the Robes, and her Master of the Horse, Lord Albemarle, accompanied the Queen in the



magnificent but cumbersome carriage of State. The State carriages of the Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers fell into line with those of the Cabinet Ministers, at Temple Bar, the royal and civic processions met, and the usual ceremony observed on such occasions of presenting the Monarch with the keys and sword of the City was duly and solemnly performed. In St Paul's churchyard the Bluecoat boys were in all their glory, and one Frederick Gifford Nash, the senior of the school, boldly advanced to the Royal State carriage and read an address about the school and its royal founder. Master Nash with great eloquence endeavored to impress on the young and beautiful Queen that "King Edward the Sixth was himself a youthful sovereign." Whereupon the Bluecoat boys with one heart and voice sang loud and lustily: "God Save the Queen."

A dozen quaint and pleasant stories are told by the gossips of the time that will be full of interest to the readers of this generation.

As for example, we are informed that a throne was placed amid flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, constructed of carved wood, richly gilt and upholstered, with embroidered white satin, and gold-adorned crimson velvet, raised upon a dais, covered with ermine and gold carpeting, beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, laced and adorned with gold. So the Guild Hall became a palace with a sumptuous throne for the radiant young Queen.

The Queen's dress on that occasion,—and surely there was not a lady in all the land but was interested to know what the Queen wore that day—was exclusively of British manufacture. It was pale pink satin,

richly brocaded with silver, the skirt opening on either side, and trimmed with rich bullion fringe, fastened with large rosettes of diamonds, a diamond-adorned stomacher, and sleeves looped with diamond tassels and costly lace.

The Duchess of Kent was most charmingly attired in a silver-tissue dress, having a skirt trimmed with two blonde flounces looped at the sides with diamonds and amethysts, bodice and sleeves, ornamented with diamonds and amethysts, with feathers and diamonds in her hair.

The old romantic Elizabethian legend of Sir Walter Raleigh's loyalty in making his cloak a carpet for his Queen was repeated in London on this auspicious day. Common-Councilman Heving, then the City Upholsterer, found it convenient to be near the "alighting stone" at Guild Hall when Her Majesty stepped from the State carriage, and suddenly spread over the cold, muddy stone a piece of richly adorned scarlet velvet carpet for the dainty foot of his Queen to step upon.

The banquet of that day was one of the most gorgeous functions on record. The Goldsmiths' Company lent a magnificent chandelier of solid gold to grace the occasion. The dessert plates were of enamelled glass, expressly manufactured for the occasion, and were afterwards placed on exhibition.

A poor, lame Carmarthen fisherman provided the only salmon on the table, which he had caught and had sent to the Corporation of London as a real dainty dish to set before the Queen.

It was said that the wine drunk at this banquet was a hundred and twenty years old.

A little after eight o'clock the trumpets were blown, the Queen and her party returned to Windsor well pleased with the day's delights, and so the royal pageant ended.

Lord Mayor Cowan was made a Baronet and the two Sheriffs were Knighted. One of these was Mr. Moses Montefiore. The Knighting of Mr. Montefiore was a matter of special interest on two grounds. First, from the fact that he was the first member of the Jewish race on whom that honor had been conferred. Of course the Jews resident in England highly appreciated the honor, and their loyalty to the Queen and her throne was largely increased. But there were many others, not of that ancient race, who regarded this indication of the Queen's broad, liberal-mindedness with unqualified admiration.

The Knightship of Sir Moses Montefiore recalls a very pleasant little episode of the Queen's earlier life. In the days of her girlhood, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were often at Ramsgate, where Mr. Moses Montefiore had a delightful house, with spacious grounds and beautiful gardens. It was the custom in England in those days, perhaps not without sufficient reason in such places as Ramsgate, to keep private grounds and gardens fenced in and well guarded with locked gates. The princess was frequently seen peeping over the garden wall delighted with all the floral beauty growing on the other side. How this came to Mr. Montefiore's ears was never known, but one day the Duchess of Kent was asked to accept a little gift for her royal daughter, which he hoped would be used whenever she wished. It was a little golden key which opened the gates into those

charming grounds, and would admit the Princess and her friends whenever she chose to enter.

When Her Majesty breathed the magic words with the sword of Knighthood in her hand: "Rise, Sir Moses Montefiore"—it may be she gave a grateful thought to the little golden key and the beautiful gardens at Ramsgate.

Sir Moses Montefiore was one of the greatest philanthropists of his age. He lived to the great age of 101 years, dying the year before the Jubilee Celebration of the Queen.

The first Parliament of the Queen's reign opened its first session November 20th, 1837, Her Majesty presiding in person. The enthusiasm of eleven days before, when the Queen paid her memorable visit to Guild Hall, had by no means died out. The Sovereign went in State to open her first Parliament. A party of Life Guards, gorgeous in their military costumes, formed the royal escort, and at the head of the famous cream-colored horses, that did such good service in this year of pageants, walked a goodly company of grooms most brilliantly attired. The people had their place in this festival, and the streets all along the route were crowded with happy, loyal throngs. At two o'clock Her Majesty entered the House of Lords, wearing a white dress with deep bullion fringe, a magnificent diadem, earrings, necklace, and stomacher of diamonds, an ermine cape and robes of crimson velvet and gold completed her adornment. Lord Kilmarnock, Master Ellice and Master Cavendish served as pages of honor; and were associated with the Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Lansdowne in the care of the long train. The scene

in the House of Lords was brilliant beyond description. The peeresses of England and lords and ladies of high degree thronged every available space. One who was present says: "Their head-dresses in the mass looked like a forest of nodding plumes."

Viscount Melbourne preceded Her Majesty, bearing the Sword of State, and the Earl of Shaftesbury followed with the Cap of Maintenance. "The Duke of Wellington," says an eye-witness, "the best-dressed man in the House of Lords, appeared on this occasion at his best. Stately and venerable, his white hair combed and brushed with scrupulous care, his ermined robe worn over his Field Marshal's uniform, his carriage, considering his advanced years, singularly dignified and erect."

After having commanded her noble Lords to "be seated," the Queen, in clear and audible tones, read her speech, which bristled with matters of vital importance. Without a blush, she asked for a new provision for the Civil List; she then called attention to the State of Canada, and to the Government of Ireland; and then, in subdued but earnest tones, to which the vast audience listened with profound and loyal attention, the Queen seemed to take her country into her confidence and trust as she spoke these memorable words:

"In meeting this Parliament, the first that has been elected by my authority, I am anxious to declare my confidence in your loyalty and wisdom. The early age at which I am called to the Sovereignty of this Kingdom renders it an imperative duty that, under Divine Providence, I should place my reliance upon

your cordial co-operation, and upon the love and affection of all my people."

During this sitting of her first Parliament, Her Majesty made royal declaration of her Protestant faith. The Lord Chancellor read the solemn declaration which the Queen repeated after him, sentence for sentence, very articulately, the vast audience listening with most profound and solemn attention :

"I, Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God and man, or absolved of this declaration, or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever shall dispense with or annul the

same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

The simple and impressive manner in which the Queen recited this solemn declaration was heartily appreciated, if not vociferously applauded by this august assembly.

Before sunset on this November day, the "Queen's speech" was read in tens of thousands of homes in England, and who can wonder that such words as we have quoted, together with her pronounced, uncompromising Protestantism, should deepen the loyalty of the English people.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### ENGLAND IN 1837.

One of the most prominent Members of the House of Commons of this memorable time was Mr. Bulwer, already famous, and widely popular as a novelist. For many years he was the best-read author in England. If he had never given the world anything beside "The Last Days of Pompeii" he would have won for himself a deathless name. But his works are numerous enough to constitute a little library. They stand alone, distinct in their literary characteristics, and are among the choicest gems of modern English.

Writing books was much more in Bulwer Lytton's way than making speeches in Parliament. He sat in the House of Commons as member for Tiverton. He had little love for debate. He says of himself to a friend: "Being very well content to be silent, save when I have anything to say, I speak but seldom, as becomes a young Member, and at the early part of the evening, among the prozers, as becomes a modest one." It must not be thought for a moment that this "silent member" was not deeply interested in the affairs of the nation. Whenever he did address the House it was always after the most careful and minute preparation; and his addresses were of such a character as to command attention and respect. Four years prior to the accession of Queen Victoria, the member for Tiverton made a speech in which the



awful form of a possible Republic taking the place of a government by Kings, cast its giant shadow over his mind. He closed a very brilliant address with this doleful peroration: "I hate the policy that looks not beyond the nose of the occasion. I love to look far, and to speak boldly. I have no place to gain, no opinion to disguise—nothing stands between me and the truth. I put it to you all whether viewing the temper of the age, the discontent of the multitude, the example of foreign States \* \* \* the progress of an unthinking liberalism, the hatred against ostensible power—I put it to you all whether, unless some dexterous statesman arise, or unless some false notions are removed, some true principles explained, you do not perceive, slowly creeping over the troubled mirror of the time, the giant shadow of the coming Republic." The Queen was a girl of fourteen years of age, when these ominous words were uttered in all good faith. The "giant shadow" crept over the troubled mirror, as the years went on; but Statesmen rose equal to the occasion; and when the young Queen came to the throne, she won the hearts of her people, and that throne established in righteousness, became more deeply rooted in the loyal and enthusiastic love of the nation. And all in good time as we shall see the "giant shadow" vanished.

One of Bulwer's weaknesses was an unreasonable hatred of party and party men, however incorruptible the party might be, and however patriotic and loyal its members might be. And yet, some of his pictures of the absolute uselessness and helplessness of the "independent" Member of Parliament are too good to be forgotten. In "England and the English" he closes one of his bitter satirical descriptions thus:

“There! Mount those benches you are under the speaker’s gallery. The debate is of importance—it is six o’clock—the debate has begun—it goes very smoothly for an hour or two, during which time most of the members are at dinner, and half the remaining members are asleep. Some inexperienced persons have got the ball of debate in their hands. They mumble, and paw, and toss it about, till near ten o’clock. Presently, hark! a low murmur of ‘Question.’ It creeps, it gathers, and now a cough! Fatal sound! A general attack phthisis seizes the House. Wheezing, sneezing, puffing and grunting, till at last the ripening symphony swells into one mighty diapason of simultaneous groans! Now and then, a solemn voice cries ‘Order!’ A momentary silence succeeds, and then, with a tumultuous reaction, rush once more from nook to nook the unutterable varieties of discord. But who is the intrepid and patient member, whom at short and dreary intervals, you hear threading with wearied voice the labyrinth of noise? My good friends, it is an independent member, he has no party to back him.”

Such was the member for Tiverton himself, and truth to tell, the picture is not overdrawn. Independent members have never had much power in the English Parliament. In one of the later Gladstone parliaments, an episode transpired that may be fitly recorded here. Mr. Gladstone was in power, but there was unrest in the ranks of the Liberals, and certain discontents of that party, Mr. Horsman, member for Stroud, among the rest, spoke of the establishment of an Independent party. In a speech, fierce

and strong, Mr. Gladstone taunted Mr. Horsman with the unreliable character of independent parties, or independent men, and said: "I will repeat for the benefit of my friend, the Hon. Member for Stroud, a definition I once heard from Mr. Canning. 'An independent Member of Parliament,' said that distinguished statesman, 'is a member on whom nobody or party can depend!' But, God forbid," added Mr. Gladstone, "that I should apply that definition to the Hon. Member for Stroud."

This memorable year, 1837, the first year of the Victorian Age, saw a deeper interest in works of Art than had ever been manifested before. The Exhibitions of the Royal Academy had been held for sixty-eight years, since its foundation in 1779, been held in rooms in Somerset House. The rooms were inadequate in size, and could only be reached by climbing interminable flights of stairs. This year the Exhibition was held in the National Picture Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Etty exhibited his "Ulysses and the Sirens," and his more marvelous conception of "Samson Betrayed by Delilah." Sir David Wilkie presented among other products of his genius, "Mary Queen of Scots Escaping From Loch Leven Castle." Turner was represented by his "Apollo and Daphne," his "Street in Venice," and "The Parting of Hero and Leander." Landseer's "Return from Hawking," his "Sport in the Highlands," and that most pathetic of all his paintings, "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," attracted the admiration of thousands. Maclise exhibited his "Bohemian Gipsies;" Leslie his "Perdita," and an exceedingly interesting illustration of Sir Walter Scott, "Margaret Bellenden's Interview

with the King." Eastlake presented his "Scene in the Greek War;" and Herbert his "Desdemona Interceding for Cassio." Beside these great masterpieces, pictures were exhibited by Hart, Cooper, Mulready, Stanfield, Sydey, Constable, Creswick, Knight, Westmacott, Chanty, Gibson, and a host of others, many of whom have since become famous.

But the artists of those days were in no danger of being spoiled by public favor. They were poorly understood and very poorly appreciated. They were for the most part poor, they were always proud, and generally shy and retiring. They were very jolly and merry among themselves. But the world was moving onward and upward,—and art and science and politics and literature, and all that makes for civilization at its best was rejoicing in the dawn of a better day. The art-students of the old Somerset House days took better cheer when they learned that the young Queen was deeply interested in art. A student of these times of artistic awakening, says, and he is writing of the state of things sixty years ago:

"The great source of the silently-flowing wholesome change by which all classes and ranks have had their sentiments elevated, their feelings refined and softened—the sphere of their most innocent pleasures enlarged and their best tastes gratified—may be traced upward to the Throne, and that intelligent appreciation and practical love of art, which once induced Her Majesty to say, 'If she had not been a Queen, she might have succeeded in being an Artist.'"

An episode transpired at the very beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria that will be of interest to all

lovers of art. At the earliest available moment after the accession of Her Majesty, Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, addressed a letter to Lord John Russell, who was then Secretary of State for the Home Department, humbly and earnestly applying, in the name of the Royal Academy, for that privilege of personal access to Her Majesty, such as he and his brethren had enjoyed under former monarchs since the formation of the Academy. Lord John Russell was not a little astonished at the boldness of this request, and gravely demurred. There was in future to be no Private Secretary, and no access to the maiden Queen save through her Ministers. And, therefore, Lord John suggested that the application be withdrawn. But Sir Martin Shee was not in a withdrawing mood, and so far as possible he was resolved that the Queen herself should decide this matter between the Academy and the Government. Sir Martin won his point. "The following day," he says, "I had an official communication from Lord John stating that the Queen had been graciously pleased to continue to the Academy the same facilities of approach as usual." In a subsequent letter to a personal friend, this vigorous champion of Art says: "The new reign has begun prosperously; the Queen has delighted everyone by her dignity, grace and good sense. I had the honor of kissing Her Majesty's hand at her first levée, the most crowded I ever witnessed, on presenting an Address from the Royal Academy. The Arts had an accession of dignity on the occasion. \* \* \* On Tuesday last I had the honor of conducting Her Majesty through the Exhibition. She was accompanied by the Duchess of

Kent, and I confess I was gratified and surprised to see how completely she appeared the same unaffected little girl as when you saw her at the private view—easy, gracious and graceful—without any studied assumption of majesty, or put-on air of importance. She has taken the Academy under her protection.”

And it was well the Queen did take the Academy under her protection. There was a spirit abroad in the land that was ready for the denunciation of everything that bore the hall-mark of royalty upon it. Mr. Joseph Hume, Member of Parliament, denied the right of the Academy to be sheltered in a building that belonged to the nation. This and other objections called forth a vigorous letter from Sir Martin Shee to Lord John Russell, exposing the weakness of Mr. Hume's objections. In closing, Sir Martin said: “Conversant as Her Majesty is with all these pursuits which form the objects of the Royal Academy's care, the Queen will know how to appreciate their true value, and how patriotism will combine with her taste in securing for her country all those advantages which a liberal and judicious patronage cannot fail to derive from the grateful genius of the age.”

These were not matters of popular interest at that time, but they were matters of vital importance to the growth and culture of the age. The Queen of England was not simply a Royal Patron of Art,—she had been a lover of art for its own sake from her earliest years.

Before passing on to the more serious events of coming years, the forecasting shadows of which are already on our path, it will be interesting to take a

very brief glance at the literary condition of it in this year, 1837, the initiatory year of the Victorian Age.

It was a busy year with publishers. Eighteen hundred volumes were published this year, exclusive of pamphlets, periodicals, new editions, and what may be called the ephemeral in literature. This was an increase of one hundred and thirty upon the book production of 1836.

Tom Hood was playing his fantastic tricks with words, albeit with the examples of Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer Lytton before him, he admitted he was but "a drone amongst bees,—a Christmas bellman to the thick coming gatherer of taxes."

Charles Dickens was hard at work editing "Bentley's Miscellany," a magazine which was launched this year, and in whose pages he introduced "Oliver Twist," with illustrations by the immortal Cruikshank. "The Pickwick Papers" he had recently finished, and was under contract to Chapman and Hall to "write a work, the title whereof should be determined by him, of a similar character and of the same extent as Pickwick," which work was soon after announced as "Nicholas Nickleby."

Harriet Martineau was writing on almost any topic the hungry publishers suggested to her—history, biography, essay, sketch,—anything, everything. She had just published "Society in America." She had run out of compliments before she finished her preface, and her ink-horn was filled with an admixture of ink and gall,—especially gall.

George Prince Regent James, an author almost forgotten in these days, wrote "Attila," and his "His-

tory of Louis XIV." Lockhart issued his "Life of Sir Walter Scott;" Bulwer published his historic work, "Athens,—Its Rise and Fall;" and the first but least popular of his famous plays, "The Duchess de la Valiere."

Thomas Carlyle was putting the last touches to his imperishable "History of the French Revolution," beside contributing grim, stern, awful articles for magazines and newspapers, living the while in a quaint old house in Chelsea, with Maclise for his next-door neighbor.

Charles Knight was doing a grand work for the poor people of England, who could not afford to buy books or magazines or even newspapers. The enormous, and, one might say, iniquitous Paper Tax was rendering cheap literature a thing impossible. But Charles Knight, under the superintendence of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and favored with the patronage of Lord Brougham, had started his famous "Penny Magazine," and though it had to meet a good deal of undeserved as well as just criticism, it was one of the most useful publications of the time. The Penny Magazine became a welcome guest in the homes of tens of thousands of the toilers of England. It was to many of them almost the only means of education they had. A thoughtful book from the pen of an artisan tells how its author gained his first thirst for knowledge from its pages. He denied himself the luxury of sugar in his tea in order that he might purchase Knight's Magazine without making his family suffer; and in later years he says, looking back to the memories of 1837: "Since that period, I have expended large sums in books, some



of them very costly ones, but I never had one so truly valuable as was the Penny Magazine, and I look as anxiously for the issue of the monthly part as I did for the means of getting a living." No man did more in England in the early years of Her Majesty's reign for the literary well-being of the poor—and the poverty of these days touched the poor man's books as well as his bread—than Charles Knight, whose "Penny Magazine," "Penny Encyclopædia," "Pictorial History of England," and "The Pictorial Bible," were gems of priceless value to the poor.

In this year Theodore Hook, Father Prout, Mrs. Trollope, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Lover, and Miss Letitia Landon were contributing to the pages of Bentley's Miscellany. Ebenezer Elliot was crooning his "Corn Law Rhymes;" Parson Barham was setting the world wild with laughter over "Ingoldsby's Legends;" Captain Marryat's sea novels were filling the boys of England full of an ambition for

"A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep;"

Disraeli had just finished "Venetia;" and Noon Talfourd "The Letters of Charles Lamb." Of the poets, we need not speak. They were filling every woodland glade with music, every hillside echoed with their songs. Tennyson was at college at Cambridge, tuning his deathless harp. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were nursing their great souls for the work of coming years.

## CHAPTER IX.

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### THE CORONATION.

Among the first visitors the Queen had the joy of welcoming to her royal home at Windsor Castle were her Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his Consort Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe. How gladly she hailed the coming of that kindly uncle, whose name was linked with every tender thought and memory of her childhood.

When the Queen got fairly settled at Windsor Castle, it soon became manifest to all the Court that its new mistress had not come to be a drone in the royal hive, spending her days in stately luxury and ease. Of all the busy bees of Windsor none were busier than its Queen. She was her own housekeeper as far as circumstances would permit and proved herself efficient, careful and economical. She arranged dinner parties, dances, picnics on Virginia Water; she made up riding and driving parties, and arranged evening concerts at the Castle; and though her early years had been spent in such quietude she proved herself to be the most delightful and genial of entertainers.

The Queen had a passion for riding, which soon became quite the fashion throughout the country. She was often in the saddle two or three hours in the day, attended by quite a gay cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen. She was usually attired in a green

cloth riding habit and a black beaver hat, but when she reviewed her troops she donned a more distinctly military garb.

The first Christmas at Windsor was kept in royal style. The nation had dealt bountifully with her. Government in the New Civil List Act had fixed the income of the Queen at £385,000 per annum, a sum approaching two millions of dollars! This was a great sum. But England did not vote it grudgingly. If it was worth while to have a Queen, it was worth while to keep her in Queenly affluence. Moreover there was no fear, that with the training she had received she would be at all likely to waste and squander. What she wished now to do, she could do with a liberal hand.

The Queen's life at Windsor was regulated with due regard to her royal duties. She never intended to be a Queen for pageants and parades merely. First of all, above all, and all the time, through all the years of her long reign, Queen Victoria has counted the supreme business of her life the duty she owed to her loyal, loving people.

But the great event of this year, 1838, now claims our attention. The Coronation of Queen Victoria—the grandest pageant of the century—took place on what was called “the day of days,” the 28th of June. Never was a sunnier June, never was a brighter day, it was indeed “Queen's weather.”

The preparations made for the Coronation stirred the hearts and filled the hands of millions of the English people. The city of London was choked, north, south, east and west by tens of thousands, from all parts of the country, and from the continent

of Europe, eager to gaze on the matchless spectacle. It was estimated that not less than a million people came up from the provinces in addition to the distinguished representatives from every Court in Europe, with their numerous retinues in gorgeous attire. All night, the night before the Coronation, was as busy as the day.

The authoress of "Queen Victoria: from Her Birth to Her Bridal," who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says :

"The vigil of the maiden 'Coronation' was fraught with all the restless excitement which is so often connected with the anticipation of some spirit-stirring event. The fever of rapturous expectation pervaded all classes, down to the bare-footed children of abject penury, who appeared that evening absolutely wild with delight. It appeared as if the murky confines of their squalid alleys and courts were too narrow for the indulgence of their unwonted ecstasy ; for, as the twilight closed in they swarmed into the open streets and squares to vent their tumultuous joy by laughing, shouting, dancing, and singing 'God Save the Queen.' This popular effervescence lasted till the gray streaks in the Eastern horizon heralded the morning."

At dawn of day on the 28th, the sleeping city was roused by a salvo of twenty-one guns from the Tower, and by six o'clock streams of people, all gaily attired, were filling the streets, and strings of carriages poured in, as if all England meant to be in town that day. Just before ten o'clock the park guns announced that the Queen had entered her carriage, a Royal Standard instantly floating over the, now removed, Marble Arch, while the air was rent by the shouts of a mighty

crowd; the voice of a great people full of prophetic joy.

From Hyde Park Corner to the Abbey there was scarcely a house without a scaffolding, soon to be filled with sightseers. Seats were sold at a very high rate, while tickets for the inside of the Abbey were bought on the eve of the ceremony at more than \$100 each. At ten o'clock the imperial standard was hoisted in front of the palace, intimating that her Majesty had entered the State carriage.

Her Majesty appeared in excellent spirits, and highly delighted with the imposing scene. The troops saluted in succession as she passed, and remained with presented arms until the royal carriage had passed the front of each battalion, the bands continuing to play the National Anthem.

The procession then moved on. It was thus arranged: Trumpeters; the Life Guards; the resident Ambassadors; Ambassadors Extraordinary from France, Portugal, Sweden, Scandinavia, Hanover, Prussia, Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Russia, Belgium, and Naples, their precedence regulated by the early or late date of their arrival. They had all superb new carriages and splendid uniforms. That of France had belonged to the last great Prince de Condé, and had been redecorated for this occasion. Inside it was seated a white-haired soldier, who had been one of the worthiest foes of England's great Duke—Marshal Sout. When the generous people recognized him they greeted him with cordial cheers. After the Ambassadors Extraordinary came the mounted band of the Life Guards; the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of

Sussex; another mounted military band; the Queen's Barge-master; the Queen's forty-eight Watermen; twelve of Her Majesty's carriages, each drawn by six horses, and having a groom walking on each side; Life Guards and Mounted Band; Military Staff and Aides-de-Camp on horseback, three-and-three, attended by one groom each on either side; Royal Artillery; Royal Huntsmen; six of Her Majesty's horses, with rich trappings, each horse led by two grooms; the Knight Marshal of England (Sir Charles Lamb) on horseback; Marshalmen in ranks of four; one hundred Yeomen of the Guard, four-and-four; the State Coach, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, attended by a yeoman of the guard at each wheel and two footmen at each door; the Goldstick and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, riding one on each side, attended by two grooms each; it conveyed the Queen, who had in attendance on her the Duchess of Sutherland, her beautiful Mistress of the Robes; the Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse; the Duke of Buccleuch, Captain-General of the Royal Archers, attended by two grooms. The procession closed with a squadron of the Life Guards.

It is worth mentioning, however, that one of the most conspicuous figures was that of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the opponent of Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, the commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of the strong arms of Napoleon at Waterloo. Soult had been sent as Ambassador-Extraordinary to represent the French Government and people at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was received, by the crowds in the streets of

London, on that day. The white-haired soldier was cheered wherever a glimpse of his face or figure could be caught. He appeared in the procession in a carriage, the frame of which had been used on occasions of state, by some of the Princes of the House of Condé, and which Soult had had splendidly decorated, for the ceremony of the coronation. Even the Austrian Ambassador, says an eyewitness, attracted less attention than Soult, although the dress of the Austrian, Prince Esterhazy, "down to his very boot heels sparkled with diamonds." The comparison savors now of the ridiculous, but is remarkably expressive and effective. Prince Esterhazy's name in those days suggested nothing but diamonds.

At the Abbey door the Queen was received by the great Ministers of State, the noblemen bearing the regalia and the Bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. The interior of the Abbey meantime was a scene of surpassing splendor. Galleries had been erected for the Members of the House of Commons, the Ambassadors, Corporation, Knights of the Bath, etc., etc. The floor of the transepts was covered with benches for the Peers and Peersesses; the space behind was for spectators who were ticket-holders. Below the galleries were ranged lines of Foot Guards.

The Queen's platform was under the central tower. It was covered with cloth of gold, and on it was the throne or chair of homage, facing the altar. Within the altar-rails was St. Edward's Chair, enclosed within which is the Stone of Destiny, brought by Edward I. from Scone, on which all English sovereigns have been crowned since his time. It is said to be the stone

on which Jacob pillowed his head, and bears a singular and prophetic runic inscription, which translates somewhat thus :

Where'er this sacred stone be found  
There shall the Wondrous race be crowned.

Jacob's descendants are said to have borne the stone to Ireland, and from thence to Scotland. The Stone of Destiny was borne to England by Scotland's most relentless foe, Edward I., but it has been followed thither by its own race of kings; thus there is something a little astonishing in the inscription and its fulfilment, for it was a fair daughter of the race of Fergus who was to be crowned on it this Coronation Day.

A little after twelve the procession entered the choir. The Abbey officials, Prebendaries, Dean, and Officers-at-Arms, the Controller, Treasurer, Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household came first; the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord President, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland next; the Peers followed, their coronets being carried by pages. The Treasurer bore the crimson bag with the medals; the Vice-Chancellor had with him an officer from the Jewel Office, bearing on a cushion the ruby ring, and the sword for an offering. Then came the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh, in their robes, with the Lord Chancellor; then the Princesses of the blood royal; the Duchesses of Cambridge, Kent, and Gloucester, in robes of purple velvet, with circlets of gold on their heads, their trains held by the daughters of peers.

The Regalia came next. The Duke of Roxburgh bore St. Edward's staff; Lord Byron the gold spurs;



the Duke of Cleveland the sceptre with the cross; the third sword was borne by the Marquis of Westminster; Curtana was borne by the Duke of Devonshire; the second sword was borne by the Duke of Sutherland; each nobleman's coronet being carried by a page, The sceptre with the dove was borne by the Duke of Richmond, with his page and coronet. St. Edward's Crown was borne by the Duke of Hamilton, Lord High Steward, attended by two pages. The orb was borne by the Duke of Somerset, with page and coronet; the patina by the Bishop of Bangor; the Bible by the Bishop of Winchester; the chalice by the Bishop of London.

Then came the Queen between the Bishops of Durham, and Bath and Wells, with gentlemen-at-arms on each side. She was dressed in a robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, and she wore the splendid collars of St. George, of the Bath, and the Thistle; a golden circlet was on her head. Her train was borne by eight young beauties, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Anne Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Grimstone, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Catherine Stanhope, Lady Louisa Jenkinson.

Then came the ladies of the household, led by the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland; the Maids of Honor, the Gold-sticks, Captains of the Royal Archers, etc., etc. Anything more splendid than the scene cannot be conceived.

As the Queen advanced to the centre of the choir every one rose, and the anthem "I was glad" was pealed forth by the choristers. Then the young voices of the Westminster boys rose as they chanted "Vivat

Victoria Regina." Midway between the throne and the altar a chair had been placed for the Sovereign. She knelt down by it on a faldstool, and for a few minutes was absorbed in silent prayer. The exquisite description Shakespeare has given of the coronation of a less happy queen was forcibly recalled then to the minds of many :

"The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies having brought the Queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her, while her Grace sat down  
To rest awhile. . . .  
In a rich Chair of State opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people."

The "Recognition" commenced the ceremony. The Archbishop, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshal of England, advanced to the Queen and presented Her Majesty first to the people on the east, saying, "Sirs, I here present you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" The answer came in a solemn cry, "God save the Queen!" The Archbishop and the Sovereign in like manner turned to the north, south, and west, the Primate repeating each time the same formula, and answered always by the same cry, "God save the Queen!"

The Bishops then placed the Bible, patina, and chalice which they carried on the altar, and the Archbishops and Bishops who read the Litany put on their copes. Then the Queen, attended by the Bishops of Durham, and Bath and Wells, and the Dean of Westminster,

"With modest grace  
Came to the altar, where she kneeled and, saintlike,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly,"

making then her first offering, a pall or altar-cloth of gold, which was delivered by an officer of the Wardrobe to the Lord Chamberlain, and by him to the Queen, who presented it to the Archbishop. It was laid by him on the altar. With the same ceremony an ingot of gold of one pound weight was offered by Her Majesty, and placed by the Archbishop in the oblation basin.

The bearers of the Regalia, except those who carried the swords, then proceeded in order to the altar, where they delivered St. Edward's Crown, the sceptre, dove, orb, spurs, and all the other insignia of royalty to the Archbishop, who delivered them to the Dean of Westminster, by whom they were placed on the altar.

The religious ceremony now began with the reading of the Litany by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's. Then followed the Communion Service read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle.

The Bishop of London preached the Sermon from the following text: II. Chronicles, xxxiv; 31:

"And the King stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies and statutes and with all his heart and all his soul to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

Her Majesty paid profound attention to the words of the sermon, in the course of which the Bishop

praised the late King for his unfeigned religion, and exhorted his youthful successor to follow in his footsteps. The earnest manner in which she listened, and the motion with which, at the mention of her dead uncle, she bowed her head on her hand to conceal a falling tear, were highly touching.

On the conclusion of the service, the Archbishop advanced towards the Queen, addressing her thus :

“Madam, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?”

The Queen replied, “I am willing.”

“Will you solemnly promise and swear,” continued the Archbishop, “to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?”

In an audible voice the Queen answered, “I solemnly promise so to do.”

“Will you, to the extent of your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?”

“I will.”

Then said the Archbishop: “Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their

charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?"

Clearly and firmly the Queen replied, "All this I promise to do."

Her Majesty, with the Lord Chamberlain and other officers, the sword of State being carried before her, then went to the altar and took the coronation oath. Laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible carried in the procession, and now brought to her by the Archbishop, she said, kneeling :

"The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God!"

Then the Queen kissed the book, and to a transcript of the oath set her royal sign manual. After signing, Her Majesty knelt upon her faldstool while the choir sang "Veni, Creator, Spiritus."

The next part of the ceremony, the anointing, was extremely interesting. The Queen sat in King Edward's chair; four Knights of the Garter—the Dukes of Buccleuch and Rutland, and the Marquises of Anglesey and Exeter—held a rich cloth of gold over her head; the Dean of Westminster took the ampulla from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the gold anointing-spoon; then the Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, and pronouncing these words :

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord thy God hath given thee to rule and govern; in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then said the blessing over her. The spurs were presented by the Lord Chamberlain, and the sword of State by Viscount Melbourne, who, however, according to custom, redeemed it with a hundred shillings, and carried it during the rest of the ceremony. The investing with the royal robes followed; then delivery of the orb, and the investiture by the ring and sceptre. The Coronation was now to be performed. The Archbishop offered up a prayer for Her Majesty. The Dean of Westminster took the crown from the altar: it was a small one made on purpose for that royal, girlish head. The Archbishop, supported by the Archbishops of York and Armagh and the Bishops, proceeded towards the Queen, throned on the Stone of Destiny, and the Archbishop reverently placed the crown on Her Majesty's head. Then the peers and peeresses also put on their coronets. The trumpets sounded; the drums beat; the Tower and Park guns fired; and from all that brilliant throng went up an enthusiastic cry of "God save the Queen!" The Bible was then presented to the Queen, who returned it to the Archbishop, and by the Dean it was laid again on the altar. While the *Te Deum* was sung the Queen went between the Bishops to her first seat; at that moment a bright ray of sunshine fell on the fair crowned head, and made an aureole round the calm face. She was then enthroned, or lifted on the throne or chair of homage on the platform, by the Archbishops and Bishops.

The first to render homage was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who knelt and did homage for the Lords Spiritual, who all then kissed the Queen's hand. The

Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, removing their coronets, did homage thus: "I do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live or die, against all manner of folks, so help me God."

The Archbishop, in delivering the sceptre with the cross into the Queen's right hand said: "Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice." Next he delivered the rod with the dove into the Queen's left hand, this being "the rod of equity and mercy." The Archbishop then took the crown into his hands, and laying it upon the altar, offered up a prayer. Turning from the altar with the other Bishops, he now received the crown from the Dean of Westminster, and placed it on Her Majesty's head; whereupon the people with loud and repeated shouts cried, "God save the Queen!" At the moment the crown was placed on the head of the Sovereign, the act was made known by signal to the semaphore at the Admiralty, from whence it was transmitted to the out-ports and other places. A double royal salute of forty-one guns was fired, and the Tower, Windsor, Woolwich, and other guns gave a similar greeting to the crowned Monarch of the British realms.

On the assumption of the crown, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishops their caps and the kings-of-arms their crowns; while the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and park guns fired their volleys. Then the full burst of the orchestra broke forth, and the scene was one of such grandeur as to defy description. The Queen was visibly agitated during the long-reiterated acclamations.

After an anthem had been sung, the Archbishop presented the Bible to the Queen, who gave it to the Dean of Westminster to be placed on the altar. The benediction was then delivered by the Archbishop, all the Bishops, with the rest of the peers, responding to every part of the blessing with a loud and hearty "Amen!" The choir then began to sing the Te Deum, and the Queen proceeded to the chair which she first occupied, supported by two Bishops. She was then "enthroned," or "lifted," as the formulary states, into the chair of homage, by the Archbishops, Bishops and Peers surrounding her. Then began the ceremony of homage. The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other lords spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The royal dukes, with the temporal peers, followed according to their precedence, class by class. Ascending the steps leading to the throne, and taking off their coronets, they repeated the oath of homage in the following quaint and homely Saxon form:

"I do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God!"

Each peer then in turn touched the cross on Her Majesty's crown, in token of his readiness to support it against all adversaries. He then kissed the Sovereign's hand and retired.

A pretty and touching scene took place when the royal dukes, who alone kissed Her Majesty's cheek, came forward to do homage. The Duke of Sussex, who was suffering from indisposition, was feebly and with great difficulty ascending the steps of the throne,



when the Queen, yielding to the impulse of natural affection, flung her fair arms about his neck and tenderly embraced him.

While the lords were doing homage, the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the Household, threw coronation medals in silver about the choir and lower galleries, which were scrambled for with great eagerness.

At the conclusion of the homage the choir sang the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." The Queen received the two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey rang with exultant shouts of "God save Queen Victoria! Long live Queen Victoria! May the Queen live forever!"

The solemn ceremony of the coronation being now ended, the Archbishop of Canterbury went to the altar. The Queen followed him, and having divested herself of the symbols of sovereignty, she knelt down before the altar. The Gospel and Epistle of the Communion Service having been read by two bishops, Her Majesty made her offering of bread and wine for the communion, in the paten and chalice. A second oblation was a purse of gold, which was placed on the altar. The Queen received the sacrament kneeling on the faldstool by the chair. Afterwards she put on her crown, and with her sceptres in her hands, took her seat again upon the throne. The Archbishop then proceeded with the Communion Service, and pronounced the final blessing. The choir sang the noble anthem, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The Queen then left the throne, and attended by two bishops and noblemen bearing the regalia and

swords of State, passed into King Edward's Chapel, the organ playing. The Queen delivered the sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid it on the altar. She was then disrobed of her imperial robe of State, and arrayed in her royal robe of purple velvet by the Lord Chamberlain. The Archbishop placed the orb in her left hand. The golden spurs and St. Edward's staff were delivered by the noblemen who bore them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them on the altar. The Queen then went to the west door of the Abbey wearing her crown, the sceptre with the cross being in her right, and the orb in her left hand. The swords and regalia were delivered to gentlemen who attended to receive them from the Jewel Office. It was nearly four o'clock when the royal procession passed through the nave at the conclusion of the ceremony. As the Queen emerged from the western entrance of the Abbey, there came from the thousands and tens of thousands of her subjects assembled in the vicinity, thunders of acclamation and applause. Similar greetings awaited her on the whole of the homeward route; and the scene was even more impressive than in the morning, as Her Majesty now wore her crown, and the peers and peeresses their robes and their jeweled coronets.

Personal reminiscences of that memorable day are plentiful and interesting. In the "Monthly Packet," a delightful English periodical of that time conducted by Miss Charlotte Yonge, an account is given by an elderly lady of her impressions of the Grand Coronation. She says:

"When the Queen rose from her knees on first entering the Abbey in her robes of State, the Archbishop

turned her round to each of the four sides of the Abbey, saying in a voice so clear it was heard in the utmost recesses—‘Sirs, I here present unto you the undoubted Queen of this realm. Will ye all swear to do her homage?’ And each time as he said it there were shouts of ‘Long live Queen Victoria!’ and the sounding of trumpets and the waving of flags, which made the poor little Queen turn first very red, and then so pale she seemed as if she longed to creep under the Archbishop’s wing. Most of the ladies cried. It did not affect me in that way, but it gave me what I may call a new sensation, and I felt I should not forget it as long as I lived. The Queen recovered herself after this and went through all the ceremony as if she had often been crowned before; but seemed very much impressed, too, with the service,—and a most beautiful one it is. The coronation struck me as being less of a show, and so much more of a religious ceremony than I expected. The Archbishop seemed to take a more prominent part than the Queen herself. Certainly there was something very beautiful in the way he blessed her, both before and after he had crowned her; all the others joining with a loud ‘Amen!’ And she looked more like a child receiving her father’s blessing than anything else, for no one would have taken her to be as much as nineteen years old. It was a pleasure to think it was a really good man who was giving her that benediction; indeed, no one who was not could have read the service so touchingly as he did. She once asked him leave to sit down, and she did it so prettily; so she did when, putting off her crown, she received the sacrament. The music was beautiful. When the Queen came in the choir

sang 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord.' While she was being crowned they sang 'Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon King.' And then, when it was over, 'The King shall rejoice!' and the Hallelujah Chorus.

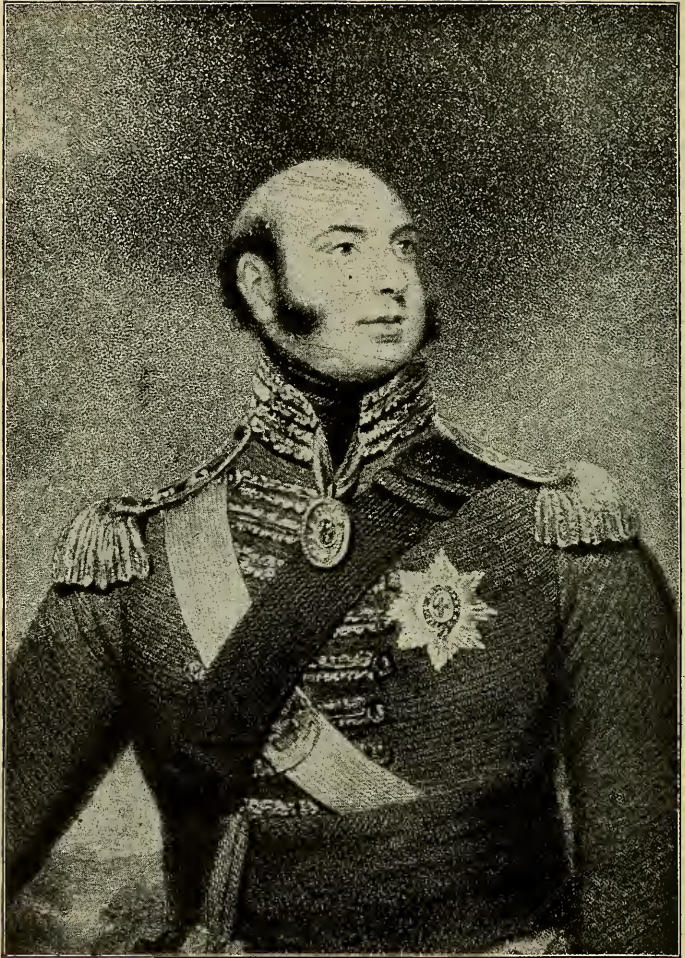
"The prettiest part of the sight was the Queen's eight train-bearers,—the eight handsomest girls they could find, I believe, among the daughters of Dukes, Marquises and Earls. They were dressed alike in silver muslin gowns, with roses on their heads. They held up Her Majesty's purple velvet train, and once or twice they pulled her back by it, for which the Duchesses of Northumberland and Sunderland scolded them. When the service was over the homage began. The Archbishop, in the Rubric, is ordered to 'lift' the Queen on the throne. He did not do that, but gave her his arm, and walked her up the steps of the throne, and seated her on it. Then, as if he had made her Queen, he left her, and came to do her homage."

Harriet Martineau was present at the Coronation, and tells her unvarnished tale:

"The sight of the rapid filling of the Abbey," she says, "was enough to go for; the stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colors of the multitude. Except a mere sprinkling of oddities, every one was in full dress. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in so well, and the groups of the clergy were dignified, but to an unaccustomed eye the prevalence of court dress had a curious effect. The Earl Marshal's assistants, called Gold Sticks, looked well from above, lightly flitting about in white breeches, silk stockings,



PRINCE ALBERT.



DUKE OF KENT.

blue laced frock coats, and white sashes. The throne was an arm-chair with a round back, and beneath its seat was a ledge, on which lay the Stone of Scone. It was covered, as was its footstool, with cloth of gold, and it stood on an elevation of five steps in the centre of the area. The first Peeress took her seat in the North Transept at a quarter before seven, and three of the Bishops came next. From that time the Peers and their ladies arrived faster and faster. \* \* \* I never anywhere saw so remarkable a contrast between youth and age as in these noble ladies, all with their necks and arms bare, and glittering with diamonds.

“The younger were as lovely as the aged were haggard. One beautiful creature, with a transcendent form and complexion, and coils upon coils of fair hair, was terribly embarrassed about her coronet. She had, apparently, forgotten that her hair must be disposed with a view to it, and the large bands at the back would in no wise permit the coronet to keep on. She and her daughter tugged vehemently at the braids, and at the last the thing was done after a fashion. \* \* \* When the Queen put on her Crown, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light traveled each Peeress shone like a rainbow. The brightness, the vastness, and dreamy significance of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. \* \* \*

“The guns told when the Queen had set forth, and there was renewed animation. The Gold Sticks flitted about; there was tuning in the orchestra; and the foreign Ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession. Prince Esterhazy, crossing a bar of sun-

shine, was the most prodigious rainbow of all. He was covered with diamonds and pearls, and, as he dangled his hat, it cast a dancing radiance all around.

\* \* \* At half-past twelve the guns told us the Queen had arrived, but as there was much to be done in the robing-room there was a long pause before she appeared. A burst from the orchestra marked her appearance at the doors, and the anthem, 'I was glad when they said,' rang through the Abbey. Everybody rose, and the beholders of the first and second rows of our gallery stood up so high that I saw nothing of the entrance or the Recognition. In order to see the enthroning I stood on the rail behind our seats, holding on to another rail. I was in nobody's way, and I could not resist the temptation. The Queen's small dark crown looked pretty, and her mantle of cloth of gold very regal. The Homage was as pretty a sight as any, trains of Peers touching her crown and then kissing her hand."

Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer tells a little story of this time well worth recording here :

"May I be pardoned for relating here a little adventure which happened to me in Westminster Abbey while preparations for the coronation were going on? The public is in general not allowed to wander at will among the tombs and statues, but custodians that day could not be spared. I was with a party who had tickets to view the preparations. Taking advantage of our liberty, we went up on the roof and looked down upon London. Coming down we descended a very narrow winding stone staircase. Half way down I saw a door fastened only by a button. Prompted by the curiosity of 'sweet sixteen,' I opened it, and found



myself face to face, as it seemed to me, with the corpse of Queen Elizabeth. There she was, ruff, red hair, white satin petticoat, and enormously long stomacher. In my fright I had nearly fallen headlong down the stairs. It was a wax figure, which for two centuries had been shown in the Abbey, and finally, being judged an unseemly exhibition, had been thrust into this closet on the winding stair, where I dare say it remains unto this day."

Carlyle's comment on this royal pageant, and especially on the centre figure of the Coronation, is eminently characteristic of the Genius of Chelsea. Speaking of the newly-crowned Monarch, he says:

"Poor little Queen! She is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

The expense of these royal festivities amounted to \$350,000, but the money was well spent, as it gave pleasure to thousands and sowed the germs of loyalty amongst the masses, who had thus gained an eyesight acquaintance with their young ruler, and they never could forget or cease to talk of it to their children.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in Parliament that the public had actually paid \$1,000,000 for seats from which to view the procession; and "never," he added, "was there given to a sovereign or a country a more exalted proof of good conduct and discretion than was afforded by the assembled multitude on this occasion."

It is said that a hundred children were lost in the crowds, but all were brought to the police stations and returned to their parents. The foreigners present

were amazed at the good-feeling and self-control of the people.

The Duke of Wellington gave a grand banquet in honor of the occasion at Apsley House. The Cabinet Ministers gave State dinners the next day.

On the evening of the Coronation the theatres were opened gratuitously by Her Majesty's command. The fêtes continued many days; the Corporation of London, also, gave a splendid entertainment to the foreign Ambassadors and distinguished persons without respect of party.

That night a hundred guests dined with the newly crowned Queen.

For several days London and its suburbs indulged in Coronation revelries, in which the Princes had their share. Business was almost forgotten. The school children had holidays and were feasted with sweetmeats to their hearts' delight. The poor and the aged and the infirm were cared for with "lavish kindness." England was indeed "Merrie England" in those June days of 1838. A Great Coronation Fair was held in Hyde Park for four days, which the Queen with certain members of the Court graciously visited. So ended the great festival of Coronation.

The old chroniclers tell us that "When Lord Burleigh rung the bell and said, 'business, your Majesty!' that then Queen Elizabeth did quit her junketing."

But Queen Victoria needed no one to "ring the bell," for she loved the business of State more than all junketing.

## CHAPTER X.

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### THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

Mr. Greville gives us an account of the manner of life of the young sovereign at Windsor about this time. She rose at eight o'clock or soon after, breakfasted in her own room, and employed the whole morning in transacting business. "She reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her." He writes: "At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour more or less according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous). Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry-in-waiting generally on her right. She rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop. After riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, but she seldom appears till nearly eight. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take in to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household and followed by the

Duchess of Kent and all her ladies. She speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank. \* \* \*

“Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there. She remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. \* \* \* The Duchess of Kent’s whist-table is arranged, and then the round table is marshaled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night.”

We are all human, and some of us human enough to be envious, to be jealous of those who stand in higher places or wield a more conspicuous influence than we do.

Lord Melbourne was chief adviser to the Queen, and it would have been a very difficult thing to have found a man more fitted to the delicate task. He was the leader of the Whig party, but his Tory friends acknowledged that he was just the man for the post. “I have no small talk,” said the Duke of Wellington, “and Peel has no manners, and the Queen must be left to Melbourne.”

George Villiers, whose observant eye allowed little of importance to escape, and whose judgment was as sound as his heart was loyal and true to his country

and his Queen, after a visit to Windsor said that he was exceedingly impressed with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him: his, so paternal and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She is constantly talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady-in-waiting, which necessarily places him next her, the etiquette being that the lady-in-waiting sits next but one to the Queen. \*

\* \* I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his own daughter if he had one, and the more because he has a capacity for loving with nothing in the world to love. It has become his province to educate, instruct and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate that she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honorably and conscientiously. There are, however, or rather may be hereafter, inconveniences in the establishment of such an intimacy, and in a connection of so close and affectionate a nature between the young Queen and her minister; for whenever the government, which hangs by a thread, shall be broken up, the parting will be painful and their subsequent relations will not be without embarrassment to themselves, nor fail to be the cause of jealousy in others. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of

his conduct and behavior, that he is admired, respected and liked by all the Court."

"If," says an article in the Quarterly, referring to Lord Melbourne, "it be, as is universally agreed, that no monarch, male or female, ever better understood, or more conscientiously fulfilled the highest duties of a constitutional sovereign than Queen Victoria, all honor to the sagacious, high-minded counselor who watched over her with parental care whilst those duties were new to her, and devoted his best energies to guide and confirm the inborn rectitude of purpose and elevation of character by which the prosperity of a great empire, and the well-being of millions have been nobly upheld. It would be difficult to name a more impressive scene than that of the elderly statesman, reading, as he did, to the young and inexperienced sovereign the verses in which Solomon, asked by God in a dream what he wished to be given him, replied: 'An understanding heart to judge this people.'"

It is by no means necessary to refer to the scandal which arose in the Court aimed at the humiliation of Melbourne, further than to say that, like all such scandals, it bore the ear-marks of its origin too manifestly to work the evil designed by its authors, and soon died a natural, harmless death.

On its being maliciously remarked to the Duke of Wellington, the Tory leader, that "Lord Melbourne was a great deal at the palace," the Duke sharply said, "I wish to heaven he was always there;" and three years later he spoke thus in the House of Lords:

"I am willing to admit that the noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty ;

\* \* \* making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country."

George Greville in his Memoirs says: "The Queen is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments; her occupations, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child. No man is more formed to ingratiate himself with her than Melbourne. He treats her with unbounded consideration and respect, he consults her taste and her wishes, and he puts her at her ease by his frank and natural manners, while he amuses her by the quaint, queer, and epigrammatic turn of his mind, and his varied knowledge upon all subjects. It is not therefore surprising that she should be well content with her present government.

\* \* \* She seems to be liberal, but at the same time prudent with regard to money, for when the Queen-Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without consideration."

At last Lord Melbourne resigned, and then came the amusing episode known as the "Bedchamber Question," which made a way for the Whigs to return to power. The Duke of Wellington advised the

Queen to send for Sir Robert Peel to form a new Ministry. McCarthy thus deals with the affair: "The Queen sent for Peel, and when he came, told him with a simple and girlish frankness that she was sorry to have to part with her late Ministers, of whose conduct she entirely approved, but that she bowed to constitutional usage. This must have been rather an astonishing beginning to the grave and formal Peel; but he was not a Lord Carlisle of later time, Irish Secretary. It certainly could not be satisfactory for Peel to try to work a new Irish policy while the closest household companions of the Queen were the wife and sister of the displaced statesmen who directly represented the policy he had to supersede. Had this point of view been made clear to the Sovereign at first, it is hardly possible that any serious difficulty could have arisen. The Queen must have seen the obvious reasonableness of Peel's request; nor is it to be supposed that the two ladies in question could have desired to hold their places under such circumstances. But unluckily some misunderstanding took place at the very beginning of the conversations on this point. Peel only desired to press for the retirement of the ladies holding the higher offices; he did not intend to ask for any change affecting a place lower in official rank than that of lady of the bed-chamber. But the Queen wholly misunderstood the situation, and thought her personal rights were being trampled upon. She wrote, 'Do not fear that I am not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would next deprive me of my dressers and my housemaids; they wished



to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England.' ”

In reality there was a mistake all through the affair. Sir Robert Peel only wished two of the ladies, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Normanby (who were in closest association with the Queen), to resign ; and this because his chief difficulty would arise from his Irish policy, and Lord Normanby had been Irish Viceroy, Lord Morpeth, the Duchess's brother, Irish Secretary, and it would have been extremely awkward for Sir Robert to be reversing their policy, while their wives had the ear and confidence of the Sovereign.

Lord Melbourne and his colleagues had to be recalled ; and at a Cabinet meeting they adopted a minute declaring it reasonable “that the great offices in the Court and situations in the household held by members of Parliament should be included in the political arrangements made on a change in the Administration ; but they are not of opinion that a similar principle should be applied or extended to the offices held by ladies in Her Majesty's household.”

In the course of time the venerable Melbourne retired from public life, to the great personal sorrow of Her Majesty.

The Queen had trusted with almost unquestioning confidence to the loyal and sagacious councils of her venerable adviser, Lord Melbourne. For four years he had been almost daily at her right hand. And now that he was about to retire from public life, Her Majesty felt that she was about to suffer an irreparable loss. But the presence of Prince Albert gave her courage and hope. The kindly words the noble

Lord spoke concerning Prince Albert as he bade his gracious Sovereign an official farewell greatly delighted and encouraged her. In a letter to King Leopold about this period the Queen writes :

“I cannot say what a comfort and support my beloved Albert is to me. How well and how kindly and properly he behaves. I cannot resist copying for you what Lord Melbourne wrote to me about him, the evening after we parted. He had already praised him greatly before he took leave of me. It is as follows: ‘Lord Melbourne cannot satisfy himself without again stating to your Majesty in writing what he had the honor of saying to your Majesty respecting His Royal Highness the Prince. Lord Melbourne has formed the highest opinion of His Royal Highness’s judgment, temper and discretion, and he cannot but feel a great consideration and security in the reflection that he leaves your Majesty in a situation in which your Majesty has the inestimable advantage of such advice and assistance. Lord Melbourne feels certain that your Majesty cannot do better than have recourse to it whenever it is needed, and rely upon it with confidence.’ This naturally gave me great pleasure, and made me very proud, as it comes from a person who is no flatterer, and would not have said it if he did not think so, or feel so.”

About the same time Lord Melbourne said in conversation with the Queen :

“You will find a great support in the Prince: he is so able. You said when you were going to be married that he was perfection, which I thought a little exaggerated then, but really I think now that it is in some degree realized.”

And now the horizon broadens and brightens with tender interest for the future domestic happiness of the Queen. All England longed to see her happily married. But whom would she marry? That there was some vague impression abroad that the young Queen looked favorably on her German cousin, Prince Albert, was true enough.

It must not be supposed that Prince Albert was the only suitor for the heart and hand and throne of the youthful Queen. The wooing Princes were as numerous as Portia's lovers in "The Merchant of Venice." The King had his views on the matter, and they were distinctly opposed to the claims of Prince Albert. The King had in his mind a Prince of the House of Orange as a suitable consort for his royal niece. But Victoria would have none of him. The Duchess of Kent was not by any means a match-making mother. Her hands were busy betimes quenching the ardor of princely aspirants to her daughter's hand. She kept sacred vigil over the interests and happiness of her child. Among other candidates for Victoria's favor was Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, who was closely related to Prince Albert; Her Majesty's cousin Prince George of Cambridge; Prince Adalbert of Prussia; and the Prince of Orange. Each suitor had advocates who were quite willing to repeat the delicate service of John Alden, only after a more dignified manner. Lord William Russell, who had been for a season enjoying the courtesies and brilliance of the Prussian Court, had been importuned to present the claims of Prince Adalbert as a suitable candidate. The letter he wrote to the Duchess of Kent was brief and formal. It was as follows:

“Lord William Russell to the Duchess of Kent.

“Berlin, 3rd May, 1837.

“Madam:—Will it be agreeable to your Royal Highness for Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the son of Prince William, to place himself on the list of suitors for the hand of Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria?

“Your permission, madam, would give great satisfaction to the Court at Berlin.

“I have the honor to be

“Your Royal Highness’s humble obedient Servant,  
“W. Russell.”

The Princess had not yet attained her majority, and King William IV. was still living. There is such a thing as taking Time too vigorously by the forelock. The answer of the Duchess of Kent was eminently characteristic of that distinguished lady, and indicates how thoroughly she understood her business. In reply to Lord William Russell she wrote:

“Kensington, 8th May, 1837.

“My Lord, I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., asking if it is agreeable to me for Prince Adalbert to become a suitor for the hand of the Princess Victoria, and stating that my consent would give great satisfaction to the Court at Berlin.

“The implicit confidence which the country reposes in me, as the only mother since the Restoration, who has had undisputed power over the training of the throne, imposes upon me duties of no ordinary kind. For this reason I could not reconcile it with my duties to my child, to the King, and to the country to give you the desired answer. The request must be addressed to the King.

“But if I know my duty to the King, I know also my duty as a mother, and I will frankly tell your Excellency that I am of opinion that the Princess should not marry till she is much older. I will only add that in regard to the choice of him who is destined to share her career, I have but one wish, namely, that in this choice her happiness and the interests of the country may be realized.

“I remain, with high esteem,

“Your Excellency’s very sincere Friend,

“Victoria, Duchess of Kent.”

The well-aimed arrow of this letter did not miss its mark. Lord Russell replied, dating his letter as will be seen, on the birthday of the Princess Victoria, and the day of her coming of age.

“Berlin, 24th May, 1837.

“Madam:—I have received the letter with which your Royal Highness has honored me. When I communicated to Prince Wittgenstein (the Prussian Minister) that your motherly sentiments guided you in the belief that Princess Victoria was too young to marry, he replied that the King of Prussia would, as soon as he learnt your opinion, declare himself Prince Adalbert’s intended journey to England.

“I take the liberty of remarking to your Royal Highness, that the request was simply to allow Prince Adalbert to be permitted upon the list of suitors to the hand of Princess Victoria, the success of his suit being dependently solely upon his character and personal attractions.

“I have the honor to remain,

“Your Royal Highness’s obedient and humble  
Servant,

W. Russell.”

It is good to be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. It is very evident that the Duchess of Kent was intent on brooding over and mothering to the uttermost, her darling dove of Kensington.



DUCHESS OF KENT.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



## CHAPTER XI.

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### PRINCE ALBERT COMES TO WOO.

Baron Stockmar plays a pleasant part in the life of the young Queen, and was very much her friend just at the time, and under the circumstances, when a young maiden needs a true and trusty friend, and a friend who will take her "very seriously." On one of the dainty fingers of Her Majesty was sometimes seen a small enameled ring in the very heart of which a small but brilliant diamond was set. Whence came this little souvenir? What did it portend? My Lord Melbourne did not know. The Duke of Wellington, great and wonderful as he was, could never have guessed. Maybe the Duchess of Kent knew. But the Baron Stockmar was certainly in the secret, and he smiled a bland and gentle smile as he saw the young Queen kiss the ring, that the gallant Saxon lad had left as a love token, not long before. But the Baron was not only the confidential friend and adviser of Her Majesty. His position is spoken of in the columns of the Quarterly Review as "the bosom friend and counsellor of the heads of the Royal Houses of Belgium and England." And the same article says that this position was not owing "to his personal loveliness, or social qualities, great as these were; still less to the blandishments of the courtier, which his princes, equally with himself, would have despised; but to the skill and persistency

with which he evoked all that was best in their own natures—in which his own nobleness happily found a kindred response—and impressed them with the paramount duty imposed upon them by their position, of using it not for personal or dynastic purposes, but to make their subjects better, happier, wiser and nobler in themselves, as well as the founders of a great future for their successors. Europe is now reaping in many ways the fruits of his forethought and strenuous endeavor.”

Baron Stockmar had won a most enviable reputation at the Court of Coburg as a physician. He was the warm personal friend and confidant of Prince Leopold, and when the Prince married Charlotte, Princess of Wales, in 1816, Baron Stockmar came to England, and filled the position of Household Physician. Such a post does not ordinarily absorb much time, though it demands continuous attendance. Opportunity was given the Baron to pursue a quiet, studious life. He writes to an old friend at Coburg: “Surrounded by the tumults of the fashionable world, I am solitary, often alone for days together, my books are my companions, my friends, my sweethearts.” Of the happy life of Leopold and Charlotte at Clavemouth he says: “In this house reign harmony, peace, love, all the essentials, in short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt.”

Her Majesty speaks of these days, when the Baron was her Uncle Leopold's private secretary, as among the happiest days of her childhood. The Duchess of

Kent, Prince Leopold and Baron Stockmar, were in league in what may be described as an informal, secret conspiracy, concerning the future Queen of England. This fair-haired blue-eyed Saxon Prince, who with his brother Ernest had recently visited Kensington, was a great favorite with Prince Leopold and with the Duchess of Kent. And it will be remembered, that while the Princess Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha were yet in their cradles, the royal grandmother of both, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, gave frequent utterance to the half prophetic hope, that all in good time, these children might in the good providence of God become man and wife.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, wished above all things to see his nephew Albert and his niece Victoria united in Marriage. The marriage of Her Majesty was a matter in which the whole nation was profoundly interested. The leading reviews and journals of the time were giving the question serious and exhaustive consideration. Speaking of King Leopold's interest in the matter one of these Reviews says: "In Victoria his affections had been centered; in her reign he yearned to see the fulfilment of that exemplar of constitutional monarchy which he had hoped to illustrate in the person of the ill-fated Charlotte and himself. In the character of his youthful nephew he saw the qualities which gave promise of what he could wish for in the consort of his royal niece, and he singled him out from boyhood for the destiny which he was ultimately to fulfil. But the King was too conscientious to trust to his own judgment in so grave a matter; and well for our Queen, well for the Prince, well for England, he called to his

aid one on whose sagacity and fearless independence he could thoroughly rely. This was the friend of his heart; the friend who had stood by him in the hour of his agony; the friend in whose heart thrilled to the last the pressure of the hand of that beloved Princess, which, as her life ebbed away, clung to his, as if to adjure him not to forsake the Prince in whose eyes her own were never more to look. This was Baron Ernest von Stockmar, the inseparable companion of her uncle. He had often nursed the baby Princess Victoria in his arms. As she grew up, she had often played around his knees, and while she drank instruction from his lips, she had grown to love him for his playful and kindly ways. But it was obviously not the future Queen of England merely whom Stockmar loved. He loved England too; loved it with all his heart, as the citadel and bulwark of freedom, the one country in the world in which the claims of the many had been recognized, where a free civil life, and pure religion, breathing household laws were to be found in fuller force than they had yet been known in history."

It was to this lover of freedom, to this incorruptible friend and adviser of Princes, who had been the playmate and watchful guardian of Victoria's childhood, that was entrusted the delicate task of paving the way for a marriage between the studious, amiable Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the youthful Queen of England.

Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, was born at the Rosenau, a summer residence of the Duke's, about four miles from Coburg. His grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg-

Saalfeld, resided at this time at Ketschendorf, a small villa about a quarter of a mile on the other side of Coburg. A little before seven in the morning of the 26th of August, 1819, a groom from the Rosenau rode into the court-yard of Ketschendorf to summon the Duchess to the former place, bringing the news of the safe confinement of her daughter-in-law and of the birth of the young Prince.

On the 19th of September the young Prince was christened in the Marble Hall at the Rosenau, when he received the following names in the order in which they are given: Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel. The name by which he was known, Albert, being the last but one.

The officiating clergyman was Professor Sanzler, who married the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Palace in Coburg in 1818, and these are words the preacher spoke concerning the new-born Prince:

“The good wishes with which we welcome this infant as a Christian, as one destined to be great on earth, and as a future heir to everlasting life, are the more earnest, when we consider the high position in life in which he may one day be placed, and the sphere of action to which the will of God may call him, in order to contribute more or less to the promotion of truth and virtue, and to the extension of the kingdom of God. \* \* \* The thoughts and supplications of the loving mother are, that her beloved son may one day enter into the kingdom of God as pure and as innocent after the trials of this life as he is at this moment (the joy and hope of his parents) received into the communion of this Christian Church, whose

vocation it is to bring up and form on earth a God-fearing race."

Here is a picture of the early youth of the Prince:

"Albert was never noisy or wild. He was always very fond of natural history, and of more serious studies. Many an hour we boys spent under the attic roof arranging and dusting the collections we had stored up there. He had a turn for imitation, and a strong sense of the ludicrous, but was never severe or ill-natured, always refraining from pushing a joke so far as to hurt anybody's feelings. From his earliest infancy he was distinguished by his perfect moral purity, both in word and deed, and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition which made him beloved by every one."

The Prince's education was carefully conducted, after which he traveled in Italy and Switzerland.

The Prince spent some very happy days at Florence.

"The Prince was staying at the Casa Cerini, Via del Coromen. \* \* \* He rose at six o'clock. After a light breakfast he studied Italian under a Signor Martini, read English with me for an hour, played on the organ or piano, composed, sung till twelve o'clock, when he generally walked, visiting some gallery, or seeing some artist."

On the 9th of January, 1839, he again writes: "We are now established in the Casa Cerini, a house belonging to the Marquis Cerini, which is very well situated. We have very airy and pretty rooms, still furnished in the style of Louis XIV." (After mentioning that he had been the week before to Pisa, to attend the funeral of Princess Marie of Würtemberg,

he proceeds): "I left immediately after the funeral and returned to Florence, having heard that the Duc de Nemours wished to leave Pisa the same day, in order to get away as soon as possible from a place connected with so many painful recollections."

In his letters toward the end of his stay at Florence, the Prince describes his life as having been very gay; dining out a great deal, and attending balls; one of which, given at the Pergola Theatre, he mentions as having been particularly brilliant, and of his having danced at it till he was quite tired. But we may be sure that his time was also more usefully spent in studying all that was best and most remarkable in art. His habits were very simple. After a long ramble he would return home at two to a simple dinner, which he hurried over as much as possible, giving as a reason that "eating was a waste of time." His drink was water. After dinner he again played and sang for an hour, when the carriage was announced, and he usually paid some visits. The visits over, the carriage was dismissed, and the great delight of the Prince was to take long walks in the beautiful country round Florence. This he appeared heartily to enjoy. He became at once gay and animated. "Now I can breathe—now I am happy!" Such were his constant exclamations. He seldom returned home till seven o'clock, his hour for tea; and, if not going to the Opera or an evening party, he joined in some interesting and often amusing conversation with Baron Stockmar, when the latter felt well enough to come to tea. At nine, or soon after, he was in bed and asleep, for he had been accustomed to such early

hours in his own country that he had great difficulty in keeping himself awake when obliged to sit up late.

We now follow Prince Albert to Rome. He was greatly interested and delighted with all he saw. He describes all he had seen during Easter week. He says he had been interested, but that the only ceremony which had not disappointed him, as being less grand and imposing than he had expected, was that of the "Pope's blessing the people, assembled before the Vatican, from the balcony, amid the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and military music." "It was," he says, "really a most imposing scene."

"Last Tuesday," he adds, "I had the honor of an interview with His Holiness. The old gentleman was very kind and civil. I remained with him nearly half an hour, shut up in a small room. We conversed in Italian on the influence the Egyptians had had on Greek art, and that again on Roman art. The Pope asserted that the Greeks had taken their models from the Etruscans. In spite of his infallibility, I ventured to assert that they had derived their lessons in art from the Egyptians."

At the beginning of April the Prince left Rome for Naples, from whence he thus writes to his father on the 11th:

"I have now been here about five days, and occupied with seeing the lions, of which, however, Naples has not many to show. The natural beauties of the place, which are really wonderful, are what strike one. But I have not been able to enjoy them as I could wish, as the southern coloring is quite wanting. The surrounding mountains, and even Vesuvius, are covered with snow; and the sky and the sea are so dull



and gray, that one might fancy one's self transported to the North Sea. They say when the moon changes, which it will do in a few days, that we may expect a change for the better."

The Queen, alluding to this tour in 1864, relates that the Prince sent her a small book containing views of all the places above enumerated except two. From one of these, the top of the Rigi, he sent her a dried "Rose des Alpes;" and from the other, Voltaire's house at Ferney, which he visited from Geneva, a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting, which he obtained from his old servant.

"The whole of these," the Queen adds, "were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting; and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at this time passed between the Queen and the Prince; but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

Of his first visit to England, which occurred in the summer of 1836, Prince Albert writes thus:

"My first appearance was at a levée of the Kings, which was long and fatiguing, but very interesting. The same evening we dined at Court, and at night there was a beautiful concert at which we had to stand till two o'clock. The next day, the King's birthday, was kept. We went in the middle of the day to a drawing room at St. James's, at which about 3,800 people passed before the King and the Queen and the other high dignitaries to offer their congratulations. There was again a great dinner in the evening

and then a concert, which lasted till one o'clock. You can well imagine that I had many hard battles to fight against sleeplessness during these late entertainments. The day before yesterday, Monday, our aunt gave a brilliant ball here at Kensington Palace, at which the gentlemen appeared in uniform and the ladies in so-called fancy dresses. We remained till four o'clock. Duke William of Brunswick, the Prince of Orange and his two sons, and the Duke of Wellington were the only guests you will care to hear about. Yesterday we spent with the Duke of Northumberland at Sion, and now we are going to Claremont. From this account you will see how constantly engaged we are, and that we must make the most of our time to see at least some of the sights of London. Dear Aunt is very kind to us, and does all she can to please us, and our cousin also is very amiable."

If the question of marriage was not an exceedingly solemn matter with the young Queen, it was nevertheless a matter of grave importance, and she seems to have missed no reasonable opportunity of informing herself concerning the character of the man to whom she was about to entrust her future. She set great store by the opinions of the Prince William of Löwenstein, who had the best possible opportunities of knowing the young Prince thoroughly. In response to her modest, but earnestly expressed desire, Prince William wrote the following comprehensive letter:—

"In 1837 I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg at the University of Bonn. Among all the young men at the University he was distinguished by his knowl-

edge, his diligence, and his amiable bearing in society. He liked, above all things, to discuss questions of public law and metaphysics, and constantly, during our many walks, juridical principles or philosophical doctrines were thoroughly discussed. On such occasions the Councilor Florschütz, who had accompanied the two Princes from Coburg, used to turn the conversation to subjects of general interest.

“Such professors as Fichte, Perthès, and Hollweg could not fail to exercise a stimulating influence over the youthful minds of their hearers; and even August Wilhelm von Schlegel, in spite of his extraordinary vanity, will not easily be forgotten by those who attended his lectures.

“Among his other social qualities, Prince Albert possessed a lively sense of the ridiculous, as well as great talent for mimicking; and it could scarcely fail but that the immediate subjects for the exercise of this talent should be his own attendants, and the professors, who, while absorbed in their lectures, exhibited some striking peculiarities and odd manners. Prince Albert could take these off inimitably, and was enabled by his good memory to reproduce whole sentences out of their lectures to the general amusement of his company. At the same time, the Prince’s perfect good taste prevented his ever giving offense, even when he allowed the most uncontrolled play to his fun.

“The somewhat stiff military nature of the Princes’ governor, Colonel von Wiechmann, gave occasion to many disputes with the young Princes, and frequently led to the most comical scenes. It is impossible to give an idea in writing of the many trifling occur-

rences of this kind, for the ludicrous effect depended more on the mimicry and accentuation than upon the subject itself.

“Among those who, without knowing it, contributed largely to our amusement, was Oberberg Hauptmann von Beust. He had a very pleasant house, to which he often invited us, and spoke with the most genuine Saxon accent. He was a little, thick-set, very good-humored, but somewhat awkward man. One day he showed us a picture of Venice, and it is impossible to forget the gesture and accent with which, pointing to a row of houses, he said, ‘This is the Ponte Rialto.’

“Another person who afforded us much amusement was Rath Wolff, in attendance on the Count of Erbach; as, for instance, when one day tasting some red wine, he exclaimed, ‘This is not real Walportzheimer’—a very simple remark, but which was for years brought up against him; or when, at another time, he fell in a race, and had to look for his spectacles.

“Prince Albert had a great turn for drawing caricatures, and among the scenes of his University life of which he has thus perpetuated the memory, Professors Fichte and Löbell, and the spectacles of Rath Wolff, are favorite subjects.

“The Prince’s humor and sense of the ludicrous, however, found a natural counterpoise in his other great and sterling qualities; and the great business of his later life, the many important duties he had to fulfill, soon drove into the background the humorous part of his character, which had been so prominent at the University.

“As the Prince excelled most of his contemporaries in the use of intellectual weapons, in the art of convincing, in strictly logical argument, so he was distinguished also in all kinds of bodily exercise. In fencing and the practice of the broadsword he was very skillful. In fencing especially he excelled so much, that once in a fencing match he carried off the prize from all his competitors.

“I recall with much pleasure our excursion on foot to the neighboring Siebengebirge, so rich in legend; to the valley of the Aar, where the celebrated Walportzheimer wine is produced; and up and down the Rhine.

“Two fine greyhounds usually followed the princes, one of which, called Eôs” [already mentioned as having been brought by the Prince to England], “was remarkable for sagacity and beauty, and was so fast that she could in the shortest time catch a hare and bring it back. On this account she was Prince Albert’s favorite.

“Music was also a favorite pursuit of the students. To the despair of Colonel von Wiechmann, we learned several students’ songs, and even practiced the ‘Glocke’ of Romberg for four voices. In spite of many false notes, we went resolutely on, and passed many an evening in song. Prince Albert was looked upon among us as a master of the art.

“Attempts were even made at dramatic performances, some scene or intrigue being invented and spoken, and then at once represented. These improvisings had doubtless little artistic merit, but they were not the less amusing. Prince Albert was always the life and soul of them, and acted the principal parts.

“He entered with the greatest eagerness into every study in which he engaged, whether belonging to science or art. He spared no exertion either of mind or body; on the contrary, he rather sought difficulties in order to overcome them. The result was such an harmonious development of his powers and faculties as is very seldom arrived at.

“Wilhelm, Prince Löwenstein.”

The matter of the Queen's marriage was an interesting topic in Court circles. The possibility of Prince Albert becoming the happy Bridegroom of the Queen of the Isles was the theme on the lips of all the Court ladies. On the 15th of December of this eventful year 1839 Baron Stockmar wrote the following letter to the Baroness Luhzen, in which is a just and suggestive estimate of the Prince. No man knew him better, and the Baron was not a very great favorite in certain quarters, but he was held in universal respect, and this letter, and other tributes to the noble qualities of the Prince, helped to make his way less difficult in the future. It was evidently the Baron's first desire to give the impression that the Prince was worthy of all confidence and respect. The Baron says:

“With sincere pleasure, I assure you, the more I see of the Prince the better I esteem and love him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so childlike, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that only two external elements will be required to make of him a truly distinguished Prince. The first of these will be opportunity to acquire a proper knowledge of men and of the world; the second will be intercourse with Englishmen of

experience, culture and integrity, by whom he may be made thoroughly conversant with their Nation and Constitution. \* \* \* As regards his future relations with the Queen, I have a confident hope that they will make each other happy by mutual love, confidence and esteem. As I have known the Queen, she was always quick and acute in her perceptions, straightforward moreover, of singular purity of heart, without a trace of vanity or pretension. She will consequently do full justice to the Prince's hand and heart; and if this be so, and the Prince be really loved by the Queen, and recognized for what he is, then his position will be right in the main, especially if he manage at the same time to secure the good will of the Nation. Of course, he will have storms to encounter, and disagreeables, like other people, especially those of exalted rank. But if he really possess the love of the Queen and the respect of the Nation, I will answer for it that after every storm he will come safely into port. You will therefore have my entire approval, if you think the best course is to leave him to his clear head, his sound feeling and excellent disposition."

Many different stories are told of the romantic form in which the engagement of the Queen and Prince Albert was finally consummated. While they differ a little as to the mode, they all agree in the fact that the Queen proposed for the hand of her royal cousin. One story says that the Queen sought to encourage her somewhat bashful lover, by asking him how he liked England, to which he responded, "Very much." On a subsequent occasion, the Queen asked him how he would like to live in England, to which it is said he replied with considerable ardor: "Exceedingly!"

Another account says that Her Majesty enquired of his Serene Highness whether his visit to this country had been agreeable to him ; whether he liked England. And on the answer being given in the affirmative, as we have seen, "Then," added the Queen, "it depends on you to make it your home."

This sacred engagement, in whatever form, was made on the 15th of October. Prince Albert had been out hunting with his brother, and returned to the Castle about noon. Half an hour afterward he received a summons from the Queen, and went to her room, finding her alone. After a few moments conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him, and the whole story of mutual love was sweetly told. The hand she offered was holding the sceptre of empire. Princes and peers and nobles of high degree had kissed it loyal homage. But it was still a woman's hand, quick with the thrill and impulse of love, a hand that needed guidance and sympathy and love ; and it is not too much to say that the man to whom she offered hand and heart and all was fully worthy of that royal gift.

That same day the Queen's heart, overflowing with love, prompted her to write to her good friend, the Baron Stockmar. On such a day there surely was but one theme for correspondence. The news came upon the good Baron somewhat suddenly. Love affairs have very often the element of "suddenness." The Queen had told him not long before, and that with a good deal of emphasis, that she did not intend to change her unmarried state for a long period. And now she wrote : "I do feel so guilty I know not how to begin my letter ; but I think the news it will contain



will be sufficient to ensure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. I feel certain he will make me happy. I wish I could feel as certain of my making him happy."

The Prince's account of Her Majesty's proposal is as brief as it is beautiful. He says :

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart, and that I would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think herself worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this enchanted me. I was quite carried away by it. She is truly most good and most amiable, and I am sure Heaven has not given me over into evil hands."

On the memorable day of her espousals, the Queen wrote to her Uncle Leopold.

"Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1839.

"My Dearest Uncle,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in

his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

“Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

“Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done toward me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

“Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

“I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest’s sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

“Ever, dearest uncle, your devoted niece, V. R.”

To which the delighted and loving uncle replied:

My Dearest Victoria,—Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. I had when I learned your decision almost the feeling of old Sim-

eon. Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what would be best for your happiness; and just because I was convinced of this, and knew how strangely fate often changes what one tries to bring about as being the best plan one could fix upon, I feared it could not happen. In your position, which may, and will, perhaps, become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable intérieur; and I am much deceived (which I think I am not), or you will find in Albert just the qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life. You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true on many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him and are kind to him he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness, in his character, which will facilitate this."

A pleasant story is told of Prince Albert's love-making, that for its simplicity and beauty will interest all lovers, for "all the world loves a lover." One evening at Windsor during his second visit Prince attended a ball, where he had the supreme privilege and delight of dancing with cousin Queen. In the intervals of the dances there was opportunity for pleasant conversation, of which the royal lovers were not slow to avail themselves. During these entrancing moments, the Queen carefully selected certain flowers from the bouquet she was carrying, and with a gracious bow,

and a smile that conveyed worlds of meaning to the young Saxon prince on whom she smiled, she presented them to her lover, Prince Albert accepting the smile with an understanding mind as well as a grateful heart. But alas! and alack! Where should he put these flowers? He was dressed in a tightly-buttoned, handsome, green Rifle Brigade uniform. He was almost choked, so gallantly and tightly was he attired. But love that "laughs at locksmiths" is greater than button-holes and Albert, finding his penknife after a struggle, cut a hole just above where he believed his heart to be, and inserted the flowers, and wore them as proudly as though they were the insignia of the highest order in earth or heaven, as no doubt they were. Flowers have had a language for lovers since the world began, and they will have while the world endures.

## CHAPTER XII.

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### PREPARATIONS FOR THE NUPTIALS.

On the 23rd of November, 1839, the Queen made declaration of her purpose to marry, before the Privy Council. There were upwards of eighty members of that august body assembled, all greatly interested in the message the young Queen was about to impart. Calmly and impassionately, without the slightest indication of unusual emotion, the Queen read the following declaration :

“I have caused you to be summoned at the present time in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people, and the happiness of my future life. It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that with the blessing of Almighty God it will at once secure my domestic felicity and serve the interests of my country.

“I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be apprised of a matter so highly important to me and to my kingdom, and which, I persuade myself, will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects.”

On the 16th of January, 1840, Her Majesty opened Parliament in person. The House of Lords was densely crowded with a brilliant assemblage. The Queen, with great calmness and distinct articulation, said :

“Since you were last assembled, I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament. The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince, and the dignity of the Crown.”

There was some considerable discussion in the House of Commons, not of the most pleasant nature, concerning the income to be voted to Prince Albert. The proposed vote of \$250,000 was finally reduced to \$150,000 per annum. This gave the Queen some annoyance, but she was too Queenly and sagacious to allow a mere matter of money to disturb her serenity, or to inspire any spirit of resentment. It was the Prince, not his income, her heart was set upon.

Sir Robert Peel, who was then the leader of the Opposition, was very happy in his congratulatory address. He said :

“I entirely enter into the aspirations for the happiness of Her Majesty in her approaching nuptials. \*

\* \* Her Majesty has the singular good fortune to be able to gratify her private feelings while she performs her public duty, and to obtain the best guarantee for happiness by contracting an alliance formed on affection. I cordially hope that the union now contemplated will contribute to Her Majesty's happiness, and enable her to furnish to her people an exalted example of connubial felicity."

All England was now chiefly concerned about the Royal Wedding, which was fixed for the 10th of February.

The question of Prince Albert's position occasioned a little friction. The Queen wished a clause put into the Naturalization Bill to the effect that her husband was to take rank in the country next to herself. To this the royal Dukes objected, and Parliament dropped the clause. But where there is a will there's a way. The Queen asserted her royal prerogative that it was her will and pleasure that the Prince should "enjoy place, pre-eminence and precedence next to Her Majesty. This was a bold step to take, but on the whole it was wise. The Queen was evidently going to be a Queen! Prince Albert said: "While I possess your love, they cannot make me unhappy."

It is said that immediately prior to the Royal Wedding the Archbishop waited upon Her Majesty to inquire if she had considered that point of the service for the solemnization of matrimony which involved the pledge of "obedience" on the part of the wife. The learned Prelate seemed to think the promise to "obey" was rather a strange promise for the sovereign of Great Britain to make to her newly

naturalized subject, Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady the Queen. It is said that the royal bride-to-be was at no loss for an answer. It was her wish, she said, to be married in all respects like any other woman according to the revered usages of the Church of England, and that, though not as a Queen, as a woman she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."

Windsor Castle was very busy making all sorts of preparations for the royal wedding. Happy maidens who read these pages, joyful in the assurance that their wedding-bells will soon be set a-ringing, will be interested to know the Queen's wedding cake was one of the most wonderful productions of the confectioner's art. It weighed three hundred pounds, and was three yards in circumference. It was adorned on the upper surface with dainty groups and charming figures and suggestive emblems. There were cupids with gilded bows and arrows, and turtle-doves in pairs. Britannia was very solemnly engaged in the act of blessing a Roman bride and bridegroom, and last of all, out of compliment to the Queen's love of her favorite "Dash," the model of a little dog lay curled up, the type of constancy and devotion. A cake of such a size would easily provide a thousand maidens with wedding-cake enough to place beneath their pillows to woo the dreams of love.

All was now ready and a deputation was dispatched to bring the Bridegroom to the Bride.

On the 14th of January, 1840, Lord Torrington and General Grey left Buckingham Palace with three of the Queen's carriages for Gotha, whence they were



to escort Prince Albert to England for his marriage. They were also bearers of the Garter with which the Prince was to be invested before he left Gotha.

Arriving on the afternoon of the 20th, they were presented the same evening to the duke, by whom and the young princes they were most kindly received. Later in the evening they were presented to the dowager duchess, from whom so many letters have been quoted, at an evening party at her own house. The next morning, after breakfast in their own rooms, the English gentlemen were visited by the two young princes, who remained with them about an hour, impressing them most favorably by the unaffected kindness and cordiality of their manner. Prince Albert was naturally very anxious to hear how the marriage was liked in England—looking forward, as it seemed, with much pleasure, but, at the same time, not without some degree of nervousness, to the change which was about to take place in his position, and expressing a very natural sorrow at the impending separation from all his old associations. At four o'clock there was a great dinner, and in the evening a masked ball at the theatre, to which the duke and duchess, and all the court, went a little after eight.

It had been arranged that the ceremony of investing Prince Albert with the Garter should take place on the 23d. Accordingly, at half past three on that day the whole court assembled, in full uniform, in the throne-room; the duke on the throne, with Prince Albert on his right, supported by his brother, the Prince of Leiningen, etc. The duchess, the Princess of Leiningen, the Princess of Reuss, etc., were in a box on one side of the room; the ladies of the court in a similar

one opposite; while the back of the apartment was filled with as many people from the town as it would hold. The fine corridor leading to the throne-room was lined with soldiers; and when every one had taken his place, Lord Torrington was ushered in by the chamberlain and other officers of the court, supported on one side by Colonel Grey, and on the other by Colonel Bentinck, of the Coldstream Guards (a chance visitor at Gotha at the time), bearing on white satin cushions the insignia of the Garter, with which the duke, himself a Knight of the Order, was, by letters patent, authorized to invest his son. Lord Torrington having delivered and read the letters of which he was the bearer, they were again read in German—the patent of election was presented—and Prince Albert was then duly invested with the various insignia.

On Sunday the dowager duchess received the English gentlemen in the forenoon, and was much affected by their visit. She was very deaf, but it was really painful to witness her efforts to keep down her grief. She took the gentlemen over her rooms, showed them her pictures, etc.; but the conversation always came back to Prince Albert, and his name was never mentioned without a fresh burst of tears. It was a touching and natural expression of sorrow; for what certainty could the duchess feel that, at her age, she would be permitted again to see her beloved grandson. Monday, the 27th, was the last day the Prince was to spend in his paternal home. The next day he was to turn his back on all the scenes of his youthful associations, and to set out to commence a new career.

The departure from Gotha was an affecting scene, and everything showed the genuine love of all classes

for their young Prince. The streets were densely crowded; every window was crammed with heads; every house-top covered with people, waving handkerchiefs, and vying with each other in demonstrations of affection that could not be mistaken. The carriages stopped in passing the dowager duchess's, and Prince Albert got out with his father and brother to bid her a last adieu. It was a terrible trial to the poor duchess, who was inconsolable for the loss of her beloved grandson. She came to the window as the carriages drove off, and threw her arms out, calling out "Albert! Albert!" in tones that went to every one's heart, when she was carried away, almost in a fainting state, by her attendants.

There is something beautiful in Prince Albert's reverent regard for his venerable grandmother. Charmed as he is, with the thought of England and his beloved Victoria, yet the thought of the sea dividing between them is a thought of sadness. He writes thus, on the morning of his wedding-day:

"But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us.

"I now take leave of you again. Victoria is writing to you herself to tell you all she wishes.

"I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life; it will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store for me.

"Good-by, dear grandmamma, and do not take your love from me.

"Heaven will make all things right.

"Always and ever your devoted grandson,  
"Albert."

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the reception which greeted the Prince when he set his foot on the English shore as the affianced husband of our Queen; and he must have been at once convinced that if the Houses of Parliament in their late votes had been actuated by any personal feelings against himself, or against the marriage, those feelings were not shared by the people of England.

The night was spent at Dover, at the York Hotel (it stood on the Esplanade, but now no longer exists), and after a very poor attempt by most of the party at dinner, every one was glad to get to bed before nine o'clock.

It had been arranged that the Prince should not arrive at Buckingham Palace till Saturday, the 8th; a short journey was therefore made the next day to Canterbury, the Prince having first received an address from the Mayor and other authorities of Dover, and having held a reception, at which the commandant and officers of the garrison were presented to him. It poured with rain all the morning, but this did not prevent immense crowds from assembling at Dover to see the Prince depart, or from turning out in every village through which he passed on his way to Canterbury, to welcome him with true English and heartfelt cheers.

His reception at Canterbury was no less enthusiastic, and the unfortunate nature of the weather seemed to have no effect in damping the ardor of the multitudes that thronged the streets. The royal party arrived at two, accompanied by an escort of the 11th Hussars, and having received an address from the city authorities, the Prince, with his brother, attended

the service of the Cathedral at three. In the evening the city was illuminated, and vast crowds assembled before the hotel, cheering and calling for the Prince, who answered their call by appearing, to their great delight, on the balcony.

On Saturday morning, the 8th, after receiving an address from the Dean and Chaplain of Canterbury, the Prince left Canterbury for London, meeting with the most enthusiastic reception all along the whole line of route to Buckingham Palace.

When Prince Albert reached Buckingham Palace a tender and loyal greeting awaited him. The first to hail his presence was his loving bride-elect. The Queen, radiant and beautiful, stood at the outer door, beside her mother the Duchess of Kent, to bid her bridegroom welcome. Affairs moved on with winged feet in these halcyon days. Within half an hour of his arrival at the Palace Prince Albert had gone through the ceremony of naturalization, and though not a "true-born Englishman," he had sworn allegiance as a leal and loyal subject of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. There was a grand state dinner in the Bow room.

In the afternoon the Queen and the Prince drove out in order that Prince Albert might pay his formal visits to the royal family.

On this day the Queen mentions in her Journal that the Prince gave her, as his wedding gift, a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch, and that she gave him the star and badge of the Garter, and the Garter itself set in diamonds.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Surely no apology is necessary for presenting a lengthy and detailed account of the marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert. It is one of the most romantic documents of the Queen's long, happy reign. It tells of the dawn of the ideal romantic happiness of Her Majesty. Its value and importance will increase with the growing years. The Times devoted itself with singular interest to the publication of a record of the Royal Nuptials. Every effort was made to render that account accurate and complete in every detail.

The Queen expressed her great satisfaction with the report of the Times, and gave evidence of her appreciation of it by instructing Lieut.-General, the Hon. C. Grey, to insert it as an Appendix to "The Early Years of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort," which he was editing under the Queen's direction.

Eliminating certain features that are purely formal, we venture to compile from this favorite record a story of the greatest English Wedding of the Century.

Prior to the wedding itself, a remarkable and novel ceremony was observed at Coburg. It could hardly be called a formal or informal wedding, for the bride-to-be was not present. It was a grand pageant, notwithstanding, as lords and nobles of high degree listened to a royal declaration of betrothal.

A COPY OF THE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE CEREMONIAL TO BE OBSERVED IN MAKING THE DECLARATION, AND OF THE DECLARATION ITSELF.

“Coburg, 8 Dec., 1839.

“Divine service in the Court Chapel, at which the reigning duke and duchess, Prince Albert, the whole court, the states, the chief authorities of the duchy of Coburg and Gotha, and all persons belonging to the nobility, will be present at four o'clock. The court, and the persons on a visit to the duke, the ministers, etc., etc., all in full dress, will assemble in the large drawing-room—the ladies in the velvet room. They will then proceed to the throne-room, and take their several places; and, when every thing is ready, the two chief officers of the court, the grand marshal and the master of the household, will proceed to the apartments of the Duke and Duchess, and conduct them, with Prince Albert, to the throne-room.” Having all taken the seats appointed for them, “the minister of state will proclaim the happy event as follows:

#### DECLARATION.

“His serene highness, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, our gracious Duke and master, fully convinced of the sincere interests his faithful subjects take in any events concerning H. S. H.'s house, finds it necessary to assemble the nobles of the land, as well as the chief authorities and persons in office, in order to communicate to them the most joyful news of the betrothal of his second son, H. S. H. Prince Albert, to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

“H. S. H. feels the greatest satisfaction in expressing at the same time his sincere conviction that, considering Her Majesty’s noble qualities, both of heart and mind, his alliance will, under the protection of Divine Providence, prove a real happiness to his beloved son, who will henceforward devote his whole life to his new country, but who, though separated from his native land, will preserve his present feelings of attachment and affection.”

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“As soon as the Proclamation shall have been made, the cannon of the fortress will announce the same to the town and country.

“Prince Albert will then receive the congratulations of all present.

“The ceremony being concluded, their serene highnesses will proceed in procession to the Giant’s Hall, where, having taken their seats, the chaplain will say grace.

“In the course of the dinner, the Queen and Prince Albert’s healths will be first drunk, then those of the duke and duchess. In the evening, Cherubini’s opera, ‘Le Deux Journées,’ will be performed.”

This was one of the most august functions ever observed at the Court of Coburg. There were nearly a hundred English nobles present, members for the most part of the Privy Council. Of all that goodly company, only two at the present writing survive.

Celebration of Her Majesty’s marriage with His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,



February 10th, 1840.

This most important and national event took place at noon, at the Chapel Royal St. James's; and since the marriage of Her Royal Highness, the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, there has been no occurrence connected with the royal family of England which excited so great an interest. Never did St. James's Park present such an extraordinary display—never was such an immense multitude assembled there since the rejoicings at the visit of the allied sovereigns in 1814. As early as nine o'clock considerable numbers had arrived in order to secure a good place from which to see the royal cortège pass from Buckingham Palace to St. James's. By that hour the vicinity of Buckingham Palace, and all the avenues leading to both palaces, were thronged. As the day wore on to noon, the assemblage between the back of Carlton Terrace and the foot of Constitution Hill had increased to a dense mass of very many thousands, through which it was difficult to keep open the carriage-way for that portion of the company who had the privilege of the entrée. The very lowering aspect of the weather seemed to have no terrors for the visitors, male and female, young and old, who continued to arrive in masses, by which the space already described became, before eleven o'clock, thronged to most distressing pressure. Nor was this pressure diminished to any important extent by the smart showers which came down at intervals. As each successive group of visitors arrived, they of course thickened the broad line of crowd at each side of the carriage-way between the two palaces. Those whose stations were in the rear of this line soon got an opportunity of over-looking

those in front by hiring standing-room on some one of the many hundred chairs, tables, or benches, which were let out at various prices, from 35c to \$1.25 each person. Many who could not afford, or would not pay for such a luxury, succeeded in getting on the branches of the trees as well out of as in the line of the expected procession. The numbers who sought these commanding positions were so great in some of the trees that the branches gave way, and the parties came, not immediately to the ground, but on the heads and shoulders of the dense masses beneath them.

Many of them excited roars of laughter, from the efforts of those who had resorted to them to keep their places on the falling branches, or to secure more firm positions on the boughs above them. In the course of the morning the crowds in that part of the Park situate between the back of Carlton Terrace and Marlborough House were much amused by a marrow-bone and cleaver concert, got up in honor of the royal nuptials, and we must do justice to those engaged by saying that the effect of this rude music was by no means disagreeable. Soon after the firing of the guns, announcing the most important part of the ceremonial, the placing the ring on her Majesty's finger, the whole mass of the visitors who had not obtained fixed stands rushed almost simultaneously toward Buckingham Palace, in order to have a view of her Majesty and the Prince on their return. The pressure here became so great that it required the united and incessant efforts of the police and the Horse Guards Blue to keep the carriage-way open.

The officers of the household and the attendants on her Majesty began to arrive at Buckingham Palace

about half past ten o'clock. The Earl of Uxbridge, the Earl of Belfast, the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Albemarle, Colonel Cavendish, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir George Anson, the lord in waiting, ladies in waiting, maids of honor, bedchamber women, gentlemen ushers, etc., were all assembled at eleven o'clock. After some little time had elapsed, the ladies of Her Majesty's suite were summoned by the master of the horse, and handed into four of the royal carriages by Colonel Cavendish (clerk marshal) and Lord Alfred Paget, and dispatched to St. James's Palace.

At half past eleven the six gentlemen composing the foreign suites of His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha mustered in the grand hall. They appeared in dark blue or green uniforms, and three of them took their departure in a royal carriage for St. James's, accompanied by two gentlemen ushers of the Queen's household, to be in readiness to receive Prince Albert.

At a quarter to twelve, the royal carriages having returned, notice was given to the royal bridegroom that all was in readiness for his departure. The Prince immediately quitted the private apartments of the palace, and passed through the state rooms, into which a very few spectators were admitted. His Royal Highness was dressed in the uniform of a British field-marshal, and wore no other decoration than the insignia of the Order of the Garter, viz., the collar, with the George appended, set in precious stones, the star of the order set in diamonds, and the Garter itself, embroidered in diamonds, round his knee. The Prince was supported on one side by his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and his brother, the hereditary

prince. The duke was dressed in a dark green uniform, turned up with red, with military boots similar to those worn by the Life Guards. His serene highness wore the collar of the Order of the Garter, and the Star, and the Star of the Order of Coburg-Gotha. Prince Ernest wore a light blue cavalry uniform, with silver appointments, carrying a light helmet in his hand. His serene highness wore the insignia of a Grand Cross of an Order of Knighthood. His Royal Highness Prince Albert was preceded by the lord chamberlain, the vice-chamberlain, the treasurer and controller of the household, Lord Torrington (who wore the insignia of a Grand Cross of the Order of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with which he had been lately invested), the clerk marshal, equerries, gentlemen ushers, etc., the remaining portion of the foreign suite bringing up the rear. On descending the grand staircase, the favored few occupying the grand hall behind the Yeoman Guard received the Prince with a loud clapping of hands, which His Royal Highness acknowledged in the most gracious manner. Indeed, to a group of ladies stationed close to the entrance, who were testifying their satisfaction, the Prince made his acknowledgments with an air of the most courteous gallantry. The Prince entered the carriage amid the sound of trumpets, the lowering of colors, the presenting of arms, and all the honors paid to the Queen herself. His Royal Highness, with his father and brother, occupied one carriage, and the attendants two other royal carriages. A squadron of Life Guards escorted the Prince to St. James's Palace. On the return of the lord chamberlain six of the royal car-

riages were assembled, and his lordship informed Her Majesty that all was ready.

The Queen then left her apartment, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Uxbridge as lord chamberlain, supported by the Duchess of Kent, and followed by a page of honor. Her Majesty was preceded by the Earl of Belfast, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Torrington, the Earl of Albemarle, Colonel Cavendish, Sir George Anson, Lord Alfred Paget, Mr. Byng, and several other officers of the household. Her Majesty carried her train over her arm.

The royal bride was greeted with loud acclamations on descending to the grand hall, but her eye was bent principally on the ground, and a hurried glance around, and a slight inclination of the head, was all the acknowledgment returned. Her Majesty wore no diamonds on her head, nothing but a simple wreath of orange-blossoms. The magnificent veil did not cover her face, but hung down on each shoulder. A pair of very large diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and the insignia of the Order of the Garter, were the principal ornaments worn by the Queen.

The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Sutherland rode in the same carriage with Her Majesty, and the royal cortège left the Palace at a slow pace, under a strong escort of the Household Cavalry.

This morning, at an early hour, every public approach to the Palace was crowded by numbers of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, anxious to obtain, if possible, a view of the bridal procession, and testify by their vociferous applause their perfect commendation of Her Majesty's choice of a Royal Consort. The court in front of the Palace was occupied by the band of the

Regiment of Blues, and one or two companies of the Grenadier Guards, and the whole of the line thence to the garden-entrance of St. James's Palace was lined with Horse Guards and a strong corps of the police. The immediate road for the procession was kept clear with great difficulty, so numerous were the attempts from the pressure without to break in on the line, and secure a position where a sight of the royal pair might be better had. The police, however, notwithstanding these ebullitions of "popular feeling," conducted themselves with great temper, and maintained order without any violent exercise of their supreme authority. Anxiously did the assembled multitude look for some signal of Her Majesty's departure from Buckingham Palace, and as carriage after carriage rolled down the Mall, carrying some of the honored spectators to the chapel, the more impatient they became for the passing of the procession.

Twelve o'clock at length arrived, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by a small escort of Horse Guards, and accompanied by his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and his brother, the hereditary prince, then left the Palace and proceeded to St. James's; but, from the windows of the carriages being closed, the royal party were only partially recognized, and passed along with but slight applause. At a quarter past twelve, however, the band in front of the Palace struck up the national air of "God Save the Queen," and by the tremendous shouts which resounded through the Park, it was proclaimed that Her Majesty had entered her carriage and was then proceeding to St. James's to plight her troth to His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and

Gotha. As Her Majesty passed down the line she was most enthusiastically cheered, and appeared highly gratified by the loyalty which her subjects expressed, one or two ludicrous incidents among the crowd also exciting her smile; but her countenance was extremely pale, and appeared to betoken considerable anxiety. The cortège of Her Majesty was attended by a full guard of honor, but the carriages were drawn by only two horses each, and without the rich caparison which they usually wear on state occasions. The order of the carriages was thus:

## FIRST CARRIAGE.

Two Gentlemen Ushers.  
Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard.  
Groom of the Robes.

## SECOND CARRIAGE.

Equerry in Waiting, Hon. C. Grey.  
Two Pages of Honor.  
Groom in Waiting, Hon. Major Keppel.

## THIRD CARRIAGE.

Clerk Marshal, Hon. H. F. Cavendish.  
Vice-Chamberlain, Earl of Belfast.  
Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir H. Wheatley.  
Controller of the Household, Right Hon. G. Stevens Byng.

## FOURTH CARRIAGE.

Bedchamber Woman in Waiting.  
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Earl of Ilchester.  
Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Kinnaid.  
Treasurer of the Household, Earl of Surrey.

## FIFTH CARRIAGE.

Maid of Honor in Waiting.  
Duchess of Kent's Lady in Waiting, Lady Charlotte Dundas.  
Gold Stick, Lord Hill.  
Lord in Waiting, Viscount Torrington.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

## SIXTH CARRIAGE.

Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting.  
 Master of the Horse, Earl of Albemarle.  
 Lord Steward, Earl of Errol.  
 Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge.

## SEVENTH CARRIAGE.

## THE QUEEN.

The Duchess of Kent.  
 Mistress of the Robes, Duchess of Sutherland.

By about ten minutes past twelve o'clock the whole of these carriages, with their respective occupants, had reached St. James's Palace.

On the arrival of the Queen at St. James's Palace, Her Majesty was conducted to her closet, immediately behind the throne-room, where she remained attended by the maids of honor and trainbearers until the summons was received from the lord chamberlain, conveying the intimation that everything was duly prepared for the Sovereign's moving toward the Chapel.

In this room the formal procession may be said to have been formed and marshaled.

In the Presence Chamber the principal individuals who were to fall into the different processions were congregated. Round the southern side of the Queen Anne's drawing-room a gallery was erected, consisting of several rows of seats, each capable of accommodating a considerable number of visitors. Through this room the procession passed into the Guard or Armory-room, in which a gallery on a smaller scale was raised. The procession progressed from this into the vestibule, and from that down the grand staircase, opposite to which a gallery had been put up capable of containing about 150 persons.



Shortly after nine o'clock the seats in the colonnade began to be taken possession of, and ere many minutes had elapsed there remained but few of the seats unoccupied, although there was an occasional arrival down to eleven o'clock.

At this hour the appearance which the scene presented was one of extreme animation, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the assembled company was composed of elegantly, and, in some instances, brilliantly dressed ladies. It were a matter of impossibility to enter upon an attempt to give anything like a minute detail of the attire either of the one sex or of the other, for it comprised every known color, and embraced every description of style of make. The most conspicuous dresses were of light blue relieved with white, light green also intermingled with white, amber, crimson, purple, fawn, stone, and a considerable number of white robes only. Every lady exhibited a wedding favor, some of which were admirable specimens of a refined taste. They were of all sizes, many of white satin ribbon tied up into bows, and mixed with layers of rich silver lace, others merely of ribbon intermixed with sprigs of orange-flower-blossom, while were here and there to be seen bouquets of huge dimensions of ribbon and massive silver bullion, having in their center what might almost be termed a branch of orange-blossoms. Large as they were, however, they were not more so that the apparent devotion of their owners, if the anxiety with which they watched every movement of the officials passing to and fro, from the instant they entered the colonnade until the last of the "men of state" had quitted the scene, may be taken as a criterion.

It was remarkable that "favors" did not form a very general appendage with the male branch of the spectators, notwithstanding there were many who had not failed to furnish themselves with this distinguishing emblem of the occasion. Some gentlemen there were, also, who did not even pay the respect to their Sovereign of providing court dresses. There appeared, nevertheless, to have been a unanimity of feeling with regard to the total banishment of black, except in a rare instance where a shawl or scarf of that hue was to be discovered.

The colonnade through which the procession passed to the Chapel was not only excellently arranged, but was admirably lighted from the lanterns above and the windows behind. The seats, which were separated from the pillared colonnade by a dwarf railing, were covered with crimson cushions with gold-colored borders and fringe. All the remainder of this temporary structure had the semblance of having been constructed of solid masonry. The floor of the colonnade was covered with rich Brussels carpet, which extended into the vestibule, up the grand staircase to the armory, through the presence-chamber to Queen Anne's drawing-room, and thence to the ante-chamber and throne-room, where Her Majesty and Prince Albert's portions of the procession were marshaled. The seats erected for the accommodation of the spectators were covered with crimson cushions and yellow fringe, thus sustaining uniformity throughout. They were railed off from the line of procession.

There were but few of the nobility or officers of state who entered the Chapel by the colonnade or royal passage, but among that number were Earl

Fitzwilliam and Earl Spencer, the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington also passed through the colonnade, and was most warmly cheered. The duke slightly acknowledged the demonstration, and wended his way onward to the place allotted for the occupation of the veteran warrior in the Chapel.

But, looking at the mass which paraded the colonnade, we may say that there were the burly Yeomen of the Guard with their massive halberts, and the slim gentlemen-at-arms with their lighter partisans, perpetually moving up and down the corridor, proud of the notice they excited. There were also elderly pages of state, and almost infantile pages of honor, officers of the lord chamberlain's office, and officers of the woods and forests, embroidered heralds and steel-clad curassiers, robed prelates, stoled priests, and surpliced singing-boys, to break the uniformity and vary the monotony of the scene.

#### THE CHAPEL.

The principal entrances to the Chapel Royal were from the Ambassador's Court, and the color quadrangle opposite St. James's Street. The interior is oblong, standing east and west, about sixty-two feet in length and twenty-five in breadth. At the upper or eastern end is the communion-table, and at the lower end, abutting over the main entrance, is the royal gallery or closet. Two galleries supported by

cast-iron pillars stretched east and west the entire length of the Chapel. On the floor, placed longitudinally, were two pews on each side of the chapel, set apart for the chief nobility, and those who took part in the procession. The galleries east and west, from both sides of the altar to the royal closet, were occupied—the upper end, on the right, by the cabinet ministers and their ladies, on the left by the ladies and officers of Her Majesty's household. Below the choir, on the right, and in the galleries opposite, usually appropriated as royal closets, the walls of the building were thrown out, and six benches on each side fitted up for the accommodation of peers, peeresses, and other distinguished spectators. The royal closet was assigned to the Ambassadors and their ladies, five rows of seats, elevated one above the other, having been erected for their accommodation. The whole of the seats in the chapel were stuffed, covered with crimson cloth, and elegantly ornamented with gold fringe. On the communion-table was displayed a vast quantity of golden plate, including six salvors, one of gigantic dimensions, two ponderous and rich vases, four flagons, four communion-cups, and two lofty and magnificent candelabra. The cornice above the altar, of beautifully carved oak, was richly gilt, superb crimson velvet drapery depending from it in graceful folds upon the communion-table. Within the railing, which was also covered with crimson velvet, stools were placed on the right of the altar for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and on the left for the Bishop of London, dean of the Chapel Royal. In front of the communion-table were placed four chairs of state, gilt, and covered with crimson silk velvet, each of dif-

ferent construction, and varying in elevation, according to the dignity of their intended occupants. The highest, largest in size, and most costly in workmanship, was of course appropriated to Her Majesty, and was placed somewhat to the right of the center; that on the opposite side, immediately on Her Majesty's right hand, being set apart for His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Before these chairs, which were placed about six feet outside the rail, footstools were set of corresponding structure and decoration. There were also fald-stools for Her Majesty and Prince Albert, on which to kneel at the altar. On Her Majesty's left a chair was placed for the Duchess of Kent; and at the opposite side, on Prince Albert's right, one for the Queen Dowager. On Her Majesty's extreme left were seats for their royal highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge; and on Prince Albert's extreme right for his serene highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the hereditary duke, and their royal highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, Princess Augusta and Princess Mary of Cambridge. The floor of the Chapel was covered with rich purple and gold carpeting, the prominent figure being the Norman rose. The tout ensemble, both as concerns the extension, decoration, and entire arrangements of the interior, completely harmonized with the original design and structure of the chapel; simplicity and elegance, not show or gaudiness, being the uniform characteristic. The ceiling is composed of antique fretwork compartments varying in size and figure, on the paneling of which are emblazoned the quarterings and heraldic distinctions of the different members of the royal family, from the time of its

erection to that of his late majesty William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

About half past eleven o'clock the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London took their places within the altar.

A few minutes before twelve the Queen Dowager entered the Chapel Royal through the dean's vestry door, and took her seat near the altar. Her Majesty was arrayed in a robe of rich silk purple velvet trimmed with ermine. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London immediately rose on the entrance of Her Majesty. Her Majesty, after performing her private devotions, perceiving the most reverend prelates still standing, sent Lord Howe, who was in waiting, to desire that they might take their seats. This act of considerate courtesy created a general sensation throughout the Chapel.

A flourish of trumpets and drums at twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock gave intimation that the procession of the royal bridegroom had commenced its movement, and shortly after, having passed through the various rooms to which we have alluded, it entered the colonnade in the following order :

#### THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Drums and Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter, J. Rivett, Esq.

Master of the Ceremonies, Sir Robert Chester, Knight.

The Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honor, between two Heralds.

Vice-Chamberlain of Her

Lord Chamberlain of Her

Majesty's Household,

Majesty's Household,

Earl of Belfast.

Earl of Uxbridge.

## THE BRIDEGROOM,

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, K. G.,  
wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter,  
supported by their Serene Highnesses the reigning Duke of  
Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,  
and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,  
each attended by the officers of their suite, namely,  
Count Kolowrath, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron de  
Lowenfels.

As the Prince moved along he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the gentlemen, and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. He wore the uniform of a field-marshal in the British army. Over his shoulder was hung the Collar of the Garter surmounted by two white rosettes. His appearance was attractive and much improved since his arrival on Saturday; and with his pale and pensive looks he won golden opinions from the fair coterie near which we were sitting. His father and his brother were also welcomed with the utmost cordiality. Both seemed pleased with their reception, and the hereditary prince, who has more of determination but less of good-natured complaisance in his countenance than his brother, testified his sense of it by repeatedly bowing his thanks to the fair ladies at his side.

On reaching the Chapel Royal the drums and trumpets filed off without the doors, and, the procession advancing, His Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left of the altar. His Royal Highness walked up the aisle, carrying a book in his right hand, and repeatedly bowed to the peers in the body of the Chapel. His form, dress, and de-

meanor were much admired. It might well be said of him in the language of Scott,

“Shaped in proportion fair,  
Hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short mustache and hair.”

Having reached the *haut pas*, His Royal Highness affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager, and then bowed to the archbishops and dean. Immediately on his entrance a voluntary was performed by Sir George Smart on the organ. The master of the ceremonies and the officers of the bridegroom stood near the person of His Royal Highness. The lord chamberlain and vice-chamberlain, preceded by the drums and trumpets, then returned to wait upon Her Majesty.

Meanwhile His Royal Highness entered into close conversation with the Queen Dowager until the trumpets and drums announced the moving of the Queen's procession.

After having conducted the royal Prince to the altar, the lord steward and the lord chamberlain quitted the royal bridegroom for the purpose of conducting the Queen to the altar. In a few minutes, that which was denominated the Queen's procession was announced by a flourish of trumpets and drums as having been put in motion. The procession passed through the colonnade up to the Chapel doors in the subjoined order:

#### THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter, T. L. Parker, Esq.

Knight Marshal, Sir Charles Lamb, Bart.





PRINCE OF WALES IN CITIZEN'S DRESS.



STORY'S CELEBRATED PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Pursuivants.

Heralds.

Pages of Honor.

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Equerry in Waiting,  | Clerk Marshal,                        |
| Hon. Charles Grey.   | Hon. H. F. Cavendish.                 |
| Groom in Waiting,  | Lord in Waiting,                      |
| Hon. Major Keppel.   | Viscount Torrington.                  |
| Controller of Her Majesty's Household,   | Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, |
| Right Hon. G. Stevens Byng.  | Earl of Surrey.                       |
| The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household.                                     |                                       |
| Earl of Erroll.  |                                       |
| Norroy King-of-Arms,   | Clarencieux King-of-Arms,             |
| F. Martin, Esq.  | J. Hawker, Esq.                       |
| Lord Privy Seal,   | Lord President of the Council,        |
| The Earl of Clarendon.   | Marquis of Lansdowne.                 |
| Two Sergeant-at-Arms.  | Two Sergeant-at-Arms.                 |
| Lord High Chancellor, Lord Cottenham.  |                                       |
| Senior Gentleman Usher   | Quarterly Waiter, Hon. Heneage Legge. |
| Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter, and to the Sword of State,                         | Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,     |
| W. Martin, Esq.  | Sir Augustus Clifford.                |
| Garter King-of-Arms, Sir W. Woods.   |                                       |
| The Earl Marshal, Duke of Norfolk.   |                                       |
| Her Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.                          |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge.                                   |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta of Cambridge.                                |                                       |
| His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge.                                   |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.                                     |                                       |
| attended by Miss Kerr, Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness.             |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent,  |                                       |
| attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas, Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness. |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester,                                    |                                       |
| attended by Lady Caroline Legge, Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness.   |                                       |
| Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta,   |                                       |

attended by Lady Mary Pelham, Lady of the Bedchamber to  
Her Royal Highness.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge,

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,

each attended by a gentleman of their Royal Highnesses'  
household.

Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, Earl of Belfast.	The Sword of State, borne by Lord Viscount Melbourne.	Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, Earl of Uxbridge.
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#### THE QUEEN,

wearing the Collars of her Orders.

Her Majesty's train borne by the following twelve unmarried  
ladies, viz.

Lady Adelaide Paget,	Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon
Lady Sarah Frederica Caro- line Villiers,	Lennox.
Lady Frances Elizabeth Cow- per,	Lady Elizabeth Anne Georgi- ana Dorothea Howard,
Lady Elizabeth West,	Lady Ida Hay,
Lady Mary Augusta Freder- ica Grimston,	Lady Catharine Lucy Wilhel- mina Stanhope,
Lady Eleanor Caroline Paget,	Lady Jane Harriet Bouverie,

Lady Mary Charlotte Howard,

assisted by Captain F. H. Seymour, the Groom of the Robes.

Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes,

The Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H. The Duchess of Sutherland.

Ladies of the Bedchamber :

The Marchioness of Nor- manby.	The Lady Portman.
The Countess of Charlemont.	The Duchess of Bedford.
The Dowager Lady Lyttelton.	The Countess of Sandwich.
	The Countess of Burlington.
	The Lady Barham.

Maids of Honor :

The Hon. Harriet Pitt.	The Hon. Harriet Lister.
The Hon. Amelia Murray.	The Hon. Caroline Cocks.
The Hon. Henrietta Anson.	The Hon. Matilda Paget.

The Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish.

Women of the Bedchamber :

Lady Harriet Clive.	Viscountess Forbes.	
Lady Charlotte Copley.	Lady Caroline Barrington.	
Mrs. Brand.	The Hon. Mrs. Campbell.	Lady Gardner.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard,	Gold Stick,	Captain of the Band of Gentlemen-at-Arms,
Earl of Ilchester.	Lord Hill.	Lord Foley.
Keeper of the Privy Purse,	Sir Henry Wheatley.	
Six Gentlemen-at-Arms.		
Six Yeomen of the Guard closed the procession.		

It will be seen from this official programme how the heralds had marshaled the different members of the procession. Scarcely any notice was taken of the individuals who led the way in it until the lord chancellor made his appearance. He was greeted with a few scanty cheers. Garter King-of-Arms, with all his heraldic pomp and pride, and the head of his college, the Earl Marshal the Duke of Norfolk, with all the blood of all the Howards, passed unnoticed in the throng. Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, who stopped to address Sir G. Murray as she passed, was cheered. The Princess Augusta of Cambridge excited general admiration by her affability and beauty. Her royal aunt the Princess Augusta was cheered. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, whose name appears in the official details of the ceremony, was prevented from being present in consequence of her having been confined by a severe cold to her house for the last fortnight, and of her not yet being sufficiently recovered to encounter the fatigue of a considerable procession at so early an hour.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge led her young daughter the Princess Mary by the hand, and the mother of so beautiful a child was certain

not to be seen without interest. Every sympathy was awakened on behalf of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; but she appeared somewhat disconsolate and distressed. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was to give away the royal bride, seemed in excellent spirits. Lord Melbourne carried the sword of state; but little attention was paid to him.

Her Majesty came next, looking anxious and excited. She was paler even than usual. Her dress was a rich white satin trimmed with orange-flower blossoms. On her head she wore a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but not so as to conceal her face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. Her bridesmaids and trainbearers were similarly attired, save that they had no veils. Her Majesty wore the collar of the Garter, but no other diamonds or jewels. Her attendants were arrayed with similar simplicity; and ladies more beautiful never graced palace, hall, or country-green. With one exception, which we have already remarked, the praises which Dryden has ascribed to the companions of his Queen in the "Flower and the Leaf" are equally applicable to these attendants of our young and amiable sovereign:

"A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,  
Seduced the sons of Heaven to rebel;  
I pass their form, and every charming grace—  
Less than an angel would their worth debase;  
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,  
Simple, but rich, is fresh within my mind;  
In satin white as snow the troop was gown'd,  
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around."

Every face was turned upon them and their royal mistress. Theirs was fixed upon hers, and as they moved

and turned in conformity with her steps, it was evident that female vanity was for a time deadened in their bosoms, and that they were thinking, not of the impression which they themselves created, but of that which was created by the royal bride. They were followed by the Duchess of Sutherland. Of the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honor we have only to say that they did honor to the court and to their places in the procession. It was closed, not as the official statement announced, by six Yeomen of the Guard, but by two officers in polished cuirasses and in dirty boots, who commanded the squadron of Life Guards on duty at the Palace.

As Her Majesty approached the Chapel, the national anthem was performed by the instrumental band. Her Majesty walked up the aisle, followed by her train-bearers and attendants without noticing or bowing to any of the peers. On reaching the *haut pas* Her Majesty knelt on her footstool, and having performed her private devotions, sat down in her chair of state. The different officers of state having now taken their seats in the body of the Chapel, the *coup d'œil* was splendid beyond description.

Lords, ladies, captains, councilors, and priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower; embassies  
From regions far remote  
In various habits  
Met from all parts to celebrate the day.

After the lapse of a few seconds Her Majesty rose and advanced with His Royal Highness Prince Albert to the communion-table, where the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately commenced reading the service.

The rubric was rigidly adhered to throughout.

The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service with great appropriateness and much feeling, the Bishop of London repeating the responses.

When His Grace came to the words,

“Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?”

His Royal Highness, in a firm tone, replied, “I will.”

And when he said, “Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to thy wedded husband, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?”

Her Majesty, in a firm voice, and a tone audible in all parts of the Chapel, replied, “I will.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury then said, “Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?”

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who occupied a seat on the left of Her Majesty, now advanced, and, taking Her Majesty’s hand, said, “I do.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury then laid hold of Her Majesty’s hand, and pressing it in that of Prince Albert’s, pronounced these words, His Royal Highness repeating them after His Grace:

“I, Albert, take thee, Victoria, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part,



according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Her Majesty repeated the words *mutatis mutandis*, "I, Victoria, take thee, Albert, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then took the ring, a plain gold ring, from His Royal Highness, and placing it to the fourth finger of Her Majesty, returned it to His Royal Highness. Prince Albert put it on, repeating after His Grace these words: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then concluded the service as follows, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still remaining standing at the altar:

"O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, Victoria and Albert, whom we bless in thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge), and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.”

The Park and Tower guns then fired a royal salute.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded :

“Forasmuch as Albert and Victoria have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands, I pronounce that they be man and wife together. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

“God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you ; the Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you ; and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.”

The choir then performed the *Deus Misereatur* (King's in B flat), the verse parts being doubled by the choir and sung by Messrs. Knyvett, Wylde, Neil, Vaughan, Sale, and Bradbury, on the decani side ; and on the cantoris, by Evans, Salmon, Horncastle, Roberts, Welsh, and Clarke.

Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

It is but justice to the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal to state that this service was executed in the most effective and spirit-stirring manner.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded :

“Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive

them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

“Minister. O Lord, save thy servant and thy handmaid :

“Answer. Who put their trust in thee.

“Minister. O Lord, send them help from thy holy place :

“Answer. And evermore defend them.

“Minister. Be unto them a tower of strength

“Answer. From the face of their enemy.

“Minister. O Lord, hear our prayer,

“Answer. And let our cry come unto thee.

“Minister. O God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless these thy servants, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in thy Holy Word they shall profitably learn, they may in deed fulfill the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven and bless them. And as thou didst send thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah, to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send thy blessing upon these thy servants; that they, obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded to the end with the remainder of the service as prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still standing before the communion-table.

The service having concluded, the several members of the royal family who had occupied places around the altar returned to take their positions in the procession. On passing Her Majesty, they all paid their

congratulations, and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand in manner which appeared to have little ceremony, but with cordiality in it, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed with the exception of the royal bride and bridegroom, Her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the Queen Dowager was standing, and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took Her Majesty's hand, and the royal pair left the Chapel, all the spectators standing.

While the procession was proceeding down the aisle, Her Majesty spoke frequently to the Earl of Uxbridge, who was on her right hand, apparently giving directions as to the order of the procession.

We have found it impossible, in our short description, to do justice either to the demeanor of the "happy, happy pair," which was firm, self-possessed, and dignified throughout, or to the various groups who gave interest and animation to the scene. The spectacle in the Chapel, from first to last, was gorgeous in the extreme,

"The minister was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,  
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty  
aislèd scene;

The priests stood stolèd in their pomp, the sworded chiefs  
in theirs;

And so, the collared knights; and so, the civil Ministers;  
And so, the waiting lords and dames, and little pages best  
At holding trains; and legates so, from countries east and  
west;

So alien Princes, native peers, and high-born ladies  
bright."

E. B. Browning.

giving lustre and brilliancy to the whole.

Among the various excellent arrangements connected with the celebration of Her Majesty's marriage, we heard with some astonishment and regret that the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, who were obliged to sustain no unimportant part in the solemnization, did so, for the first time on such an occasion, not only without receiving any remuneration for their trouble, but without even a pair of gloves, a rosette, or any other favor being allowed them.

#### RETURN FROM THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

The deep interest taken by the spectators in the colonnade in the proceedings of the day was shown by the general silence which prevailed unto the period of the Queen's approach. As soon as she had passed into the Chapel every tongue seemed set at liberty, and a confused murmur arose, which compelled the attendants to close the doors of the ante-chapel, lest it should penetrate into the Chapel where the solemn rites of religion were performing. A word, however, from one of the officers of the lord chamberlain was sufficient to put an end to this impropriety. The doors were again opened, the music of the anthem was faintly heard, the signal guns ceased to fire, and at a few minutes past one the procession began to remarshal itself for its return. The bridegroom's procession which was, however, robbed of his presence, returned first. Again were the Duke and Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg loudly cheered. The nuptial procession then returned in the same order as before. On the appearance of Her Majesty hand-in-hand with her royal husband, the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs were renewed time after time until they had

passed out of sight. Whether by accident or design, His Royal Highness Prince Albert inclosed Her Majesty's hand in his own in such a way as to display the wedding ring, which appeared more solid than is usual in ordinary weddings. On their return, cheers were given to most, if not to all, of the ladies of royal birth who had received them on their approach. There was, however, one cheer far more long and enthusiastic than any other of the day reserved for the Duke of Wellington as he left the Chapel. He was not part of the royal procession, and it had passed to some distance before he made his appearance. As soon as he had arrived in the centre of the colonnade, spontaneously, without any signal, and yet as if by common and universal consent, the company rose and gave him three hearty cheers. The heart of the veteran appeared gladdened by it.

Lord Melbourne, who must have heard the uproar, took it as a hint that he had better return another way. At least, if he did not, his presence did not meet our view in the returning cortège. Her Majesty then proceeded to the throne-room, where the form of attestation took place. Her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, which was attested by certain members of the royal family and officers of state present. A splendid table was prepared for the purpose, and this part of the ceremony, with the magnificent assemblage by which it was witnessed, presented one of the most striking spectacles of the day.

At about one o'clock the firing of the guns announced that the ring had been put on the finger, the important part of the ceremony concluded.

After the ceremony, at twenty-five minutes past one,

the first return reached Buckingham Palace, and consisted of the inferior officers of Prince Albert's suite, the Queen's gentlemen ushers, and a lady of Her Majesty's household.

At twenty minutes to two the Duchess of Kent returned; her Royal Highness was accompanied by her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Prince Ernest. The royal duchess was loudly cheered, which she acknowledged most graciously.

Viscount Melbourne and Viscount Palmerston followed soon after in full official uniform, then came the Marquis of Normanby, dressed in the uniform of a colonial governor, and at ten minutes to two o'clock the royal procession returned.

The Prince rode in the carriage with the Queen. His Royal Highness assisted Her Majesty to alight, and led her into the Palace. The royal bride entered her own hall with an open and joyous countenance, flushed perhaps in the slightest degree, and in the most smiling and condescending manner acknowledged the loud and cordial cheers which rang through the apartment. The royal bridegroom handed Her Majesty through the state rooms. The Duke of Sussex soon followed. The duke was dressed in his uniform as captain general of the Honorable Artillery Company, and wore the collars and other insignia of the Orders of the Garter, Bath, and St. Andrew. The Duke of Cambridge arrived immediately after, accompanied by the duchess, Prince George, and the two princesses. His Royal Highness wore the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and the Bath, and carried his baton as field-marshal. Prince George was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, and was decorated with

the Order of the Garter. The duke led in the little Princess Mary. The invited guests of the *dejeûner* followed each other in rapid succession.

At Buckingham Palace there was a wedding repast, at which several of the illustrious participators in the previous ceremony, and the officers of the household and ministers of state, were present.

At the conclusion of the breakfast, arrangements were made for the immediate departure of Her Majesty for Windsor, and at a quarter to four the royal party left Buckingham Palace amid the cheers and festive acclamations of a vast multitude. The first carriage was occupied only by Her Majesty and Prince Albert; the second and three others by the lord and lady in waiting, the groom, equerry, two maids of honor, and other attendants of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness. Just before the royal cortège left Buckingham Palace, the sun shone forth with full brightness, the skies were cleared of their murky clouds, and all things seemed to promise that future happiness which we sincerely trust may be the lot of the illustrious pair.

The Prince was dressed in a plain dark traveling dress, and Her Majesty in a white satin pelisse trimmed with swansdown, with a white satin bonnet and feather.

The demonstrations from Buckingham Palace to Windsor were intensely patriotic.

At an hour considerably before sunrise the neighborhood of Constitution Hill began to exhibit signs of preparation for the approaching spectacle, which became more evident and more bustling as the day drew on. Parties of cavalry and infantry moving to their posts, orderlies dash-



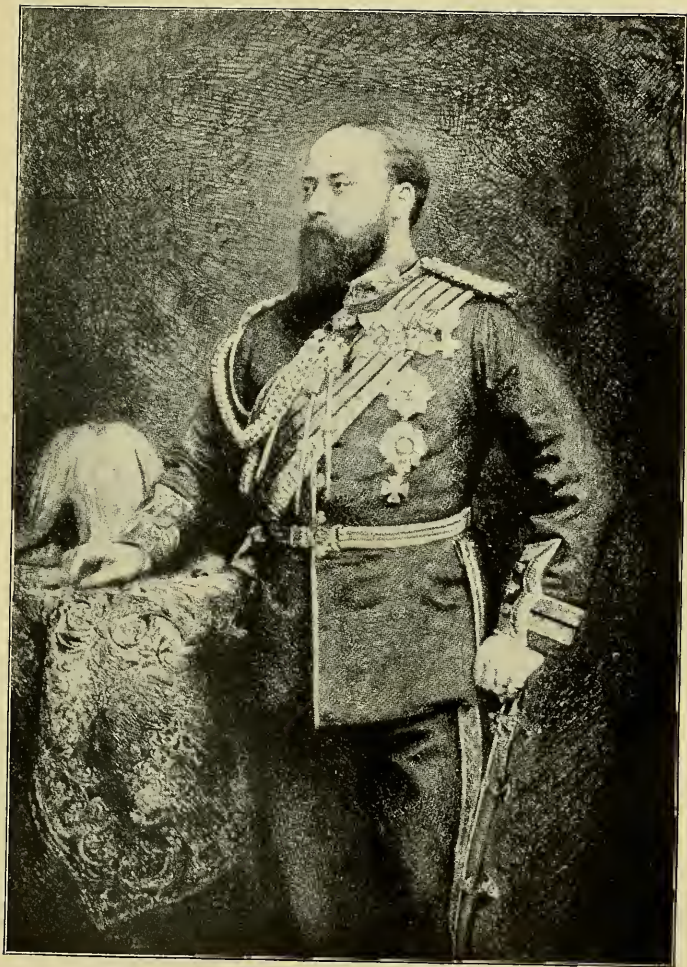
ing to and fro, groups of sight-seers, male and female, hurrying from every quarter toward Buckingham Palace; and last, though not least, numerous swarms of persons scattered over the Green Park, laden with planks, casks, chairs, tables, and other means of elevation for the purpose of giving a sight of the procession, denoting by their wild cries and determination, and cunning in baffling the efforts of the police to prevent their ingress into the park, the origin of the majority of them from the sister island: all these gave a variety and life to the scene which almost compensated for the dullness and gloom of the morning. But, gloomy and uncompromising as the morning was, the parties interested seemed determined to make the best of it, and good-humored jests circulating among the crowd, and now and then a petite émeute, or short-lived squabble, whiled away the damp and heavy hours.

At length, however, about eight o'clock, amusement began to turn up in the arrivals of the guests invited to the royal nuptials, who, as they successively filed under the triumphal arch, were challenged by the warder, and showed the pink or white cards which gave a title to admittance, lent an air of considerable liveliness to the scene, not unmixed with something of the feudal and the romantic. First came in various flies and cabs, and vehicles of low degree, certain damsels who were pointed out to us as maids of honor, or persons otherwise appertaining to the royal household; then a strong body of the Foot Guards marched toward the position allotted to them in the immediate neighborhood of Buckingham Palace; then came a body of the Horse Guards Blue, with fifes and cymbals playing

merrily, and then the general company began to make their appearance, among whom we noticed Mr. Montgomery, Lord Monteagle, the vice-chancellor, Lord and Lady Langdale, Viscount and Lady Howick, the Duke of Norfolk (in his robes and with his staff of office as earl marshal), Sir G. Grey, Lord and Lady Ashley, the Earl of Burlington, Viscount Morpeth, the chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Russell, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Normanby, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Duncannon, the lord chancellor, the Austrian and other ministers, and the Marchioness of Normanby.

The ministers, with the exception of the lord chancellor, who wore his legal costume, were attired in the Windsor uniform of blue, guarded or turned up with an edging of oak-leaf in gold, but, strange to tell, they passed in every instance without the smallest notice, favorable or otherwise, on the part of the immense multitude who were congregated in this quarter. At a quarter to twelve the Duke of Cambridge and suite, in three of the royal carriages, drove through the gate, escorted by a guard of honor. The Duke of Sussex passed in a single carriage at a few minutes before twelve o'clock. The illustrious duke wore, as usual, his black silk skullcap, looked in very good health, and was very favorably received by the crowd.

And so the day wore on, until about half past two o'clock, when, the rain and mist having cleared off, the coup d'œil from the triumphal arch was certainly striking, for as far as the eye could reach toward Kensington, along Hyde Park, the Green Park, and Piccadilly, the whole area was more or less thickly crowded with human beings, all anxiously expecting



KING EDWARD VII.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES



THE PRINCE OF WALES



THE PRINCE CONSORT



PRINCESS ALICE



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK

A DISTINGUISHED GROUP.

(though most of them at a distance disabling them from enjoying) the approach of their youthful monarch.

At length, about half past two o'clock the passage of a party of Light Dragoons, on their way to the Palace, gave people cause to think that Her Majesty's appearance would not be wanting long, for it was conjectured, and rightly, that these troops were intended to form the escort of the royal pair to Windsor Castle.

A few minutes past four o'clock the much-expected cavalcade drew near, a carriage with ladies of the household leading the way, a party of the cavalry following; the royal traveling chariot conveying Her Majesty and Prince Albert dashed rapidly under the triumphal archway amid the warm and enthusiastic cheers of the spectators assembled around, who were manifestly much captivated by the comely appearance of the Prince, and by the affable and graceful manner in which he acknowledged their notice. Her Majesty appeared in excellent health and high spirits, and bowed in return to the cheers of her applauding subjects with much earnestness of manner.

The preparations at Eton were on a grand scale. At the entrance of the precincts of the college, on the right-hand side of the road coming from London, and fronting the college itself, a large wooden structure, in form of a Grecian portico 60 feet in height, and of proportionate width, was erected. The whole of this erection was covered with variegated lamps; on the pediment were the royal arms. An inscription or "legend," with the words "Gratulatio Victoriæ et

Alberto," surmounted the pediment. The word "Etona" was also conspicuous among the decorations. Seven large flags floated gallantly from the summit of the buildings, which exhibited considerable taste both in the design and embellishments. There were no less than 5,000 lamps in the portico, the effect of which was at night very splendid. The interior quadrangle of the college presented a brilliant appearance. The clock-tower, on the eastern side, was illuminated by a crown, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, having the letters "V. A.," the whole in variegated lamps. Beneath were three brilliant stars. The arch of the clock-tower was surrounded by rows of lamps, and the eastern side of the quadrangle was elegantly festooned with lamps. The principal gateway into the quadrangle was also decorated with lamps, having the words "Floreat Etona" over the crown of the arch. Several thousand lamps were employed on this part of the venerable edifice. There was also a triumphal arch of laurels and lamps across the road by the Christopher Inn. The whole of the Eton scholars and masters, 550 in number, wore bridal favors. Besides the preparations at the college, the main street of Eton presented a lively appearance; most of the houses were illuminated, and the principal tradesmen exhibited stars and other emblems of the joyous event. The whole place was in a state of bustle and excitement; all was felicity. At the Christopher Inn a dinner was prepared for a large party of the inhabitants, and there were private parties at most of the houses of the dames and college authorities.

In the morning the appearance of Windsor differed in no respect from its ordinary character, and scarcely

a symptom was observable of an intention to make any public celebration of the royal wedding. All the shops were opened as usual; every one seemed busy in his customary avocations; no merry peal of bells welcomed in the day; and the rain, falling in torrents, made the town look very dull and miserable. By degrees this melancholy aspect of affairs wore away. The rain ceased; in the afternoon the shops were closed, and the inhabitants having now nothing to detain them at home, thronged the streets, decorated with wedding favors and dressed in the gayest possible style, and the prospect—so gloomy a short time before—became lively and charming. The sun shot forth its beams, and the bells, as if awakened from slumber, burst out in joyous chimes. As the day advanced, the weather grew more and more propitious, and numbers of strangers, anxious to see Her Majesty with her illustrious Consort enter the noble palace of her ancestors at Windsor, poured into the place, conveyed in every conceivable description of vehicle. About half past two o'clock considerable excitement was occasioned among the various groups of persons waiting to see the royal cortège pass through High Street by the appearance of the royal standard, which at that hour was raised at the Round Tower. At four o'clock a troop of Life Guards left Windsor for the purpose of meeting the royal cortège on the road and escorting it to the castle. At this hour a dense concourse of persons had collected about the gates of the castle, which appeared to be the point of greatest attraction, and an unbroken line of spectators extended from this spot to the extremity of Eton, near to London. As always happens in cases like the pres-

ent, the anxiously-expected arrival was announced about one hundred and fifty times before it actually happened, and as each successive rumor turned out to be false, it would not be easy to depict the momentary disappointment manifested by the impatient assemblage.

At half past six the crowd on the castle hill had become so dense that it was with difficulty the line of road for the royal carriages was kept cleared. The whole street was one living mass, while the walls of the houses glowed with crowns, stars, and all the brilliant devices which gas and oil could supply. At this moment a flight of rockets was visible in the air; it was apparently over Eton, and it was immediately concluded that the Queen had entered Eton.

The bells now rang merrily, and the shouts of the spectators were heard as the royal cortège approached the castle. At twenty minutes before seven the royal carriage arrived in the High Street, Windsor, preceded by the advanced-guard of the traveling escort, consisting of a body of the 2d Life Guards, commanded by Lieutenant Tottenham, which relieved the 14th Dragoons at Colnbrook. The shouts were now most loud and cheering, and from the windows and balconies of the houses handkerchiefs were waved by the ladies, while the gentlemen huzzaed and waved their hats. The carriage, from the crowd, proceeded slowly, Her Majesty and her royal Consort bowing to the people. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, and Prince Albert seemed in the highest spirits at the cordiality with which he was greeted. It was exactly a quarter to seven when the royal carriage drew up at the grand entrance. The Queen was handed from the



carriage by the Prince; she immediately took his arm and entered the Castle.

In the evening the auspicious event was celebrated by a public dinner given in the Town-hall. About 100 of the inhabitants of Windsor attended, the mayor taking the chair, and being supported on either side by the members for the borough, Messrs. Ramsbottom and Gordon. At the conclusion of the dinner, "Health and Long Lives to Victoria and Albert" was proposed by the mayor, and responded to in the most enthusiastic manner, the whole company rising and cheering for several minutes.

Two other public dinners were given at the Castle Tavern and at the Star and Garter; and several inhabitants of the town besides had private parties in honor of the royal wedding.

We are happy to say that while the "great" feasted, the "small" were not forgotten on this joyous occasion. A substantial dinner of good old English fare was provided for the poorer inhabitants of the place and the neighboring country, the expense being defrayed by a voluntary subscription, to which fund \$100 were contributed by Her Majesty. Nearly 600 poor families, amounting probably to 2,000 individuals, were by this considerate charity regaled at their own homes with a good dinner and some excellent beer, wherewith to do complete justice to the toast of "Health and Happiness to Victoria and Albert."

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

On the 14th of February, 1840, after the brightest of honeymoons, the Queen and the Prince returned to Buckingham Palace, there to enter on the discharge of the high duties of their lofty calling, and to commence that life of ideal domestic happiness that will stand before the world for generations as a rare example of wedded bliss.

Her Majesty has graciously given us a glimpse of that blissful domestic life. They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterwards. Then came the usual amount of business, besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates 'bit' in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne (the Prime Minister at the time) came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince generally drove her out in a pony phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen he rode (he was, by the way, a most accomplished horseman, as the sportsmen of England found to their great admiration), in which case she took a drive with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company. The Prince often played double chess, of which he was very fond.

At this period the Duchess of Kent removed to

Ingestra House, Belgrave Square, thence to Clarence House, St. James's. But while no longer an actual member of the royal household, her grace was never far from her daughter, and dined almost daily at the Castle.

Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer gives us the following delightful pen picture of the Queen in these early days of her reign:

"I saw the Queen frequently not long after her accession. She was decidedly pretty as a young girl, and her heads on English postage stamps and English coins are excellent likenesses. As to her reading, I had heard by common report that it was beautiful, but supposed people exaggerated its merits because of her position. When I heard her read I found I was mistaken. I have heard Fanny Kemble, and Charles Kemble, and other great readers, but I never heard any reader who equalled Queen Victoria. It was like Rachel's acting, a revelation of the possibilities of a thing familiar. Without effort her voice filled the House of Lords, clear, distinct, yet giving the effect of being sweet and low. I saw her once in the Royal Pew (a gallery pew) in the Chapel Royal at St. James's. She wore a black silk mantle, and a straw bonnet trimmed with brown ribbon, and pink roses in her bonnet-cap,—as was the fashion at that period. My father was at her first levee. He told us she behaved charmingly, but looked very tired towards the last, and her poor little hand was quite red, several hundred gentlemen having that day kissed it."

The same distinguished writer adds:

"It has been supposed, and the supposition is supported by a letter the Queen has permitted to be

published from herself to her uncle, King Leopold, that her early life had not been altogether a happy one; but at all events it admirably fitted her for the station to which she was called. She learned patience, self-control, punctuality, industry, and fidelity to every duty; kindness of heart, and a strict sense of propriety, came to her naturally. The dread felt in England lest the Duchess of Kent should attempt to govern in her daughter's stead, or even be 'a power behind the throne,' proved entirely uncalled for. The good sense of both mother and daughter kept the Duchess in the background, and from the moment when the young Queen, in her white wrapper, with her bare feet thrust into slippers, came forth from her chamber to meet the Lords who announced to her her uncle's death, she has reigned (so far as a constitutional sovereign can reign) alone. She has had no favorites, no advisers except members of her cabinet, her uncle Leopold (through Baron Stockmar), and her husband. She has had no private secretary, and has always read, and commented on, all foreign dispatches. From the time of her marriage she rose early, walked with her husband about the grounds at Windsor, breakfasted, had daily prayers afterwards in the Chapel, and worked steadily at her desk, or with her ministers, till luncheon time. If a dispatch was brought her she retired with it instantly to glance over it, and to put it aside herself till she had time to read it attentively."

"The office of secretary had since the Queen's accession been discharged by Baroness Lehzen, and they invested her with powers which, however, discreetly used, were calculated to bring her into collision

with the natural head of the house. It is due to this lady to say that genuine affection for Her Majesty, who for so many years had been the object of her care, and who was attached to her by ties of gratitude and regard for kindness and counsel in her girlhood, when they were most needed, very probably blinded her to the obvious truth that her former influence must, in the natural course of things, give way before that of a husband, especially of a husband so able, and so deeply loved, and that in the true interests of her royal pupil she should herself have been the first to desire that the office she had hitherto held should be transferred to the Prince." The Queen, however, soon set matters straight by her tact and kindness, and the Prince became master in his own house.

It would seem that a royal household is not the easiest thing in the world to manage. We are told that the muddle of the royal household was extraordinary. For example, it was the duty of the Lord Chamberlain's office to see that the inside of the palace windows were cleaned. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests had to clean the outsides. The Lord Steward was responsible for the supply of wood and coal (it seems to us that the above commissioners ought to have had this duty), but the fuel found, the people of the Lord Chamberlain had to light the fires.

"Before a pane of glass or a cupboard door could be mended," Baron Stockmar says, "the sanction of so many officials had to be obtained that often months elapsed before the repairs were made." The servants, also, were principally responsible to absent officials, and consequently were very little under control. With great tact and patience all these evils were slowly but

finally remedied by the Prince, who also restrained much shameful waste in the royal kitchens.

The Queen and the Prince spent their first Easter together at Windsor, and received the sacrament together for the first time. The Prince regarded this as a particularly solemn service, and prepared himself for its observance with most scrupulous care.

In the midst of all the brightness of these days the Queen's life was imperiled by the hand of an assassin.

It was a lovely June day, four months after the Queen's marriage, about six o'clock, and the Queen was driving out in a low phaeton with her husband, as was her wont. As they passed the Green Park railings, a mere lad, leaning against them, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at the sovereign. The horses were startled, and the carriage stopped, but the Prince ordered the postilions to drive on. He seized the Queen's hands and asked her "if the fright had shaken her," but she laughed.

The royal pair now distinctly saw the assassin standing with a pistol in each hand. Almost immediately he fired again. Prince Albert drew the Queen down beside him, and the ball passed over her head. The enraged people now seized the youth, and he was disarmed and dragged away. The Queen stood up in her carriage to show her subjects that she was not hurt, and then drove rapidly to her mother's house, to be the first to tell the news, before any exaggerated version of the attempt alarmed the Duchess, who now dwelt in Belgrave Square. Then Her Majesty and the Prince returned to the Park.

By this time the event was known, and crowds of people received them with enthusiastic cheers. Never

had the Park witnessed such a scene. All the equestrians in the Row, both ladies and gentlemen, formed themselves into a guard of honor, and attended the royal pair back to the palace gates. The Queen was pale but composed; she smiled and bowed graciously, but when she reached her own apartments we are told that she burst into tears. For several days afterwards these loyal volunteers escorted and guarded their sovereign. At all the theatres that night "God save the Queen" was sung enthusiastically, and when next Her Majesty went to the opera she received a perfect ovation.

The Houses of Parliament also came to the Palace in full dress in two hundred carriages, and presented an address of congratulation, which the Queen received in state seated on her throne.

The would-be assassin, Edward Oxford, was a barman out of place. It was found that his family were afflicted with hereditary insanity, and he was simply confined in Bedlam; thence he was sent to Dartmoor, and afterwards he was released, and went to Australia.

With characteristic thoughtfulness Prince Albert hastened to inform the Dowager Duchess of Coburg of the event. That same day he wrote:

Buckingham Palace, June 11, 1840.

Dear Grandmamma.—I hasten to give you an account of an event which might otherwise be misrepresented to you, which endangered my life and that of Victoria, but from which we escaped under the watchful hand of Providence. We drove out yesterday, about six o'clock, to pay Aunt Kent a visit, and to take a turn round Hyde Park. We drove in a small phaeton. I sat on the right, Victoria on the left. We

had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the Palace when I noticed on the foot-path, on my side, a little, mean-looking man, holding something toward me; before I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired which almost stunned us both, it was so loud, and fired scarcely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to the left to look at a horse, and could not, therefore, understand why her ears were ringing, as, from its being so very near, she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started and the carriage stopped. I seized Victoria's hands, and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed at the thing. I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed, and a pistol in each hand. His attitude was so theatrical and affected it quite amused me. Suddenly he again presented his pistol, and fired a second time. This time Victoria also saw the shot, and stooped quickly, pulled down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head. . . . The people, who had been petrified at first, now rushed upon him. I called to the postilion to go on, and we arrived safely at Aunt Kent's. From thence we took a short drive through the Park, partly to give Victoria a little air, partly also to show the public that we had not, in consequence of what had happened, lost confidence in them. . . . The name of the culprit is Edward Oxford. He is seventeen years old, a waiter in a low inn, not mad, I think, but quiet and composed.

On the 1st of August Prince Albert was appointed Prince Regent with many high compliments. Lord Melbourne was delighted with the manner in which the royal Consort had won his way in public esteem.



Speaking of his appointment as Prince Regent he said: "Three months ago they would not have done this for him; it is entirely due to his character." And the grand old Duke of Wellington said, with a lordly smile of approbation and satisfaction, "Let the Queen put the Prince where she likes, and settle it herself; that is the best way."

On the 11th of August the Queen prorogued Parliament in person.

The Freedom of the City of London was conferred on Prince Albert on the 28th of August. The oath of the Aldermen vouching for the Prince as a proper person to receive this honor ran thus:

"We declare, upon the oath we took at the time of our admission to the freedom of the city, that Prince Albert is of good name and fame; that he does not desire the freedom of this city whereby to defraud the Queen or this city of any of their rights, customs or advantages; but that he will pay his scot and bear his lot; and so we all say."

The Lord Chamberlain then administered the Freeman's oath to the Prince, who then made the following brief speech:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I meet you upon this occasion, and offer you my warmest thanks for the honor which has been conferred upon me by the presentation of the freedom of the city of London. The wealth and intelligence of this vast city have raised it to the highest eminence amongst the cities of the world; and it must therefore ever be esteemed a great distinction to be numbered amongst the members of your ancient corporation. I shall always remember with pride and satisfaction the day on which

I became your fellow-citizen; and it is especially gratifying to me, as marking your loyalty and affection to the Queen."

On the 11th of September Prince Albert was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and so anxious was he to discharge conscientiously every duty which might devolve upon him, that he set to work to master Hallam's Constitutional History with the Queen, and also began the study of English law.

One more event of national interest was to crown this happy year. It was observed that at the last Drawing-room of the season the Queen bore the marks of restlessness and fatigue. Interesting and elaborate preparations were being made at Buckingham Palace for a great and important event, and early in the morning of the 21st of November the Princess Royal was born. Court gossips say that Prince Albert was a little disappointed that his first-born was not a son. And they say more that might just as well be left unsaid. Whatever the Prince thought he was not the man to babble on such a theme. The Queen, speaking of the tenderness of her dear lord in those sacred days, says: "His care for me was like that of a mother, nor could there be a more judicious nurse."

That was a merry Christmas at Windsor Castle, that Christmas of 1840! What a year it had been! The Queen was calmly, serenely happy with her baby daughter by her side. Grandmamma Kent was in the seventh heaven of delight; the Prince would have a Christmas all in honor of the Royal Princess, who blinked and winked when the candles were lit, and then sailed peacefully off to the Land of Nod, and all

England with heart and voice said: "God bless the little stranger."

It was about this time, we believe, that the young Queen was first called on to exercise her power of life or death. The Duke of Wellington brought to Her Majesty a court-martial death-warrant for signature. At that time the sentence of death had to be confirmed by the sovereign's signature. "She shrank from the dreadful task," says Miss Greenwood, "and with tears in her eyes asked,

"'Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?'

"'Nothing; he has deserted three times.' replied the Iron Duke.

"'Oh, Your Grace, think again!'

"'Well, Your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life.'

"'Oh, thank you!' exclaimed the Queen, as she dashed off the word 'Pardoned' on the awful parchment, and wrote beneath it her beautiful signature."

To relieve their liege lady from this painful duty her Parliament at length arranged that death warrants should be signed by royal commission.

On the first anniversary of the wedding of the Queen and Prince Albert, February 10th, 1841, their first-born child was christened. The ceremony took place in the throne-room at Buckingham Palace. There was a new silver font for the occasion, elaborately carved with the royal arms. The little Princess was baptized with water brought from the river Jordan. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London and Norwich and the Dean of Carlisle. The sponsors were Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of

Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent. The King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha who was represented by the venerable Duke of Wellington. Queen Adelaide named the Royal Princess "Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa."

In the summer of this year a straw appeared upon the current of the royal career of the Prince which showed how strongly the undercurrents were running. Prince Albert was placed at the head of a Royal Commission for the Encouragement of Art. This may have been a mere formality at the first, but it was the open door to a thousand opportunities of usefulness of which the Prince was quick to avail himself, and clear sighted enough to thoroughly understand. He was not to be a figure head, any more than the Queen, but a real live working Prince.

As the year drew to its close Buckingham Palace was again astir with anxious preparations. On Lord Mayor's Day, November the 9th, 1841, the Queen gave birth to a son, the Prince of Wales. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Premier and all the great officers of state, together with the Duchess of Kent, arrived at the Castle before seven o'clock in the morning to welcome what proved to be the heir to the throne and crown of England. Guns were fired, bells were rung, and all the land was glad; and many a poor convict in prison or on the hulks had occasion to be glad of the birth of the Prince of Wales, for many of them were set free, and many others had long sentences commuted. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress and other officials of the city of London were received at Buckingham Palace and had a dish of caudle, and a sight of the new-born Prince.

When the royal infant was a month old the Queen issued a patent creating "our most dear son" Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

There was another glorious Christmas at Windsor Castle. The Queen seems overcome with gratitude. She says :

"Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (Princess Victoria) in such a smart white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good ; and as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God."

And then with mother's true wonder she writes to her uncle, King Leopold, she said : "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in mind and body." And in another letter she remarked : "We all have our trials and vexations ; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing."

Prince Albert, writing to his father, says : "This is the dear Christmas Eve on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step, which was to convey us into the gift-room. To-day I have two children of my own to make gifts to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles."

The christening of the Prince of Wales was the first great royal function of 1842. The imposing ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the

25th of January. The sponsors were: The King of Prussia, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, represented by the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, represented by the Duchess of Cumberland, the Princess Sophia, represented by the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and Prince Ferdinand of Coburg. The sponsors named him "Albert Edward" after his father and grandfather. At the conclusion of the ceremony the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the full choir, by request of Prince Albert, and the overture to Handel's "Esther" was performed.

We gain a very pleasant glimpse of the home life of the Queen in this year 1842 from the pen of Miss Liddell, afterwards Lady Bloomfield, one of the maids of honor to Her Majesty. "I arrived here at Windsor Castle," says Miss Liddell, "about five o'clock and was immediately shown up to my rooms, which are warm and comfortable; shortly after Matilda Paget, who arrived just before me, came to me and took me to Lady Lyttelton, the lady-in-waiting, who received me kindly. I remained some time in her room, and then, when I returned to my own, Baroness Lehzen came to me, bringing me my badge, which, as you know, is the Queen's picture surrounded with brilliants on a red bow. I am to be presented to Her Majesty in the corridor before dinner. I have a nice sitting-room with a pianoforte. I hear the duties are very easy, and that except at meals, or when the Queen sends for us, we may sit quietly in our rooms, which is just what I like. The castle is being prepared for the King of Prussia's visit, and is full of workpeople. . . . I went downstairs with Lady Lyttelton and Miss Paget,

and we waited, as is customary, in the corridor, near the door which lead to the Queen's apartments. When Her Majesty came, Lady Lyttelton presented me, and I kissed hands on my appointment as maid of honor. The Queen asked graciously after you and Minnie. We then went in to dinner, and after dinner Her Majesty talked to me for some time, asked me about my family, journey, &c., &c. The Duchess of Kent was also very kind, and desired to be remembered to you and my sisters. We were quite a small party, consisting merely of the household. In the evening the Queen and Prince Albert, and some of the others, played a round game, whilst, as I had asked Miss Paget to take the first waiting, I sat quietly working near Baroness Lehzen, who is very amiable to me. . . . The hours are very regular—breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dinner at eight. There is a room downstairs where we are allowed to receive our relations and friends, but they must not come upstairs. . . . Being maid of honor in waiting to-day, I had to place the bouquet beside Her Majesty when she sat down to dinner, and sat next the gentleman to the Queen's right. . . . I had to play at Nainjaune, or some such game, after dinner. I did not know it the least, but soon learnt. I made some mistakes at first, but luckily always to my own disadvantage, which delighted Prince Albert, who is charmed whenever any one fails to claim the forfeits or prizes. I suppose I may consider myself very lucky, as I got up having won exactly threepence. We are obliged to have a supply of new shillings, sixpences, fourpennies, and penny pieces."

From these enchanting scenes of domestic happi-

ness and peace we must turn our eyes to the shadows darkening in the palace. But in the meantime many events occurred which we have not the space to describe in detail—the Chartist Movement, the Corn Law Controversy, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the deaths of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, and other incidents, which more properly belong to a history of the nation itself.



## CHAPTER XV.

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### SHADOWS IN THE PALACE.

It would be difficult to find in all the long record of the years, any story of domestic happiness, more impressive and delightful than that which tells of the home life of Queen Victoria. It was an ideal example of the peace and blessedness that result from perfect confidence and love. On the 11th of February, 1861, the Queen and Prince Albert, kept, with "Sacred Music," as the day was Sunday, what the Prince called "the coming of age" of their marriage. It was the twenty-first anniversary of one of the most devoted and beautiful married lives the world has ever seen. The throne of England was centered in a blaze of magnificence and splendor, but beside all this, a calmer, serener light of domestic felicity engirdled it, making all about it sacred.

Writing to Baron Stockmar concerning this happy occasion Prince Albert says, out of the fullness of his heart: "To-morrow our marriage will be twenty-one years old. How many a storm has swept over it; and still it continues green and fresh, and throws out vigorous roots, from which I can with gratitude to God acknowledge that much good will yet be engendered for the world."

Concerning this Anniversary Sunday, the Queen said, writing to her uncle, King Leopold: "Very few can say with me that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship,

kindness and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the first days of our marriage."

But the sunniest sky may be overclouded, and darkness and storm will come to the happiest home, whether that home be a cottage or a palace. Shadows began to gather about the throne. The overflowing cup of gladness that had so long been pressed to the lips of the Queen was about to be changed to a cup full to the brim of exceeding sorrow.

The first great sorrow of the Queen's maturer days, but not the supreme one—came in the spring of this sadly memorable year, 1861. The condition of the Duchess of Kent had aroused the gravest anxiety. She was manifesting the most alarming symptoms of failing health. Her life had been a trying, anxious life, through all its many years. The Duchess was now in her seventy-sixth year. In the death of Sir George Couper, her attached and trusted Secretary, she lost a faithful friend and a judicious adviser, and there came upon her that sense of exceeding loneliness that often comes to the aged, as they miss from the narrowing circle of their days one after another of "the old familiar faces."

Prince Albert hoped for the best. He thought the Duchess would rally and that there might yet be many bright and happy days in store for her. "The poor mamma's health," he said, "has not been injured by the shock; she feels the loss deeply, and will feel it more as time goes on. She has had much to suffer of late, her right arm being greatly swollen and very painful, which puts a stop to her writing, working, or playing on the piano, and she cannot read much, or

bear to be read to long at a time. She is to come to us in town when we return there on Friday. She will not go back to Clarence House, and with the children about her she will have more to amuse her."

These fondly cherished hopes were doomed to disappointment. The physical strength of the Duchess steadily declined. The grasshopper became a burden—desire failed—and those that looked out of the windows grew shadowy and dark. She was advised to undergo a surgical operation for a complaint in the form of an abscess affecting her right arm. The operation was said to be successful, and for a time all seemed to go well; but on the 15th of March, while resting, as seemed, quite comfortably and happily in her armchair, the Duchess was seized with a shivering fit, from which she never wholly recovered.

The sad tidings were dispatched with all speed to Buckingham Palace, and within two hours the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Alice were at Frogmore. But these hours seemed like years to the sad visitors. The Duchess of Kent was very greatly respected by all who knew her. She was admired and honored everywhere, but in the immediate circle of her own family she was beloved and idolized. It was with a sad heart that Prince Albert went upstairs to see the Duchess, and when he returned with tears in his eyes, the Queen knew that the end was not far away. But she shall tell the story of her great sorrow in her own words.

"With a trembling heart, I went up the staircase and entered the bed-room; and here, on a sofa supported by cushions, the room much darkened, sat, leaning back, my beloved mother, breathing rather

heavily, in her silk dressing-gown, with her cap on, looking quite herself. One of those about her said, 'The end will be easy.' Oh, what agony—what despair was this! Seeing that our presence did not disturb her, I knelt down and kissed her dear hand, and placed it next my cheek; but though she opened her eyes, she did not I think, know me. She brushed my hand off; and the dreadful reality was before me, that for the first time she did not know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles. I went out to sob. I asked the doctors if there was no hope? They said they feared none whatever, for consciousness had left her. It was suffusion of water on the brain that had come on. As the night wore on into morning, I lay down on the sofa at the foot of my bed, where at least I could lie still. I heard each hour strike, the cocks crow, the dogs barking in the distance. Every sound seemed to strike into my inmost soul. At four I went down again. All still; nothing was to be heard but the heavy breathing, and the striking at every quarter of the old repeater,—a large watch in a tortoiseshell case which had belonged to my poor father,—the sound of which brought back all the recollections of my childhood; for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it for twenty-three years. I remained kneeling and standing by that beloved parent, whom it seemed too awful to see hopelessly leaving me. \* \* \* Then, at the last, Albert took me out of the room for a short time; but I could not remain. When I returned, the window was wide open, and both doors. I sat on a footstool, holding her dear hand. Meantime the face grew paler (though in truth her cheeks had the pretty

fresh color they always had to the last). The breathing became easier. I fell on my knees, holding the beloved hand that was still soft and warm, though heavier. I felt as if my heart would break. Convulsed with sobs, I fell upon the dear hand when all breathing ceased, and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up, and took me into the next room, himself entirely melted to tears, which is very unusual for him, deep as his feelings are. He clasped me in his arms. I asked if all was over. He said 'Yes.'

"O God!—how awful—how mysterious! But what a blessed end! Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over. But I—I, wretched child, who had lost the mother I so tenderly loved, from whom for these forty-one years I had never been parted, except for a few weeks! My childhood—everything—seemed to crowd upon me. I seemed to have lived through a life—to have become old."

The Crown Princess of Prussia, on hearing of the death of her beloved grandmother, hastened with all speed to England, to comfort the hearts of her father and mother, and to share in the general sorrow. Such filial thoughtfulness and love had power to heal and soothe the hearts that were broken with sorrow. Surely never was there a more devoted family than the family of the beloved Queen. For ten days the Princess Royal lingered amid these scenes of mourning.

The whole nation was bowed in grief because of the departure of the great lady, who for forty years had been so conspicuous a figure in the life of England. The formal mourning of the Court was but a

sign and symbol of the deep, sincere, mourning of the nation.

The Houses of Parliament paid their tribute of respect. Addresses of condolence were passed and forwarded to the Queen.

Mr. Disraeli seconded the address of condolence in the House of Commons. In closing his eloquent and pathetic oration, which Her Majesty very deeply appreciated, he said:

“In the history of our reigning house, none were ever placed as the widowed Princess and her royal child. Never before developed upon a delicate sex a more august or more awful responsibility. How these great duties were encountered—how fulfilled—may be read in the conscience of a grateful and loyal people. Therefore, the name of the Duchess of Kent will remain in our history from its interesting and benignant connection with an illustrious reign. For the great grief which has fallen upon the Queen there is only one source of human consolation—the recollection of unbroken devotedness to the being whom we have loved and whom we have lost. That tranquilizing and sustaining memory is the inheritance of our Sovereign. She who reigns over us has elected, amid all the splendor of Empire to establish her life on the principle of domestic love. It is this, it is the remembrance and consciousness of this, which now sincerely saddens the public spirit, and permits a nation to bear its heartfelt sympathy to the foot of a bereaved throne, and to whisper solace to a royal heart.”

Prince Albert was greatly concerned for the Queen. She was manifesting that too significant quietude of

sorrow that sometimes fathoms the depths of Divine despair. Her loss seemed to her infinite. There was no antidote for her sorrow, no answer to her heart's great cry, no matter how piteously she cried. It taxed her husband's anxiety to the uttermost to know what was best to be done. Writing to Baron Stockmar concerning the Queen, he said: "Her mind is greatly upset. She feels her whole childhood rush back once more upon her memory; and with these recollections comes the thought of many a sad hour. Her grief is extreme, and she feels acutely the loss of one whom she cherished and tended with affectionate and dutiful devotion. For the last two years her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort, and the influence of this upon her own character has been most valuable.' In body she is well, though terribly nervous, and the children are a disturbance to her. She remains almost entirely alone. You may conceive it was, and is, no easy task for me to comfort and support her, and to keep others at a distance, and yet at the same time not to throw away the opportunity which a time like the present affords of binding the family together in a closer bond of unity. With business I am well-nigh overwhelmed  
\* \* \*"

The remains of the deceased Duchess were interred in the vault beneath St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 25th of March. The pall was borne by six ladies. Prince Albert was chief mourner. Her Majesty and her daughters remained at home to weep and meditate and pray.

It may be recorded here that with generous and gracious consideration the Queen maintained the

financial state of those who had shared the bounty of the late Duchess. The allowances which the Duchess of Kent had made to her elder daughter, the Princess Hohenlohe, and to her two grandsons, Prince Victor Hohenlohe and Prince Edward of Leiningen, were continued by the Queen, who also pensioned all her mother's old servants, and took Lady Augusta Bruce, the devoted friend and attendant of her late mother, into her own household. Frogmore, that had been rich in so many happy associations, now became sacred as the shrine of sad and tender memories.

On the 5th of June Prince Albert opened the Royal Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington. Here he manifested signs of more than common weariness. In July the Court removed to Osborne. On the 21st of August, Prince Albert, the Princesses Alice and Helena, with their brother, Prince Alfred, sailed from Osborne in the royal yacht to Dublin, where they met with a most hearty welcome. On the 29th the Prince reviewed 10,000 men at Curragh Camp.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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### THE DARKNESS DEEPENS.

England little dreamed how sadly this saddest year of all was to end. And yet, there were forecasting shadows all pointing one sad way. The intimate friends of Prince Albert could not fail to observe that there was a lack of the old-time vigor in his general manner. The unwearied toiler was now often very weary.

That the life of Prince Albert was greatly enfeebled, if not actually shortened by persistent overwork, is generally admitted. Sir Theodore Martin says:

“Even during the few hours of recreation the brain could have had little rest from its preoccupations. The day was too short for the claims upon the Prince’s attention, and the frequent attacks of illness, even though slight, showed that his body was growing weaker, while every day increased the strain upon his mind. In every direction, his counsel and his help were sought. In the royal household, in the family circle, among his numerous kinsfolk at home and abroad, his judgment and guidance were being constantly appealed to. Every enterprize of national importance claimed his attention; and in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home and abroad, his accurate and varied knowledge, and great political sagacity, made him looked to as an authority by all our leading statesmen.”

Lady Bloomfield recalling the last time she saw Prince Albert, which was at Windsor in 1860, says :

“I sat next the Prince at dinner, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He said his great object through life had been to learn as much as possible, not with a view of doing much himself, because, he observed, any one branch of study or art required a life time, but simply for the sake of appreciating the work of others; for, he added, quite simply and without any self-consciousness or vanity, ‘No one knows the difficulties of a thing until he has tried to do it himself, and it was with this idea that I learnt oil-painting, water-color, etching, fresco-painting, chalk-drawing and lithography, and in music I studied the organ, pianoforte, violin, thorough bass and singing.’ What a noble view this was of the duties of his position! and how well it agreed with the modest, unselfish and studious character of that remarkable man.”

One day, talking with the Queen, Prince Albert said :

“I do not cling to life. You do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. \* \* \* I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give way at once. I should not struggle for life; I have no tenacity of life.” What did all this mean? His life was full to the brim with benedictions. No father, or husband, or friend was ever loved more tenderly or devotedly than he. The difficulties that had beset his earlier years had all vanished. He was respected by the Government, he was beloved by the country, and there was a circle of intimate friendships

where he was almost idolized. He was but in the prime of early manhood, and before him a thousand doors of usefulness stood wide open inviting him to tasks that were dear to his heart. And yet, he seems to grow "awearry o' the sun." He does not cling to life, and yet life seemed to be worth so much to such a man. England had great need of such a man. His family had need of him. He should have died hereafter. But it was not to be. Through the mists that encircled him he saw a beckoning hand, and unheard of others, he heard a voice calling him away, and when that voice became audible, he was ready to obey, lamps trimmed, lights burning. Death had no gloom for him, it was a kindly welcome guest.

But the Prince Consort was a busy man up to the very last. After the visit to Ireland in August of this year, the Court journeyed to Balmoral. The bracing air from lake and mountain for a time seemed to call back his strength and vigor. But the Queen, whose watchful eyes were quickened by the power of love, began to discern signs that gave her the greatest solicitude. During that stay at Balmoral an exceedingly pleasant excursion to Cairn Glaishie was arranged, and was very greatly enjoyed. But there was one troubled heart in the company. "Alas!" said the Queen, in quiet confidence to one of her attendants, "I fear it will be our last journey to Cairn Glaishie." An so, indeed, it proved to be.

Returning from Balmoral, the royal party made a brief stay at Edinburg, where the Prince Consort, ever interested in public progress, performed a double function which proved, sadly enough, to be among his last public services.

In the morning he laid the foundation stone of the new general postoffice, and in the afternoon he laid the foundation stone of the Industrial Museum of Scotland.

On the 19th of November, 1861, Prince Albert wrote a kindly letter to his beloved daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, which proved to be his last. Its closing words are beautiful with this paternal benediction :

“May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further, to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind.”

The dreary November, the month of “melancholy days,” moved on. Prince Albert became nervous by day and sleepless at night. Everything he did made him “tired and weak.” But he held bravely on. One day he drove in a pouring rain to the Military College at Sandhurst to inspect its new buildings.

A little later, he made a flying visit to Cambridge to look after the affairs of the Prince of Wales.

The last time he appeared in public was on the 28th of November, when he went out to see the Eton College Volunteers exercised, and had luncheon afterwards with them in the conservatory. He returned to Windsor Castle sick and weary and worn. “I am full of rheumatic pains,” he said, “and thoroughly unwell!” But the night brought him no rest.

An event of great national importance was irritating the public mind.

There was a threat of trouble with America. North and South were at war, and the Confederate States accredited Messrs. Mason and Slidell envoys to England and France—Mr. Mason to England, Mr. Slidell

to France. These gentlemen and their secretaries had run the blockade from Charleston to Cuba in the Confederate steamer Nashville, and had embarked in the English steamer Trent, about to return to England from the Havannah. The steamer was intercepted by the San Jacinto, a Federal ship of war, which fired a round shot across the bows of the Trent, and then a shell. Her captain had no alternative but to bring-to, and the American captain, Wilkes, came on board and demanded that the Southern envoys should be given up to him. The English mail agent, Commander Williams, and the Trent's captain would not have pointed them out, but Mr. Slidell ended the dispute by coming forward and telling Captain Wilkes that he and his friend stood before him. They were forcibly removed to the American ship, in spite of the protest of Commander Williams.

This insult to the British flag roused the greatest fury in England. Excitement was soon fanned to a blaze. "If we bear this, we may bear anything, and shall only be worthy of the name of cowards!" This was the dictum of the stump-orator. The national honor was wounded and "Redress or War!" became the angry cry.

Lord Palmerston wrote to the Queen to say that the Cabinet advised Her Majesty to demand reparation and redress.

But Lord Palmerston was not the wisest man of the day, as his friends had to admit, and which he very abundantly proved again and again.

The excitement in England was intense. The Prince rose from his sleepless bed at dawn on the

morning of November 28, to write a draft of a memorandum on the subject which he thought might be of use. These were the words he wrote, in pain and weakness; the last he ever penned:

“The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, he misapprehended them. That the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of its mail communications be put in jeopardy; and Her Majesty’s Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country; viz., the restoration of the unfortunate passengers, and a suitable apology.”

The wiser counsels of the Prince Consort prevailed. President Lincoln took the course that his clear wisdom discerned was the only course to take. An apology was offered and Slidell and Mason went free.

It is pleasant to remember that the last official act of the Prince Consort was an effort in the direction of one of the great dreams of his life—the Amity of

Nations. He would have girded the round world in the golden bands of love and peace. The old benediction of Galilee: "Blessed are the Peacemakers" rests like a halo around the memory of Prince Albert.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

But to return to the royal invalid, aweary of life. Another night of shivering sleeplessness led to a consultation between Dr. Jenner and Sir James Clark. The medical men did not seem even then to fear the fatal low fever. All the next day the Prince lay restless and listless.

The Queen and the Princess Alice tried to divert his mind by reading to him. But, as the Queen says: "No book suited him." "Silas Marner" and "The Warden" both failed. So the Queen said she would "try Sir Walter Scott to-morrow."

Then came ten weary days and ten sleepless nights. Restless and nervous, he was moved from bed to couch, and from room to room. But he neither rested nor slept. As the Queen bent over him in her loving watchful ministry, he would stroke her sorrowful face, and then in the simple language of childhood's days would gently whisper: "Liebes Fränchen,"—dear little wife!—and then, faintly smiling, would close his weary eyes.

Music and art had not quite lost all their charms. There was a beautiful Madonna, painted on porcelain, which the Prince had himself given to the Queen as a souvenir of some happy occasion. This was always a delight to him. And now, when the morning broke dull and gray, he turned his tired eyes to the Madonna, and said it helped him through the long, sad day; and



the low sweet voice of the gentle Princess Alice singing Luther's grand hymn :

"Ein' feste Burg is unser Gott"—had power to soothe and charm. But a light that never was on sea or shore was breaking gently over his spirit.

The last Sunday Prince Albert passed on earth was fraught with most sacred memories for the Princess Alice. He was very weak and ill, and his faithful daughter spent the afternoon with him while the others were at church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked the Princess Alice to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorales. After she had played some time, she looked around and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said :

"Were you asleep, dear papa?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "only I have such sweet thoughts."

During his illness his hands were often folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut, and when he did not speak, those who watched him with tender care knew that the thoughts of his heart were sweet and gracious, on to the very end.

Brave, patient, gentle Alice! She needs no diadem or coronet to signalize her greatness. She sits enthroned in the hearts of the English; beloved, honored, almost worshiped, because of her filial devotion to her dying father. How sacred and sad the memories of that December Sabbath afternoon. The dying

father and the gentle daughter all alone! He would have her sing those holy hymns and sacred chorales, that were associated with his earliest years and happiest experiences, but now they seemed to be echoes of a better land not very far away. And so the gentle Alice sang on, sweetly as the nightingale with the poignant thorn at her throat, and with an unfathomable sorrow at her heart. Her father lay silent, with clasped hands and musing with thoughts that were not of earth and time. Still the daughter sang on lips all tremulous with the emotion she scarce could restrain, sang till the twilight shadows gathered, and then escaping for a little space that she might sob out her sorrow where her father could not hear, she soon returned and hovered around him like the ministering angel she was.

And this was but the first pathetic service of a life that was to turn itself out all too soon in sacrificial ministries.

O rare and gracious Princess, worthy daughter of the worthiest of Queens! Along the pathway of a royal sainthood, crowned with the thorns of many sorrows, thou hast won for thyself an enduring name! Thy pale brows are girdled with a diadem of goodness, whose luster will never fade!

"The overwhelming calamity," as Lord Palmerston called the Prince's departure, drew near.

Princess Alice now summoned the Prince of Wales from Cambridge on her own responsibility. Next morning, however, Mr. Brown, of Windsor, the medical attendant of the royal family for twenty years, told the Queen that he thought the Prince much better, "and that there was ground to hope the crisis was

over." As Mr. Brown knew the Prince's constitution well, this news was felt to be very reassuring. Unfortunately, the apparent improvement proved only to be that brief recovery which frequently comes before the end. As the Queen entered the sick room on the morning of the 14th, she was more than ever struck by the unearthly beauty upon the patient's face. His eyes were dazzlingly bright, but they were fixed on vacancy, and did not notice her entrance.

"It was a bright morning," says the Queen, "the sun just rising, and shining brightly. Never can I forget how beautiful my darling looked, lying with his face lit up by the rising sun, his eyes, unusually bright, gazing, as it were, on unseen objects, and not taking any notice of me."

The medical men were now extremely anxious, and to the Queen's inquiry whether she might go out for a breath of air, responded: "Yes, just close by for a quarter of an hour." Going out upon one of the terraces with the Princess Alice, they heard a band playing in the distance, whereupon the Queen burst into tears and returned to the Castle.

Although Sir James Clark said he had seen a recovery in worse cases, the Queen gave way to despair as she saw the dusky hue stealing over her husband's face. Some hours passed without further change. In the afternoon, after the Prince had been wheeled into the middle of the room, the Queen went up to him and saw with dismay that his life was fast ebbing away.

Here is the last scene told from her memoranda:

"About half-past five I went back to his room and sat down by the side of his bed, which had been wheeled into the middle of his chamber. 'Gutes

Fräuchen,' he said, and kissed me; and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt he were leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. Then he seemed to doze and to wander. Sometimes he spoke French. Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise and Arthur came in one after the other and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it. But he was dozing, and did not perceive it. Then those of his household came in and kissed his hand, dreadfully overcome. Thank God I was able to command myself, and to remain perfectly calm and sitting by his side."

Late in the night the Queen retired a few moments into her own chamber, whence she was recalled by the Prince's breathing growing more difficult. Bending over him, she whispered "Es ist kleines Fräuchen." He bowed his head and kissed her.

The Castle clock struck a quarter to eleven on the evening of the 14th of December, 1861. The weary, restless sufferer grew calm and peaceful. Two or three long gentle breaths, and all was over. "That great soul," says his biographer, "had fled to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations, in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where the spirits of just men are made perfect."

Never was known anything like the amazement and grief of the people when the fatal news spread through the land. The following day was Sunday, and the sobs of the congregations testified to the thrill of pain and grief that went through them when the Prince's name was omitted, and they knew that he

needed no more their prayers. For the Queen the supplications of her people were heartfelt and fervent.

The sorrow of the Queen no words could paint. How great her loss was, time could only more and more reveal; and yet, at the very first, it was crushing. It is said that Her Majesty's tearless agony alarmed the doctors for her life; but that tears were at length won by bringing the little Princess Beatrice to her maternal arms; then the fountains of her grief were loosed, and reason and life were saved.

The physicians urged Her Majesty to quit the Castle as soon as possible, but for some time she could not be persuaded to leave the dear form lying in the calm and beautiful majesty of death. But the necessity of removing her children—the duty she owed to her people of preserving her life for them—were arguments not urged in vain. The Queen was led by her son the Prince of Wales from the Castle, and sought seclusion and the indulgence of her natural grief in Osborne.

The news of her father's death was telegraphed to the Princess Royal at Berlin.

The young Prince Leopold was at Cannes. He was in great grief over the death of his Governor, General Bowater, who had just died and was now lying in a chamber next to that of His Royal Highness. The message of the greater sorrow was directed to the dead General. When it was opened, it was found to contain these four sad words:

“Prince Albert is dead!”

The anguish of the young Prince knew no bounds. It seemed impossible that the awful message could be true.

“My mother! I must go to my mother!” he cried in sobs and tears. “My mother will bring him back again! Oh! I want my mother.”

“All diversities of social rank and feeling were united in one spontaneous manifestation of sympathy with the widowed Queen and the bereaved family; for the loss of the husband and father was instinctively felt to be as grievous to the most exalted rank as to the humblest. The highest family in the realm had lost, indeed, with scarce a warning or a presentiment of woe, the manly soul, the warm heart, the steady judgment, the fertile mind, the tender voice and the firm hand that for twenty-one years had led and guided and cheered them through the trials and dangers inseparable from theirs, as from every position. Through a period of many trials he had been the dearest friend and most devoted servant of his Sovereign; while it was known to her subjects that Her Majesty fully valued the blessing of the love and care of so good and so wise a husband and companion.”

The funeral of Prince Albert took place in St. George’s Chapel at Windsor on the 23rd of December. It was a stately, solemn company that gathered together that bleak, sad winter day. The Knights of the Garter were in their stalls, and representatives of the nobility and the higher clergy were grouped together. The members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ambassadors, the members of the Royal Household, and representatives of all foreign States related by blood or marriage to the late Prince, were present.

The chief mourner was the Prince of Wales, who was supported by his brother, Prince Arthur, who was a boy of eleven years of age.

There were also present the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince's brother; the Crown Prince of Prussia; the sons of the King of the Belgians, Prince Louis of Havre, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Gleichen, the Duc de Nemours, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

When the casket arrived, bouquets from Osborne were placed upon it. The bouquet of violets with a white camellia in the center, was from the Queen. At the head of the coffin stood the Prince of Wales with his brother and uncle. At the foot stood the Lord Chamberlain, while the other mourners were all grouped around. The solemn service for the dead was read by the Dean of Windsor. The sorrow of the Princes who mourned the best of fathers, and of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg who mourned the noblest of brothers, greatly affected the spectators. The Prince of Wales tried to speak a few comforting words to his brother Arthur, but his utterances were almost choked by his own grief.

As the body was committed to its resting place in the vault, says an eye-witness, a guard of honor of the Grenadier Guards, of which the Prince Consort had been colonel, presented arms, and minute-guns were fired at intervals by Horse Artillery in the Long Walk. The Thirty-ninth Psalm, Luther's Hymn, and two chorales were sung during the funeral service and while the coffin was uncovered and lowered in the grave. During the last moments the spectacle was very touching. The two Princes hid their faces and sobbed bitterly, and almost every other person present was overcome by his emotion. It was a solemn period when the coffin began slowly to sink into the

vault ; the half-stifled sobs of the mourners were audible from all parts of the choir. The silence could almost be felt as the coffin gradually descended and finally disappeared from view. The service being concluded, Garter King-at-Arms advanced to the head of the vault, and proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince. When he came to the prayer for Her Majesty, for the first time during her reign the word "happiness" was left out, and only the blessings of "life and honor" were besought for her. As the strains of the Dead March in Saul pealed forth, the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep vault. The Prince of Wales approached first, and stood for one brief moment with hands clasped, looking down ; then all his fortitude suddenly deserted him, and bursting into a flood of tears, he hid his face, and was led away by the Lord Chamberlain. Prince Arthur now seemed more composed than his elder brother ; it seemed as though his unrestrained grief had exhausted itself in tears and sobs. Heart-felt sorrow was depicted on the face of every mourner, as one by one they slowly left the side of the vault.

The death of the Prince Consort was a great shock to Princess Mary of Teck. To the Princess, her cousin "Albert" was always an esteemed friend, and, when the sudden blow of his death fell in 1861 she hastened at once to Windsor. She thus describes the first sad day :

At 8:30 I received the terrible tidings communicated by a telegram \* \* \* that poor, dear Albert had breathed his last shortly before 11 o'clock on the preceding night. The poor, unhappy Queen ! How will she ever bear it ? And those poor children,



to whom he was everything! God help them! \* \* \* Little did we dream last night, with all our fears, of the terrible scene that was just then passing at Windsor! and that he, who had been the ruling head, the life of that family and household, and the idol of our poor, beloved Queen, had gone to his long rest. \* \* \* Left for Windsor, \* \* \* where we arrived just before 3 o'clock. We walked up the hundred steps to the Castle, which, with all its blinds drawn down, looked dreary and dismal, indeed. \* \* \* We came upon poor Alice, Helena, Louise and Arthur, who all broke down at sight of me, though they strove to regain composure, and to remain as calm as possible for their widowed mother's sake. Alice hurried me to the poor Queen's door, in the hope she would see me, but came out again with the message, "She had not the heart to see me that day." \* \* \* Wales \* \* \* took me later to see poor, dear Albert. He lay on a small bed in the blue room (a wreath of white flowers at the head, and single ones laid on his breast, and scattered on the white coverlid). With a bursting heart I gazed on those handsome features, more beautiful far than in life, on which death had set so soft a seal that it seemed almost as if he were sleeping, and looked my tearful last on them! The eyelids were scarcely closed, and there was a smile on the lips, which, I like to think, told (as I fondly hoped and prayed it might) of happiness beyond the grave.

It is one of the necessities of royal position, says Justin McCarthy, that marriage should be seldom the union of hearts. The choice is limited by considerations, which do not affect people in private life. The

convenience of states has to be taken into account; the possible likings and dislikings of people whom perhaps the bride and bridegroom have never seen, and are never destined to see. A marriage among princes is, in nine cases out of ten, a marriage of convenience only. Seldom, indeed, is it made, as that of the Queen was, wholly out of love. Seldom is it even in love-matches when the instincts of love are not deceived and the affection grows stronger with the days. Every one knew that this had been the strange good fortune of the Queen of England. There was something poetic, romantic in the sympathy with which so many faithful and loving hearts turned to her in her hour of unspeakable distress.

The Prince Consort was little more than forty-two years of age when he died. He had always seemed to be in good, although not perhaps robust health, and he had led a singularly temperate life. No one in the Kingdom seemed less likely to be prematurely cut off; and his death came on the whole country with the shock of an utter surprise. The regret was universal; and the deepest regret was for the wife he had loved so dearly, and whom he was condemned so soon to leave behind. Every testimony has spoken to the singularly tender and sweet affection of the loving home the Queen and Prince had made for themselves. A domestic happiness rare even among the obscurest was given to them.

The press through the length and breadth of the land "made haste" to express its deep sorrow for the widowed Queen, and its unfeigned appreciation of the high character of the Prince who had just passed away.

The Times newspaper, the chief journal of the nation, was always independent and fearless, and it should be added generally just in its treatment of public characters, had never failed to appreciate the high-toned, manly sincerity of Prince Albert. The editor and the Prince had not always been in perfect accord, but there had always been perfect agreement as to mutual respect, and in those great movements—in which Prince Albert had delighted—for the advancement of the nation and the universal well-being of its people, he had found that great journal a judicious adviser and a faithful ally.

“I saw the poor Queen,” says Lady Bloomfield, “on the Monday following the terrible event, and I cannot describe to you the misery of that meeting. I felt myself in the presence of a sorrow too sacred for words, and with the deepest, tenderest sympathy could in nowise alleviate. Her voice in its touching plaintiveness wrung my heart, and her voice and manner quite overcame me. I saw that her life had passed away with his, and that henceforth she would drag on a weary existence alone. \* \* \* Helena wrote me word yesterday that she sleeps well now, which is a great blessing, as also that she takes exercise; but I hear that she is grown thin and pale. Poor thing! She says that her life henceforth will be one of labor; that she will toil on, for her happiness in this life is all gone. I have had a heartrending letter of eight pages from her.”

Speaking of the happy influence the Prince Consort exerted on the best interests of the nation, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli said:

“I think posterity will acknowledge that he height-

ened the intellectual and moral standard of this country, that he extended and expanded the sympathies of all classes, and that he most beneficially adapted the productive powers of England to the inexhaustible resources of science and art. \* \* \* He was not one of those, who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress were far more powerful and far more precious. He gave to it his time, his thought, his toil. He gave to it his life."

In the month of April, 1862, Mr. Gladstone was invited to open a new Mechanics' Institute, in the City of Manchester. The Right Hon. Gentleman took the opportunity thus afforded of paying a high tribute to the life and character of the late Prince Consort. We quote a part of that address :

"His comprehensive gaze ranged to and fro between the base and the summit of society, and examined the interior forces by which it is kept at once in balance and in motion. In his well-ordered life there seemed to be room for all things—for every manly exercise, for the study and practice of art, for the exacting cares of a splendid court, for minute attention to every domestic and paternal duty, for advice and aid toward the discharge of public business in its innumerable forms, and for meeting the voluntary calls for an active philanthropy; one day in considering the best form for the dwellings of the people; another day in bringing his just and gentle influence to bear on the relations of master and domestic servant; another in suggesting and supplying the means of culture for the most numerous classes; another in some good work of almsgiving or religion.



DUKE SAXE-COBURG.

PRINCE OF WALES.

DUKE OF YORK.



PRINCESS ROYAL.  
[Afterward Empress of Germany.]

Nor was it a merely external activity which he displayed. His mind, it is evident, was too deeply earnest to be satisfied in anything, smaller or greater, with resting on the surface. With a strong grasp on practical life in all its forms, he united a habit of thought eminently philosophic, ever referring facts to their causes, and pursuing action to its consequences. Gone though he be from among us, he, like other worthies of mankind who have preceded him, is not altogether gone; for, in the words of the poet—

Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb.  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

“So he has left all men, in all classes, many a useful lesson, to be learned from the record of his life and character.

“Perhaps no sharper stroke ever cut human lives asunder than that which parted, so far as this world of sense is concerned, the lives of the Queen of England and of her chosen Consort. It had been obvious to us all, though necessarily in different degrees, that they were blessed with the possession of the secret of reconciling the discharge of incessant and wearing public duty with the cultivation of the inner and domestic life. The attachment that binds together wife and husband was known to be, in their case, and to have been from the first, of an unusual force. Through more than twenty years, which flowed past like one long unclouded summer day, that attachment was cherished, exercised and strengthened, by all the forms of family interest, by all the associated pursuits

of highly cultivated minds, by all the cares and responsibilities which surround the throne, and which the Prince was called, in his own sphere, both to alleviate and to share. On the one side, such love is rare, even in the annals of the love of woman; on the other, such service can hardly find a parallel, for it is hard to know how a husband could render it to a wife, unless that wife were also Queen."

"Over the tomb of such a man many tears might fall, but not one could be a tear of bitterness. These examples of rare intelligence, yet more rarely cultivated, with their great duties greatly done, are not lights kindled for a moment, in order then to be quenched in the blackness of darkness. While they pass elsewhere to attain their consummation, they live on here in their good deeds, and their venerated memories in their fruitful example. As even a fine figure may be eclipsed by a gorgeous costume, so during life the splendid accompaniments of a Prince Consort's position may for the common eye throw the qualities of his mind and character, his true humanity, into the shade. These hindrances to effectual perception are now removed; and we can see, like the forms of a Greek statue, severely pure in their bath of southern light, all his extraordinary gifts and virtues; his manly force tempered with gentleness, playfulness and love; his intense devotion to duty; his pursuit of the practical, with an unfailing thought of the ideal; his combined allegiance to beauty and to truth; the elevation of his aims, with his painstaking care and thrift of time, and methodizing of life, so as to waste no particle of his appliances and powers. His exact place in the hierarchy of bygone excellence it is not



for us to determine; but none can doubt that it is a privilege which, in the revolution of years, but rarely returns, to find such graces and such gifts of mind, heart, character and person, united in one and the same individual, and set so steadily and firmly upon a pedestal of such giddy height, for the instruction and admiration of mankind."

Sir Robert Peel regarded Prince Albert as one of the most extraordinary young men he had ever met.

Her Majesty thus graciously refers to Dr. Norman Macleod's tribute to the late Prince Consort:

"I have had the privilege of reading the beautiful address delivered on the last sad anniversary of our loss, by Dr. Macleod, to three of the Prince's children—the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Louis of Hesse and Prince Alfred. How must their hearts have burned within them while they listened to the following glowing summary of their great father's character:

"\* \* \* Yet in trying circumstances which constantly demanded from him a positive opinion, advice, decision and action, on affairs of state and matters of world interest—in addition to those duties, themselves extremely onerous, belonging to his domestic and social life, the Prince not only came out of every ordeal unscathed, but triumphant and nobler than before. Who ever heard one whisper breathed against his moral character? What false step in politics did he ever take? What wrong advice on any subject did he ever tender? What movement, great or small, did he originate which was not beneficial to the State and worthy of our honor and our greatness? What enemies did he ever make, unless possibly among

such persons as have no sympathy with goodness, truth or justice in any man? So completely did he become identified with all that was worth loving in the nation; so intuitively did he discern its wants, and those points on which, while preserving all that was good, true progress toward something better was possible, and therefore desirable—that all classes, all interests, claimed him as their leader. Commerce, agriculture, science, arts, the cottage and the camp, the great men in the nation, as well as the domestic servant and the ragged child, recognized in him their wisest guide and truest friend. For the attainment of whatever could benefit them, ‘the Prince of all the land led them on.’

“\* \* \* Few men who have ever lived, no prince certainly of whom we read, could have possessed a mind so many-sided with such corresponding political and social influence. He was, indeed, the type of a new era—an era of power; but not of that kind of power represented by the armor of his noble ancestors, the power of mere physical strength, courage, or endurance, displayed at the head of armies or of fleets, but the moral power of character, the power of intellectual culture, of extensive knowledge, of earnest thought; the power of the sagacious statesman, of the single-minded good man; that power which discerns, interprets, and guides the wants and the spirit of the age—the power, in short, of highest wisdom directed by genuine benevolence to higher objects.

“ \* \* \* His real strength lay most of all in his character, or in that which resulted from will and deliberate choice, springing out of a nature singularly pure, by God’s grace, from childhood.

“ \* \* \* It is only now, when he is gone, that all who knew him are made to feel how much they unconsciously depended upon him! like a staff on which the weak have been so long accustomed to lean, that they know not how essential it was to their support until it be removed, and when with a sigh they withdraw the hand from the place, now empty, where it was wont to be!

“It is this feature in the Prince’s character,” Dr. Macleod adds, “which ought to make every one sympathize to the very utmost with Her Majesty, who, of all persons on earth, had the best means of knowing it, and the best means of proving it in a thousand ways in every-day life, and who had the best grounds, therefore, for appreciating its constancy, its tenderness, its unfailing strength.” And well may the eloquent preacher appeal to “every true English heart or conscience” to acknowledge the demand which “now arises in mute eloquence from the throne for the sympathy, the prayers, the loyal self-sacrificing aid of every member of her house, and of every citizen of our Christian nation, on her behalf whom God, in His Providence, has been pleased to spare, and in mercy to continue to us, as our beloved Sovereign.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### THE WIDOWED QUEEN.

If the Queen in her days of happiness and prosperity was dear to the heart of her people, she became a thousand times more so when the shadow of death had fallen upon her home and taken away mother and husband and left her at forty years desolate,—a widow at forty! with nine fatherless children to care for, and the interests of her growing Empire on her hands. Jean Ingelow, one of the sweetest poets of Her Majesty's reign, has drawn a picture of the desolation of widowhood which fitly sets forth the heart-breaking sorrows that must form henceforth an inseparable element in Victoria's lonely life.

“I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan,  
Before I am well awake;  
'Let me bleed! O let me alone,  
Since I must not break.'

For children wake, though fathers sleep  
With a stone at foot and at head:  
O sleepless God, forever keep—  
Keep both living and dead!”

I lift mine eyes, and what to see  
But a world happy and fair!  
I have not wished it to mourn with me—  
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,  
And a waste of reedy rills!  
O what afar but the fine glooms  
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—  
How bitter it is to part!  
O to meet thee, my love, once more!  
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!  
O that an echo might wake  
And waft one note of thy psalm to me  
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,  
And with angel voices blent;  
O once to feel thy spirit anear;  
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,  
While an entering angel trod,  
But once—thee sitting to behold  
On the hills of God!

Her Majesty spent the first three months of her widowhood in absolute retirement at Osborne, where she was greatly comforted by her beloved half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, who had hastened from Germany to her side. The Princess told Dean Stanley that the Queen found "her only comfort in the belief that her husband's spirit was close beside her—for he had promised her that it should be so;" and she further related that the Queen would go each morning to visit the cows on the Prince's model farm, because he used to do it, and she fancied the gentle creatures would miss him. King Leopold of Belgium, ever Her Majesty's support and counsellor, as he had been that of her widowed mother, was also at Osborne at this time; but even with near and trusted relations certain reserve and etiquette had to be observed by the Queen, and one can understand the bitterness of her cry, "There is no one left to call me 'Victoria' now."

Mother and husband had both been taken within a year, and the old royal family, those elderly aunts and uncles who had been about her in her youth, were passing one by one into the silent land.

But in the midst of her deep and poignant grief the heart of the Queen beat quick and tenderly for the sorrows of others. Just at this time an appalling accident occurred at a colliery at Hartford, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. By the breaking of an immense iron beam two hundred and fifty men were buried in the mine. All efforts to save them were vain. In one sad hour, the men of three hamlets were all swept into eternity; and the women and children were left to weep and wail for those who would never come back to their lowly homes again.

The Queen was much touched by the relation of this disaster. She sent the following message to the widows and children thus left desolate:—

“Her Majesty’s tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and her own misery only makes her feel the more for them. Her Majesty hopes that everything will be done as far as possible to alleviate their distress; and Her Majesty will have sad satisfaction in assisting in such a measure.”

A subscription was set on foot headed by the Queen for the relief of these bereaved families which resulted in a fund amounting to \$450,000.

In reading the letters and memoirs of courtiers of this period, it is evident that they felt that the Queen had well-nigh received her death-blow; all speak of her calm, pathetic sorrow being heart-breaking to witness. Amongst others, Lord Shaftesbury writes at this time: “The desolation of the Queen’s heart and

life, the death-blow to her happiness on earth! God in His mercy sustain and comfort! The disruption of domestic existence, unprecedented in royal history, the painful withdrawal of a prop, the removal of a counsellor, a friend in all public and private affairs, the sorrows she has, the troubles that await her—all rend my heart as though the suffering were my own.”

Victoria was a broken-hearted woman, and all the more desolate it would seem because she was a Queen. It was almost impossible for her to find a secret place for sorrow. She was too much in the public eye, too much in the public thought to know the sacred solace of being alone with her grief. There is a silence that helps the storm-tossed soul more than all speech; there are secret places and peaceful retreats, where, in quietude and confidence, the troubled soul may gather strength; but these healing silences, and these calm retreats were not for the Queen. It was not only her Court that was in mourning, but the nation was in tears. The sighs and moans of her sympathetic people ebbed and flowed in rhythmic sadness forever in her ears.

The Countess Blucher, who spent a little time at Windsor Castle shortly after the death of the Prince Consort, said that though Her Majesty was a touching illustration of the spirit of uncomplaining resignation, even declaring that “the blow had come from God;” still the blow was none the less crushing; the eclipse was not a partial but a total eclipse, absorbing in its awful darkness all joy and peace and hope. In these sad days, Her Majesty had a photograph taken of her children and herself surrounding a bust of the late Prince Consort, under which she wrote these brief,

pregnant, pathetic words: "Day is turned into night." The Queen was proving what tens of thousands are proving every day, in the palaces of the great, and the cottages of the poor, that

Not all the preaching since Adam  
Can make death other than death.

In 1862, Her Majesty wisely engaged in a literary task that was at once congenial and helpful. She had found great solace and comfort in her days of anguish by the perusal of Zschokke's famous German work: "Stunden der Andacht"—Hours of Devotion. From these pages the Queen compiled a souvenir for the sorrowful, composed of a series of hopeful, inspiring passages, on death and immortality, and kindred themes. The little volume was only designed for private circulation among members of her family and private friends. In the preface the Queen speaks very modestly of this charming little book of sacred meditations as having been compiled by "one to whom in deep and overwhelming sorrow they have proved a source of comfort and edification." Many of these selections were specially dear to Her Majesty, from the fact that they had been favorites with Prince Albert for many years. So the hours of the Queen's sorrow brought forth good fruit, and these leaves, from "Stunden der Andacht" proved to be "leaves for the healings" of many a bereaved and troubled soul.

In February, 1862, the Prince of Wales started on a tour through Palestine and Egypt, accompanied by Dr. A. P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. The journey was most delightful and instructive. The Prince returned on the 14th of June, in time to be



present at the wedding of his sister, the Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt.

About this time George Peabody, the American millionaire and philanthropist, gave the handsome sum of \$500,000 to the poor of London, placing it in the hands of trustees for them. From it the model lodging-houses have been built. The Queen, who felt the obligation for her people, wished to have made the munificent donor a baronet, but as a Republican he could not accept the honor, therefore Her Majesty wrote her thanks in an autograph, accompanied by a portrait of herself. The generous American added to his former gift the munificent sum of \$2,000,000. Visitors to London should make a point of getting a glimpse of Peabody's model lodging-houses.

In August the widowed Queen paid a visit to her beloved Balmoral. Always a sacred place to her, Balmoral was to be henceforth both sad and sacred, linked as it was with the tenderest memories of the beloved dead. The Queen writes thus :

“Balmoral, Thursday, August 21, 1862.

“At eleven o'clock started off in the little pony-chair (drawn by the Corriemulzie pony, and led by Brown), Bertie, who had come over from Birkhall, on foot, the two girls on ponies, and the two little boys, who joined us later, for Craig Lowrigan ; and I actually drove in the little carriage to the very top, turning off from the path and following the track where the carts had gone. Grant and Duncan pushed the carriage behind. Sweet Baby (Beatrice) we found at the top. The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy ! all dead !

“And here at the top is the foundation of the cairn—forty feet wide—to be erected to my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones on it; and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all round it. I felt very shaky and nervous.

“It is to be thirty-five feet high, and the following inscription to be placed on it :

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY  
OF  
ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD PRINCE CONSORT,  
RAISED BY HIS BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW  
VICTORIA R.  
August 21, 1862.

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“He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time;  
For his soul pleased the Lord,  
Therefore hastened He to take him  
Away from among the wicked.”

Wisdom of Solomon, iv.; 13, 14.

“Walked down to where the rough road is, and this first short attempt at walking in the heather shook me and tired me much.”

During this visit Her Majesty sought the strong sympathy and wise counsel of her devoted chaplain, Dr. Norman Macleod. The Doctor, describing the interview, says :

“After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen. She was alone. She met me, and with an

unutterably sad expression, which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies, his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty; but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him; and that God would not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him, the love of the nation and their sympathy, and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer."

After a little time Dr. McLeod received a touching letter from his bereaved Sovereign, thanking him for his kind, wise, sympathy.

A few days afterwards the Queen, with two of her daughters and the Prince of Wales, started out on foot, accompanied by the faithful Grant, to visit Craig-Lowen, the old cairn of 1852, associated intimately with the memory of the late Prince. Grant said: "I thought you would like to have to-day, on his birthday!" The Queen adds: "So entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day, the 26th of August, and even the 14th of December must not be looked upon as days of mourning. 'That's not the light to look at it,' said Grant. There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people."

## CHAPTER XIX.

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### BUSY IN THE MIDST OF SORROW.

The interest of the country now becomes centered chiefly on the Prince of Wales, who has already won great popularity with the English people. His Royal Highness came of age on Sunday, the 9th of November, 1863. There were great demonstrations of loyal delight both in London and the provinces.

The question of his marriage had greatly interested Prince Albert, who was much in favor of his alliance with the Princess Alexandria of Denmark. That gracious lady paid a brief visit to the Queen at Osborne and then returned to Denmark. The Queen had first seen the Princess while on a brief visit to King Leopold at Laeken. It has always been understood that from the very first, the Queen was greatly attached to the wife of the Heir-Apparent, and that in later years she has come to idolize her, for her wifely, motherly, womanly qualities. During this brief visit to Germany, Her Majesty was joined at Thuringia by the Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Louis of Hesse and the Princess Alice and Prince Alfred.

On the 4th of November, the Queen gave her consent to the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

On the 18th of December the last sad office of the year was performed. The remains of the lamented

Prince Consort were removed from the vault under St. George's Chapel to the mausoleum at Frogmore.

This sacred resting-place of the beloved Prince is massive and stately. The exterior is of Aberdeen granite, the interior is gracefully decorated with marbles and colored stones, relieved with statuary; beneath the dome the sarcophagus of the Prince is placed, upon which rests a recumbent figure of the deceased wrought by Baron Marochetti. The Prince of Wales and his brothers and Prince Louis of Hesse followed the remains to the final resting-place. There was a brief service, and then a number of wreaths of flowers, woven by the hands of the sorrowing Princesses, were arranged "to rest over the breast of the fondest and noblest of fathers."

As the year came to a close the Duchess of Sutherland presented to the Queen on behalf of countless "loyal English widows" a sumptuously bound copy of the Bible. Her Majesty was greatly touched by this token of sympathy and love from the sad-hearted company of widows, and wrote in reply:

"My dearest Duchess,—I am deeply touched by the gift of a Bible 'from many widows,' and by the very kind and affectionate address which accompanied it.

\* \* \* Pray express to all these kind sister-widows the deep and heartfelt gratitude of their widowed Queen, who can never feel grateful enough for the universal sympathy she has received, and continues to receive, from her loyal and devoted subjects."

The great event of this year, 1863, was the marriage of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, in the month of February, took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords. The Princess Alexandra landed at

Gravesend on the 7th of March, and never in her history of a thousand years has England given such a welcome as was given to this "Sea-King's daughter from over the sea," the marriage of which an account will be given further on, was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with great pomp, on the 10th of March. The Princes of the blood, the Knights of the Garter were present in their gorgeous robes, the Queen viewed the ceremony from the royal closet of the chapel.

In May, of 1863, the Queen went to Balmoral and visited the Prince's cairn for the first time after its completion. "I went out," says the Queen, "in a little carriage,—Donald Stewart leading the pony, as John Brown was unwell—with Lenchen and Dr. Robertson, and drove up to the cairn on the top of Craig Lowrigan, which is a fine, sharp pyramid, admirably constructed out of granite, without any mortar. The inscription is very well engraved and placed. There is a good path made to the top of the hill.

The Princess Alice spent Easter at Windsor Castle with her mother. On Easter Sunday her first girl was born, who was christened Victoria.

The first proposal of the Queen to appear anywhere in public was that she should visit Netley Hospital—Her Majesty was then at Osborne. The wish was eagerly assented to; her daughters rejoiced that she had made it. She was accompanied by the Princess Alice. The galleries of the hospital are a quarter of a mile long, and the medical authorities there thought that after the Queen had visited one she might save herself from the fatigue of walking through the others, but she replied simply, as if it were an unanswer-



PRINCESS BEATRICE.



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



able reason for going, "The poor men would be disappointed if I did not go to see them."

She spoke kindly to the men. One old man who had served in India, and who knew that he was dying, said to her, "I thank God that He has let me live to see Your Majesty with my own eyes." The Queen and Princess were both affected.

In October of this year a large party of the Queen's children assembled with their royal mother at Balmoral. An excursion was arranged, consisting of the Queen, the Princesses Alice and Helena, and the attendants, Smith and Brown, and a little black serving boy. The Queen says, she started for Clova "with a heavy heart." We quote what followed from the Queen's Journal:

"Wednesday, October 7, 1863.

"A hazy morning. I decided by Alice's advice, with a heavy heart, to make the attempt to go to Clova. At half-past twelve drove with Alice and Lenchen to Altnagiuthasach, where we lunched, having warmed some broth and boiled some potatoes, and then rode up and over the Capel Month in frequent slight snow-showers. All the high hills white with snow, and the view of the green Clova hills covered with snow at the tops, with gleams of sunshine between the showers, was very fine, but it took us a long time, and I was very tired towards the end, and felt very sad and lonely. Loch Muich looked beautiful in the setting sun as we came down, and reminded me of many former happy days I spent there. We stopped to take tea at Altnagiuthasach. Grant was not with us, having gone with Vicky. We started at about twenty minutes to seven from Altnagiuthasach, Brown on the box next

Smith, who was driving, little Willem (Alice's black serving boy) behind. It was quite dark when we left, but all the lamps were lit as usual; from the first, however, Smith seemed to be quite confused (and indeed has been much altered of late), and got off the road several times, once in a very dangerous place, when Alice called out and Brown got off the box to show him the way. After that, however, though going very slowly, we seemed to be all right, but Alice was not at all reassured, and thought Brown's holding up the lantern all the time on the box indicated that Smith could not see where he was going, though the road was as broad and plain as possible. Suddenly, about two miles from Altnagiuthasach, and about twenty minutes after we had started, the carriage began to turn up on one side; we called out: 'What's the matter?' There was an awful pause, during which Alice said: 'We are upsetting.' In another moment—during which I had time to reflect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side, and we were all precipitated to the ground! I came down very hard, with my face upon the ground, near the carriage, the horses both on the ground, and Brown calling out in despair, 'The Lord Almighty have mercy on us! Who did ever see the like of this before! I thought you were all killed.' Alice was soon helped up by means of tearing all her clothes to disentangle her; but Lenchen, who had also got caught in her dress, called out very piteously, which frightened me a good deal; but she was also got out with Brown's assistance, and neither she nor Alice was at all hurt. I reassured

them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune. Smith, utterly confused and bewildered, at length came up to ask if I was hurt. Meantime the horses were lying on the ground as if dead, and it was absolutely necessary to get them up again. Alice, whose calmness and coolness were admirable, held one of the lamps while Brown cut the traces, to the horror of Smith, and the horses were speedily released and got up unhurt. There was now no means of getting home except by sending back Smith with the two horses to get another carriage."

A week after this narrow escape the Queen unveiled the statue of Prince Albert at Aberdeen. This was the first of a series of public testimonials to the worth of the departed Prince, and the Queen has given most interesting details of the trying occasion.

"Thursday, October 13, 1863.

"I was terribly nervous. Longed not to have to go through this fearful ordeal. Prayed for help, and got up earlier.

"A bad morning. The three younger children (except Baby), William of Hesse, and the ladies and gentlemen all gone on. I started sad and lonely, and so strange without my darling, with dear Alice, Lenchen, and Louis. We could not have the carriage open. At Aboyne we met Vicky and Fritz, and both the couples went with me in the railway; the Princes in Highland dress. I felt bewildered. It poured with rain, unfortunately. To describe the day's proceedings would be too painful and difficult; but I annex the account. Vicky and Alice were with me, and the long, sad, and terrible procession through the crowded streets of

Aberdeen, where all were kindly, but all were silent, was mournful, and as unlike former blessed times as could be conceived. Unfortunately it continued pouring. The spot where the statue is placed is rather small, and on one side close to the bridge, but Marochetti chose it himself."

The programme of that memorable day ran somewhat as follows:

The procession formed in the following order:

His Grace the Duke of Richmond, the Convener and Sheriff of the County, and the Committee of Subscribers to the Memorial.

The Lord Provost,

and Magistrates, and Town Council.

The Suite in Attendance on Her Majesty and Royal Family.

Lady Augusta Bruce (in attendance on the Queen).

Countess Hohenthal (in attendance on Crown-Princess).

Baroness Schenck (in attendance on Princess Louis of Hesse).

Sir George Grey.

The Princes Alfred, Arthur, and Leopold.

Lady Churchill (Lady-in-Waiting).

The Princess Helena.

The Princess Louise.

The Crown-Prince of Prussia.

The Prince Louis of Hesse.

The Princess Louis of Hesse.

The Crown-Princess of Prussia.

THE QUEEN.

Cavalry Escort.

The procession wound its way along the densely packed streets amid the deepest silence of the assemblage, everybody seeming to be animated by a desire to abstain from any popular demonstrations that might be distasteful to Her Majesty. On reaching the

Northern Club buildings, Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and Princesses, Sir Charles Phipps, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Major-General Hood, Dr. Jenner, General Grey, and the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, passed from their carriages into the lobby, and thence into the billiard room—a handsome, lofty room, which forms a half oval at the end towards Union Terrace. The Lord Provost then presented an address to Her Majesty.

After the Queen's reply had been handed to the Lord Provost, Sir George Grey commanded his Lordship to kneel, when Her Majesty, taking a sword from Sir George, touched the Provost on each shoulder and said—"Rise, Sir Alexander Anderson." This ceremony concluded, the Queen and the whole of the royal party then proceeded to the platform, Her Majesty's appearance on which was the signal for the multitude gathered outside to uncover their heads. Her Majesty, who appeared to be deeply melancholy and much depressed, though calm and collected, advanced to the front of the platform, while the Princes, who were all dressed in Royal Stewart tartan, and the Princesses, who wore blue silk dresses, white bonnets, and dark grey cloaks, took up a position immediately behind her. The proceedings were opened with a prayer by Principal Campbell, who spoke for about ten minutes, the assemblage standing uncovered in the rain, which was falling heavily at the time. During the time the learned Principal was engaged in prayer, Her Majesty more than once betrayed manifest and well-justified signs of impatience at the length of the oration. At the conclusion of the prayer, a signal was given, the bunting which had concealed the statue was

hoisted to the top of a flagstaff, and the ceremony was complete.

Her Majesty, having scanned the statue narrowly, bowed to the assemblage and retired from the platform, followed by the royal party.

On the 8th of January, 1864, the Prince of Wales' first son was born and was christened on March 10th. The Queen was present at that ceremony and gave her godson the name of Albert Victor Christian Edward.

On the second anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, the 14th December, 1863, the Queen, attended by all the members of the Royal Family, visited the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore, where a devotional service was held. This sacred sepulchre of the dead Prince, it is said, cost \$1,000,000, which the Queen defrayed from her privy purse.

On the 1st of January, 1865, the Queen was greatly distressed by the frequency of serious railway accidents that were imperiling travel on every line of railroad. Her Majesty caused a letter to be directed to the chief managers of the various lines, in which she said: "It is not for her own safety that the Queen has wished to provide in thus calling the attention of the company to the late disasters; Her Majesty is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken, but it is on account of her family; and those traveling upon her service, and of the people generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be insured for all, as is so carefully provided for herself. The Queen hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall the recollection of the Railway Directors to the heavy responsibility which they have assumed

since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of traveling of almost the entire population of the country.

The Queen continued much in seclusion. Time, the great healer, was working slowly. The loss she had suffered was too great to be even other than a great and all-compassing desolation. The Royal children were her chief comfort, and they were ministering angels, indeed!

On that mournful April morning when all the world was startled by the terrible news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the Queen, ever quick to sympathize with the sorrowing, without an hour's delay sent an autograph letter of the tenderest condolence to the widow of the martyred President. Both Houses of Parliament presented addresses to the Crown, to which she returned the following reply:—

“I entirely participate in the sentiments you have expressed in your address to me on the subject of the assassination of the President of the United States, and I have given direction to my minister at Washington to make known to the Government of that country the feelings which you entertain, in common with myself and my whole people, with regard to this deplorable event.”

On the 2d of June the second son of the Prince of Wales was born at Frogmore. He became the Duke of York. In the early summer the Queen, the Prince Leopold, the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, went to Germany, and after staying nearly a month went to Rosenau, the birthplace of Prince Albert, and there the Queen unveiled a statue erected to

his memory. In October the Queen was the guest of the Duchess of Athole.

Death once more invaded the sacred circle of the Queen's most intimate friends. Her beloved and trusted Uncle Leopold, the faithful friend of all her years, died at Laeken on the 9th of December, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was as highly esteemed as he was widely known. He had won for himself the enviable title of "Juge de Paix de l'Europe."

Her Majesty now remained for a long period in seclusion. She delegated the holding of Drawing Rooms to the Princess of Wales, and the care of Leveès was entrusted to Prince Albert as well as the care of Court Balls and Concerts.

In the early part of 1866 the Queen returned to her people and opened Parliament in person. A lady who was present on the occasion, Sarah A. Tooley, thus describes the scene:

"The occasion was one of great splendor and interest, remarkable for the numerous assemblages of ladies present in the House of Lords; in fact, the array of peeresses filling the back rows of seats behind the peers, as well as the side galleries and the great gallery, might have led a stranger to suppose that women had at length been admitted to Parliament. At noon the streets recalled the palmy days of the Queen's wedded life; crowds of spectators lined the route to Westminster, and a long line of carriages filled with ladies in full-dress stretched from Pall Mall to the Peers' entrance. Before the appearance of Her Majesty, the Princess of Wales, looking lovely in a white tulle dress trimmed with black lace, was conducted to



a seat on the woolsack, facing the throne, whereon was spread the State robes which the Queen had no heart to wear. It was a moment of thrilling and pathetic interest when Her Majesty entered, dressed in a robe of deep violet velvet, trimmed with ermine, and wearing a white lace cap à la Marie Stuart, with a gauze veil flowing behind; her dress, indeed, gave her a remarkable likeness to the unfortunate Queen of Scots. She was accompanied by the Princesses Helena and Louise, dressed in half-mourning costumes, and escorted to her seat by the Prince of Wales. She sat with downcast eyes, looking very grave and sad, while the speech from the throne, which in happier days had been delivered by her with such rare elocutionary power, was read by the Lord Chancellor. One feels that the occasion was a little trying for Princess Helena, as the formal announcement was made of her approaching marriage with Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

On the 13th of March the Queen reviewed her troops at Aldershot.

It will greatly interest the women of America, who are so deeply concerned on all educational matters, and especially on the question of the Higher Education of Women, to know that Her Majesty has for many years devoted a great deal of attention to this theme, which, not in America or England alone, but throughout the whole civilized world, is regarded as a subject of supreme importance. Mr. Thomas Holloway, who had amassed an immense fortune by the sale of pills, of which he was the sole compounder and dispenser, gave the later years of his life to the study of educational affairs, and at the cost of over a million

dollars, he established and endowed an institution which is known as the Royal Holloway College of Women. The purpose of this unique institution—for in these days such a college was something new in the land—was to render aid to young ladies who were ambitious of pursuing the various branches of higher education. So thoroughly was the Queen interested in this college that she permitted Dr. Holloway to use the term “Royal” in connection with it, and when the college was ready for opening, she, with a goodly royal company, went down to Mount Lee, to perform the opening ceremony. The royal party, consisting of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Louise of Battenberg, and suite, drove from Windsor Castle, by way of Frogmore and Runnymede to Egham. At Mount Lee, at the entrance of the college, Her Majesty was met by Mr. G. Martin Holloway, who conducted her to the chapel where the opening ceremony was to take place. The choir sang an ode written by Mr. George Holloway, and set to music by Sir George Elvey, after which the royal party visited the picture gallery, where a gold key was presented to the Queen. It was most costly and exceedingly elaborate in construction and design, consisting of gold work, with a laurel wreath of diamonds. A chair of State was placed upon a dais, from which Her Majesty formally opened the institution.

An address was presented to the Queen by Mr. Martin Holloway, setting forth the purposes of the college. Her Majesty made the following gracious reply:—

“I thank you for the loyal address which you have

presented to me on behalf of the governors and trustees of this college. In opening this spacious and noble building it gives me pleasure to acknowledge the generous spirit which has been manifested in the completion by voluntary effort of a work promising so much public usefulness. I gladly give the assurance of my good will to the administration to whom the college is about to be entrusted, and I earnestly hope that their efforts to promote the objects for which it has been founded and planned by your relative may be rewarded by a career of abiding success."

The Earl of Kimberly, who stood on the left of the Queen, then stepped forward and said: "I am commanded by Her Majesty to declare this college open!" Then came a grand flourish of trumpets, after which the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction, and so ended the memorable occasion of June 30th, 1866.

The Princess Helena was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on the 5th of July. The Queen gave away the bride. On the 12th of the same month the Princess Mary of Cambridge was married to the Prince Teck.

One of the great marvels of the age, the Atlantic Cable, was now successfully laid, and messages of kindness passed between the Queen and the President of the United States.

The Queen went to Scotland in October and while there opened the Aberdeen Waterworks.

On the 30th of November a statue of Prince Albert was unveiled at Wolverhampton. Prince and Princess Christian and the Princess Louise were present.

On the 5th of February, 1867, Her Majesty opened

Parliament in person. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor.

In the May of 1867 the Queen, who endeavored zealously to fulfill the wishes of her deceased husband, laid the foundation stone of the Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences. In her speech on the occasion she said:—

“It has not been without a struggle that I have nerved myself to a compliance with the wish that I should take part in this day's ceremony, but I have been sustained by the thought that I should assist, by my presence, in promoting the accomplishment of his great design, to whose memory the gratitude and affection of the country are now rearing a noble monument, which I trust may yet look down on such a centre of institutions for the promotion of art and science as it was his fond wish to establish here. It is my wish that the hall should bear his name to whom it will have owed its existence, and be called the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences.”

At this time the Queen instituted the Albert Medal to be given as rewards to those who risked their lives to save shipwrecked men, or who encountered danger for the sake of those who were in perils of the sea. It was an oval-shaped badge of gold, enameled in dark blue, on which was engraved a monogram of the letters V. and A., surmounted on a ribbon or garter bearing this legend: “For gallantry in saving life at sea.”

In July the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, visited the Queen. It was the first Sultan who had trod the free soil of England. He was received with the utmost cordialty. During his stay, Her Majesty re-

viewed her fleet at Spithead. There were 49 vessels, mounting 1,099 guns. These formed two columns, through which the Royal Yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," passed. On the deck of the Royal yacht the Queen invested the Sultan with the Order of the Garter.

The Queen went to Balmoral in August and made a long stay. On the 20th of August she unveiled a statue of Prince Albert at Balmoral. The ceremony was brief and informal, but the Queen was greatly moved. The occasion brought back to her mind the happy days that were no more.

This year came trouble in Abyssinia. King Theodore took offence at something the English had said or done. Consul Cameron, with several of our missionaries, were thrown into prison. An expedition was fitted out and Sir Robert Napier hastened to the rescue, and fought a battle on the heights of Magdala, in which the Abyssinians were overcome.

On this, Theodore released the captives but disdained submission, and the city had to be assaulted. On entering it the King was found dead—shot, it is believed, by his own hand.

As on inquiry he was found to have usurped the throne, the English placed on it the rightful heir, and Theodore's young son was brought to England and presented to the Queen at Osborne. But the climate of England proving too cold for him, he was sent to India to be educated, but lived there only a few years.

In March the Duke of Edinburgh was shot on board his ship, the "Galatea," which was then in Sydney Harbor. The would-be assassin failed of his purpose. The man's name was O'Ferral, and he was supposed

to be connected with the Fenians. He was tried and hanged, notwithstanding that the Duke interceded for his life.

On the 13th of May the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital, on the right bank of the Thames, near Lambeth Palace. There was a large assemblage of people, as well as of peers and members of the Commons, at the ceremony, and Her Majesty was received with many demonstrations of loyalty.

The Queen made a very touching speech on the occasion, referring to the interest her late husband had taken in all institutions of the kind, and saying that it was a solace to her to follow his example. She thanked them, also, for the sympathy expressed for her in her late shock and anxiety about her dear son.

In the month of June, Her Majesty reviewed 27,000 volunteers in the Great Park, Windsor.

In August the Queen went to Lucerne, traveling as the Countess of Kent. Here she continued a month with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice for companions. On her way out Her Majesty spent a day at the English Embassy in Paris, where she received the Empress Eugenie.

On the Queen's return from Lucerne at the end of August a rumor gained currency in London that the days of the Queen's mourning were to come to an end, and that Her Majesty had determined to return to her place as the leader of society. There were hints of drawing-rooms where the Queen would appear in person, Court balls, concerts, and all the varied functions of the Court with all their pomp and splendor. It is not very difficult to surmise how this

rumor arose. Had the Queen resolved on such a course it would have given an immense impetus to London trade, and many private interests would have been promoted. Times were dull and trade had long been at a low ebb, especially in the metropolis. The wish was father to the thought. Selfishness quite as much as sentiment inspired the advocacy of the Queen's return to public life.

The following editorial article appeared in The Times, which had doubtless been dictated by Her Majesty and her advisers. It will be greatly interesting to our readers inasmuch as it may be regarded as the Queen's message to her people on a personally delicate matter. The message reads thus:—

“An erroneous impression seems generally to prevail, and has lately found frequent expression in the newspapers, that the Queen is about to resume the place in society which she occupied before her great affliction; that is, that she is about to hold levées and drawing-rooms in person, and to appear as before at Court balls, concerts, etc. This idea cannot be too explicitly contradicted.

“The Queen appreciates the desire of her subjects to see her, and whatever she can do to gratify them in this loyal and affectionate wish she will do. Whenever any real object is to be obtained by her appearing on public occasions, any national interest to be promoted, or anything to be encouraged which is for the good of the people, Her Majesty will not shrink, as she has not shrunk, from any personal sacrifice or exertion, however painful.

“But there are other and higher duties than those of mere representation which are now thrown upon

the Queen, alone and unassisted—duties which she cannot neglect without injury to the public service—which weigh unceasingly upon her, overwhelming her with work and anxiety. The Queen has labored conscientiously to discharge these duties till her health and strength, already shaken by the bitter and abiding desolation which has taken the place of her former happiness, have been impaired.

“To call upon her to undergo, in addition, the fatigue of these mere State ceremonies, which can be equally well performed by other members of her family, is to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the discharge of those other duties, which cannot be neglected without serious injury to the public interests. The Queen will, however, do what she can—least trying to her health, strength and spirits—to meet the loyal wishes of her subjects; to afford that support and countenance to society, and to give that encouragement to trade, which is desired of her. More the Queen cannot do, and more the kindness and good feeling of her people will surely not exact.”

On the 6th of November, 1869, Her Majesty opened the new Blackfriars Bridge, and the Holborn Viaduct, which stretches over the Fleet Valley from Holborn Hill to Newgate street. Immense crowds greeted the Queen with loyal cheers.



## CHAPTER XX.

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### CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

The year 1870 was a year of war. The Emperor of the French proclaimed war against the King of Prussia. He was bold and confident of success. The French raised the cry, "A Berlin!" as they set out for the Rhine. All Germany arose at the cry and united against their foes.

Then followed the saddest page in the history of modern France. Defeat followed defeat in rapid succession. At last came Sedan, which was a thousand times more humiliating to the Emperor than Waterloo was to his uncle half a century before.

The Emperor became an exile. He fled to England. France in fury proclaimed a Republic. The Germans marched on. Paris was invested.

The sufferings of the Parisians were dreadful. They had consumed all their food, and fed on cats, dogs, the animals in their Zoological Gardens, on rats and mice; their bread at last was only made of sawdust. Death was in every street—almost in every house. Fever and smallpox followed on want and starvation, and at length, utterly exhausted, the brave city surrendered to the German foe.

The Empress of the French had escaped from Paris the moment the Republic was proclaimed, and her son had, as we know, preceded her.

The Emperor, who surrendered at Sedan, was liberated by the Emperor of Germany, and at once

followed his wife and child to the hospitable land that had once before been his refuge. He found a home at Chislehurst, in Kent, and the Prince Imperial was sent to the Woolwich Military College for Cadets, where he obtained some distinction.

The Queen was placed in a somewhat delicate position. She could not interfere with the affairs of another nation, nor could she be unmindful of her friends in the day of trouble. The exiles ever found a true friend in the Queen of England.

October found the Queen at her beloved Balmoral. On the 3rd of the month she has to listen once again to "the story old, but ever new." Her journal contains this pregnant line: "This was an eventful day! Our dear Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. \* \* \* We got home by seven. Louise, who returned some time after we did, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I naturally gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy."

On the 21st of March, 1871, the Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne with great pomp and splendor. The Bishop of London performed the solemn ceremony. The bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon at Claremont.

On the 29th of March 8,000 persons crowded themselves into Albert Hall to the opening festival. The members of the Royal Family were present with the chief officers of State and other notables. When the Queen entered the vast assembly arose to do her

honor and stood while the National Anthem was performed. Prince of Wales read an address to his royal mother, who responded in a clear but sorrowful voice: "I wish to express my great admiration of this beautiful hall, and my earnest desires for its complete success." The Bishop of London offered prayer and then the Prince of Wales exclaimed: "The Queen declares this hall to be now opened." Sir Michael Costa composed a cantata for the occasion. This Hall is one of the most imposing and magnificent public buildings in all Europe. It cost \$2,500,000.

In the middle of April the exiled Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie were greatly touched in their sorrow and exile by a kindly visit from the Queen, whose words were full of comfort and sympathy. They were living at Chiselhurst, where the Emperor died and where he was buried.

The present writer well remembers the occasion of the funeral. There were many hearts in France that beat loyal and true to the man, as was evidenced by their presence at his tomb. The scene at the little mortuary chapel where the Emperor was laid at rest was as beautiful as pathetic. He was literally entombed in flowers. It seemed as if France had sent all her violets to breathe in fragrance and beauty the message of their devotion.

As the year draws near its close, the Royal Chalice at Windsor Castle is once more filled to the brim with bitterness and anguish. Was the month of December to be always a month of loss and anguish!

The Prince of Wales had just returned from a visit to Lord Londesborough at Scarborough, where he had been accompanied by Lord Chesterfield and some

of his servants. At the same moment symptoms of typhoid fever appeared in Lord Chesterfield, in one of the Prince's grooms, and in the Prince himself.

The fever laid fast hold of His Royal Highness, and spite of the devotion of the Princess and the Prince's sisters, who were ceaseless and tender in their sacred vigil, the Prince's life was despaired. The Queen sat with sorrowing heart at the bedside of her son. All England was in sympathy with the Royal Family in their distress. Prayers were offered everywhere, in cathedral and temple, in church and kirk, in the Hindoo shrines and the Mahometan mosque; all the world was praying for the Prince of Wales. On the night of the 13th of December the fever was at its worst and the Prince's life hung by a thread. The next day was the anniversary of his father's death. The hearts of the watchers at Sandringham seemed to stand still. At last the tide turned. The danger was past.

Forth went the Nation weeping  
With precious seed of prayer,  
Hope's awful vigil keeping,  
Mid rumors of despair.  
Then did Thy love deliver,  
And from Thy gracious hand,  
Joy, like the southern river,  
O'erflowed the weary land.

All the land was glad when the good news came that the life of the Prince was to be spared. The royal family met with every conceivable form of sympathy from all quarters of the land, and from all nations, and from the far off islands of the sea.

The London Gazette of December 27th, 1871, con-

tained the following letter addressed by Her Majesty to her loyal sympathetic people :

“Windsor Castle,

“December 26, 1871.

“The Queen is very anxious to express her deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the Prince of Wales. The universal feeling shown by her people during these painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy in the improvement of the Prince of Wales’ state, have made a deep and lasting impression upon her heart which can never be effaced. It was indeed nothing new to her, for the Queen had met with the same sympathy, when ten years ago, a similar illness removed from her side the best, wisest and kindest of husbands.

“The Queen wishes to express, at the same time, on behalf of the Princess of Wales, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the Queen by the great and universal manifestations of loyalty and sympathy.

“The Queen cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength.”

On the 27th of February, 1872, the Queen went in state to St. Paul’s to return thanks for the merciful restoration of her son to health. Her Majesty had at first only intended to have a thanksgiving service for herself and family ; but the nation, that had shared her sorrow and anxiety, would also participate in her

joy. The day, therefore, became a national festival. The streets were decorated, the windows and balconies crowded with people, the pavements were thronged by thousands of her rejoicing subjects, and bands of school children sang hymns along the route. St. Paul's Cathedral was crowded with 1,500 people, including the royal family, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, Foreign ambassadors, representatives of all religious denominations, and civil and diplomatic companies.

The Queen, dressed in black velvet trimmed with ermine, entered with the Prince of Wales on one side of her, and his eldest son on the other; the Princess of Wales, dressed in blue, led in her second son.

A beautiful and appropriate prayer of thanksgiving, an anthem, and a hymn for the occasion, marked the ceremony.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached a brief but impressive sermon from the text: "Ye are members one of another."

The London Gazette of March 1st, 1872, contained another charming message from the Queen to her people:

"Buckingham Palace,  
"February 29th, 1872.

"The Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly her own personal very deep sense of the reception she and her dear children met with on Tuesday, February 27th, from millions of her subjects on her way to and from St. Paul's.

"Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been, by the

immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the capital, and she would earnestly wish to convey her warmest, and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this great demonstration of loyalty.

“The Queen, as well as her son and daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales’ life.

“The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout will forever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family.”

In August of this year the Queen again visited Edinburgh, and stayed at Holyrood House. The Princess Louise, with affectionate care, had fitted up for her royal mother the apartments called the Argyle Rooms, furnishing them with pretty carpets and chintzes of scarlet geraniums on a white ground. The suite of rooms consisted of a dining-room, a large sitting-room, and a very large bedroom and dressing-room.

The Queen greatly enjoyed rambling about the old historic palace. The Princess Beatrice was with her royal mother on this visit.

On the 23rd of September Her Majesty received the sad tidings of the death of her sister, Feodore, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The intelligence caused her a great shock, for the sisters had been fondly attached to each other. The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Princess Alice and her hus-

band, attended Princess Feodore's funeral at Baden-Baden.

And now the heart of the Princess Alice was well-nigh broken by the tragic death of her son, the little Prince Frederick.



## CHAPTER XXI.

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### THE TICHBORNE CASE.

It will not be out of place, for reasons that will appear hereafter, to make a brief reference to one of the most celebrated trials of the Queen's long reign, in which she was greatly interested.

In 1873 the famous "Tichborne claimants'" case was brought to trial, and for more than a year it attracted more attention than Mr. Gladstone's most eloquent speeches,—who was then Prime Minister of England—it excited more interest than the winner of the Derby, or the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The author of "England in the Nineteenth Century" crowds the main facts into one or two brief paragraphs, which we quote:

"The Tichbornes were an old and very distinguished Catholic family, living on the borders of the New Forest. One of the family, a young man who had conspired to assist the escape of Mary Queen of Scots, had been put to death by Queen Elizabeth, and wrote some touching lines in the Tower the night before his execution:

My prime of life is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my good is but vain hope of gain.  
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

There was a custom of great antiquity connected with the family, and a family ghost haunted the Forest. In 1854, the Baronet, Sir Edward, had no son. His heir was a Mr. James Tichborne, who had married a lady born and brought up in France. She was a flighty, eccentric woman, and the marriage was not a happy one. Their son, Roger, was a shy, whimsical, impulsive, weak young man, who had been educated in a sort of haphazard way,—partly in France, and partly at the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst. He was put into the army, and joined his regiment at Dublin, where his broken English and some queer ways exposed him to rough jesting in the mess-room; but upon the whole he made an efficient officer, and was considered rather a good fellow. However, his home was so uncomfortable, owing to the quarrels of his parents, that he passed any spare time he had at Tichborne Hall. Sir Edward had changed his name, for some reason, to Doughty, and was anxious to marry his daughter, Miss Kate Doughty, to the young man, who would be eventually heir to his estates and title. The cousins were engaged, and were to be married in two years, during which interval young Roger was to travel. He reached Valparaiso in June, 1853, crossed the Andes, and visited Buenos Ayres. In February, 1854, he wrote several letters, dwelling affectionately on his hopes when he should return home, and soon after he went to Rio, where he embarked in the "Bella," a little sailing-vessel, for New York. The "Bella" was never more heard of; her boat was picked up bottom upwards; and on the death of Sir Edward and of Roger's father, the baronetcy and estates went to an infant heir.

But Roger's mother cherished the belief that her son had been picked up at sea and carried off to Australia. This delusion was inspired by a talkative sailor who came begging at her doors. The wandering sailor was a good hand at a yarn, and the venerable lady was only too ready to give credence to any story that gave her hope of a long-lost boy.

As a result of her anxiety and hope, the mother of Roger caused advertisements to be put in all the Australian papers. In due time an answer came from a butcher, Arthur Orton by name, who had met the true Roger Tichborne in Valparaiso, and had learned something of his history. This man declared himself to be "the long-lost son," and claimed the Tichborne title and estates, as the real Sir Roger.

Arthur Orton came to England and the long, romantic trial began. Whether he was Roger Tichborne, or only Arthur Orton remained to be seen. He was at least the "claimant" and by that title he was henceforth known. He soon became the "fad" of the season, for London has a fad for every season, and the question: "Have you seen the claimant?" became as common on the streets of London, as that more tiresome question, "Have you seen the Shah?"

Prior to the commencement of the trial the claimant had done considerable work of the quiet, beaver sort. He had interviewed the old servants of the Tichborne, and then, with a good deal of trepidity, he went to Paris and interviewed the venerable mother, who, to his intense delight as well as wonder, hailed him as her son. Her reception of him was complete and enthusiastic.

This was a strong point in the case, and awoke a

good deal of sentimental sympathy, especially among the causeway critics, who knew more about law in a minute than all the twelve judges with their wigs and gowns!

“Isn’t this here a pretty how-do-you-do, when a poor workingman is to be done out of his rights, even when his own mother proves as he’s her long-lost son!”

But alas for the claimant! His case broke utterly down. He knew nothing, when questioned on the trial, of Stronghurst, where Roger was educated, nor yet of its plans or methods of study. Roger spoke French, but the claimant did not. The claimant spoke a sort of mongrel Spanish, but Roger spoke no Spanish. Roger had been a cavalry officer, but the claimant knew nothing of cavalry drill. On every point the claimant’s case broke down. Then came a second trial, for perjury. The claimant was found guilty and was sentenced to fourteen years’ penal servitude.

The mother of Roger believed in the claimant to the last day of her life, and thousands of others believed in him.

The present writer well remembers the famous Tichborne trial. He calls to mind, as if it were but yesterday, the scenes of this celebrated case. The persistent and emphatic Dr. Kaneally—the Emory A. Storrs of his day—who defended the Claimant; the crowded court-room; and the Claimant himself, so exceedingly rotund that a large semi-circular piece had to be cut out of the table at which he sat, that he might sit thereat with some degree of comfort. Meantime, to while away the tedious hours, he spent

his time in clipping figures out of pieces of cardboard with a dainty pair of scissors. Of all that crowded court, the person who seemed the least concerned was the "Claimant" himself.

The years come and the years go. When next I saw the Claimant, he had passed through the long, dreary years of penal servitude, and was on exhibition as a curio at a dime museum on Clark Street, Chicago! Alas! for the "Claimant;" his portly dimensions had shrunk to most deplorable flabbiness. His "too, too solid flesh" had melted. The temptation to interview him at length was too great to be overcome. He told me of his prison life at Dartmoor, which had been to him a long and weary trial. He was glad to meet one who had been present on his "shameful trial," as he described it. He made a very earnest but not very successful effort to present himself as a martyr before the various audiences he addressed. He had told his perjuries so often and so seriously, that I presume he believed them himself.

He tried hard to persuade certain Chicago publishers to consider the value of his manuscript—which he carried about with him wherever he went—detailing the whole story of his life, and the trial, as the most romantic story of the Nineteenth Century. But Chicago publishers want to be first "sure they are right" and then they are quite willing to "go ahead."

A few years passed by, and the hapless "Claimant" came to "his own" six feet of sod, the heritage sooner or later, of us all, served him for a resting-place. "The real Roger," or only "the Claimant," at last he found rest.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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### LIFE'S BITTER-SWEET.

January 23rd, 1874, the Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburg, was married to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. The marriage was celebrated at St. Petersburg, by the service of the Greek Church and also that of the English Church. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and the members of the Imperial family were present. The happy pair landed at Gravesend on the 7th of March, and met with a most cordial welcome from the Queen at Windsor Castle. A few days later the Duke and Duchess made a state entry into London. It was a bitter winter day, but through the snow storm Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice, accompanied the bride in an open landau. The city was *én fete*, the streets were crowded and the throngs of people were loud and loyal in their demonstrations.

During the Franco-Prussian war, the Queen and her people had been very thoughtful and sympathetic in their assistance of the sick and wounded in that terrible strife. When the war was over and the smoke of the carnage had cleared away, the French nation presented a very beautiful tribute of the gratitude of France to the Queen and her people.

Addresses of thanks were presented to Her Majesty in a private audience by M. Thōmas d'Agout and the

Comte Serrurier, who were the deputed delegates of the nation. The addresses, which were contained in four volumes, numbered a thousand, and were sent by different Councils-General and municipalities, the signatures amounting to nearly twelve millions. In many cases the peasants who signed could not write, and a cross, certified by the Maire of the commune, testified to the signatory's wish to join in the testimonial. Each town or village expressed its thanks in its own manner, and each address was illuminated with the arms of the town. The Commune of Loches in Indre et Loire offered a prize for the best poem with which to ornament its address. The following is a verse of the successful production :

“Si la force prime le droit  
Suivant la morale du crime,  
Celui qui dans le Seigneur croit,  
Sèche les pleurs de la victime.”

The four books were most splendidly bound, and were inscribed, “*Britanniæ Grata Gallia.*”

Lord Derby first introduced the deputation to the Queen in the audience chamber of Windsor Castle, and the Comte de Jarnac, the French Ambassador, presented the two delegates.

Afterwards the Queen received M. d'Agiout and Comte Serrurier in the White Drawing-room, where the books had been placed on a table for Her Majesty's inspection. The Queen looked at them with great interest and pleasure, and the delegates explained the nature of their contents.

The Queen responded :

“They are beautiful as works of art, but their chief value in my eyes is that they form a permanent me-

morial of the gratitude of the French people for services freely rendered to them by the Englishmen acting under a simple impulse of humanity."

The year 1875 opened with more domestic anxiety for Her Majesty. Prince Leopold, who from his childhood had been the most delicate of all the Queen's children, suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, taken at Cambridge. When the fever left him, hemorrhage of the lungs set in, and he grew exceedingly weak. Happily he recovered. As the Princess Alice said, he had already been given back three times to his family from the very brink of the grave.

In October His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales started on a lengthened tour through Her Majesty's Indian dominions. A very pleasant episode is recorded of that journey. The Prince spent his thirty-fourth birthday at Bombay, and the first sight that greeted his waking on that auspicious morning was a beautiful portrait of his wife, which she had secretly entrusted to a member of his suite to be given him on that morning. The gift was as delightful a surprise to the Prince as the Princess of Wales could have desired. The Prince of Wales had a royal time in India. He hunted and shot elephants and tigers, and took part in the most exciting sport of the Orient. He visited many native princes, among others the Mahrajah of Cashmere, and the Mahrajah of Jaypore. The longer he stayed and the further he traveled the more popular he became. He was in full bloom of his early manhood and became a favorite everywhere. His frank good nature, his genial manners won the heart and homage of India for himself and for his royal mother. This journey,



which was one unbroken procession through dazzling splendors that can only be seen among Orientals, was, from a diplomatic standpoint, a wise and judicious arrangement. It helped to bind India and England in inseparable bonds. At least it paved the way for the formal declaration of a closer relation to India being assumed by Her Majesty.

In January, 1876, the Queen opened Parliament in person. Mr. Disraeli, noting that no formal addition to her title had been made since India had been added to the Crown, moved, on the 17th of February, in the House of Commons, that the Queen have "Empress of India" added to her title and dignity. And on May the first, of the same year, the new title was formally and legally proclaimed.

The 17th of August was a very trying day for Her Majesty. It was her first public appearance after the Prince Consort's death, and now she came to Edinburgh to unveil a statue to the memory of Prince Albert.

There were sad memories still about the place. Her Majesty writes: "The last time my dearest Albert ever appeared in public was in Edinburgh on October 23, 1861, only six weeks before the end of all, when he laid the first stone of the new postoffice, and I looked out of the window to see him drive off in state, or rather in dress (London carriages), and the children went to see the ceremony. It was in Edinburgh, too, that dearest mamma appeared for the last time in public, being with me at the volunteer review in 1860, which was the first time she had driven with me in public for twenty years. Dear Arthur could not come to luncheon as he was on duty."

A little later the same year, at Ballaber, the Queen made a presentation of Colors to "The Royal Scots." "There were between two and three thousand spectators," says Her Majesty. "Alix was in a carriage, Bertie and the boys (in Highland dress) and Prince John of Glücksburg on foot. They stood near me, so did Arthur (also in his kilt), who had got out of the carriage. Then followed, after the royal salute, the trooping of the colors, with all its peculiar and interesting customs, marching and counter-marching, the band playing the fine old marches of the "Garb of old Gaul" and "Dumbarton Drums," also the march from the "Fille du Régiment," which was evidently played as a compliment to me, whom they considered as "born in the regiment," my father having commanded it at the time I was born. Then came the piling of the drums and the prayer by Mr. Middleton, minister of Ballater, after which the new colors were given to me. I handed them to the two sub-lieutenants, who were kneeling, and then I said the following words:

"In entrusting these colors to your charge, it gives me much pleasure to remind you that I have been associated with your regiment from my earliest infancy, as my dear father was your Colonel. He was proud of his profession, and I was always told to consider myself a soldier's child. I rejoice in having a son who has devoted his life to the army, and who, I am confident, will ever prove worthy of the name of a British soldier. I now present these colors to you, convinced that you will always uphold the glory and reputation of my first Regiment of Foot—the Royal Scots.'

“Colonel McGuire then spoke a few words in reply, and brought the old colors to me, and begged me to accept them. In doing so, I said I should take them to Windsor, and place them there in recollection of the regiment and their Colonel. Then they marched past well (they were fine men), and, after the royal salute, gave three cheers for me. The 79th kept the ground and took charge of the old colors. We left at once.

“The rain continued persistently, having got worse just as the prayer began; but we kept the carriage open, and were back by half-past five.

“I was terribly nervous while speaking.”

The proclamation of the Queen as “Empress of India” took place on January 1st, 1877, at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras and Delhi. Lord Lytton, Viceroy, presided at a durbar, when sixty-three ruling chiefs were assembled.

Sarah A. Tooley, who, we understand, was present at Delhi on the occasion, thus describes the scene:

“Far away in sunny India was enacted, on the 1st of January, 1877, a scene the most brilliant and unique of any connected with the glorious reign of Victoria. At the Imperial Camp, outside the walls of Delhi, where the Mutiny had raged the fiercest, Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India. On a throne of Oriental splendor, above which was the portrait of the Empress, sat Lord Lytton, her Viceroy; the Governors, Lieutenants, State officials and the Maharajahs, Rajahs, Nabobs and Princes, with their glittering retinues grouped around him. Behind rose the vast amphitheatre, filled with foreign Ambassadors and notables, around was the concourse of spectators and

a brilliant array of fifteen thousand troops, while to complete the gorgeous scene the whole assemblage was surrounded by an unbroken chain of elephants decked with gay trappings. After the Proclamation had been made with all the pomp of heraldry, the Viceroy presented to each of the feudatory Princes the Empress' gift, a magnificent standard, made by Messrs. Elkington, after a design chosen by Her Majesty. The standards were ornamented with the sacred water lily of India, spreading palms of the East, and the rose of England, it being the desire of the Empress to indicate that as the rose and lily intertwined beneath the spreading palm, so was the welfare of India to become one with that of her older dominions, and the motto, "Heaven's light our guide," illustrated the spirit in which she desired to govern the enormous empire of which she ever fondly speaks as 'a bright jewel in her crown.' Most noticeable in the brilliant gathering was the Begum of Bhopal, a lady Knight of the Most Noble Order of Queen Victoria. There was nothing to be seen of the lady save a bundle of floating azure silk, which indicated that she was inside, and upon the place where the left shoulder was supposed to be was emblazoned the shield of the Star of India. Much cheap wit was expended after Her Majesty's accession on the rise of the 'royal sex,' and it was said that the young Queen intended to establish an Order of Female Knighthood. The prophecy of the scoffer seemed to have been more than fulfilled in the figure of this Hindoo lady wearing the Order of the Star of India. Though she was not valiant enough to show her face, yet her presence was a good omen for that emancipation of

the women of her country from the seclusion of the zenana which is fittingly distinguishing the reign of the British Empress. On the day of the Proclamation at Delhi, the Queen conferred the Grand Cross of India upon the Duke of Connaught, and when in 1879 she became a great-grandmother, by the birth of a daughter to the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (Princess Charlotte of Prussia), she celebrated her ancient dignity by investing twelve noble ladies of her Court with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

“The keenest interest has always been shown by the Queen in the condition of Hindoo women. It was with heartfelt thankfulness that she saw the barbarous suttee abolished, and it was her influence which inspired the rapid spread of zenana work. In July, 1881, she received at Windsor Miss Beilby, a medical missionary from India; and after listening to her account of the sufferings of Hindoo women, in time of illness, for need of doctors, the Queen turned to her ladies and said, ‘We had no idea that things were as bad as this.’ Miss Beilby then took from a locket which she wore round her neck a folded piece of paper containing a message to Her Majesty from the Maharanee of Poonah. ‘The women of India suffer when they are sick,’ was the burden of the dark-eyed Queen’s appeal. The Empress returned her a message of sympathy and help, and to the women of our own land the Queen said, ‘We desire it to be generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India;’ and when Lord Dufferin went out as Governor-General, she commissioned Lady Dufferin to establish a permanent fund for providing qualified

women doctors for work in India. Her Majesty continues to take the greatest interest in this work, and is in constant communication with the Viceroy's wife regarding its further organization and extension."

In December of this year 1877 Her Majesty honored Lord Beaconsfield with a "private" visit. Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel were the only two of her Ministers whom the Queen had so honored. Lord Beaconsfield was the third. Though the visit was distinctly a "private" one, the secret was found out and the people of Wycombe were only too glad to show their loyalty.

"With barely three days' notice," says the Graphic for December, 1877, "they managed to decorate the town in a manner which did great credit to their taste and energy. There was a profusion of flags, flowers and evergreens. Triumphal arches of verdure and blossom were erected in several places, and at one part there was an arch constructed almost entirely of chairs, the staple commodity of the town—chairs of every imaginable kind and material, from the substantial Windsor to the delicate drawing-room structure which is more elegant than reliable. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, left Windsor shortly before one o'clock, and on the arrival of the royal train at the Wycombe railway station Her Majesty was received by Lord Beaconsfield, who returned thanks in her name for the inevitable address from the mayor, aldermen and burgesses in council assembled, which was handed up and 'taken as read.'

"Miss Phillips, the daughter of the mayor, then presented Her Majesty and the Princess with mag-

nificent bouquets, and amid great cheers of welcome and the strains of the National Anthem from the voices of the school children, Her Majesty passed to the open carriage which was to take her to Hughenden Manor. The cortége passed slowly through the decorated streets of the town, and then quickly onwards to its destination. Her Majesty remained at Hughenden about two hours, lunching with Lord Beaconsfield, and afterwards planting a tree upon the lawn in commemoration of the visit. Princess Beatrice also planted a tree. On the way back to the railway station Her Majesty ordered her carriage to be stopped, that she might more closely inspect the arch of chairs.

“After the departure of the royal train for Windsor, the members of the corporation feasted together in celebration of the honor which had been done to the town.”

Once more the shadows of death hover about the throne. It seems as if the royal family were only not exempt from the “ills” to which flesh is heir, but several members of that family seem to have been actual victims of bad drainage. After a brief visit to Eastbourne the Grand Duke and the Princess Alice returned to Darmstadt, which is, or was, unfortunately, badly drained, their eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria Alberta, then fifteen, was seized by diphtheria; the Princesses Alix, Irene and Marie took it in quick succession; the little hereditary Grand Duke (ten years old) and the Grand Duke himself after them. Only the Princess Elizabeth and the Grand Duchess escaped, and Princess Ella (as she was called) was at once sent out of the palace. The

mother remained to nurse her darlings. The little Princess "May," only four years old, and who was dearly loved by the whole family, died; while the chief anxiety had been entirely for the only boy left—the heir, who was dangerously ill. The sorrow of the Princess for her little darling was intense. She was already in a low state of health, exhausted by the nursing, and by her anxiety for all her little ones. The Queen had sent Sir William Jenner over directly she heard of their illness, and he had warned the Princess not to kiss her patients, as the disease is dreadfully infectious; but it is said she forgot this advice when she saw the agonizing grief of her little son for his pet sister, threw her arms around him, and kissed him. Poor little fellow! She had not forgotten how he had pined for little "Frittie," who fell from the window, and how he had then said, "When I die you must die too, and all the others. Why can't we all die together? I don't like to die alone like Frittie."

That loving mother's kiss was fatal.

She was ill only a week. On the 14th of December—the seventeenth anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, she passed from death to the life that lies beyond: murmuring as she passed, "May—Dear Papa."

The Rev. Charles Bullock says:

"The last Sunday that the Prince passed on earth was a very blessed one for Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and weak, and she spent the afternoon with him alone, while the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window that he might see the sky and the clouds



sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorales. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer, and when he did speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end.

"The Princess Alice's fortitude amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father's and her mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of herself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger."

The remains of the Princess were interred in the mausoleum at Rosenhöhe on May the 18th of the following year. The Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold and Prince Christian being among the mourners.

Once more the troubled Queen turns her sad heart to the nation. The Princess Alice was dear to the nation. She had won a place by her self-sacrificing gentleness and grace in the innermost hearts of the nation. If they were proud of the Princess they loved the woman and the mother who passed so suddenly from the ministry of love to the land where shadows never gather and tears never fall.

The Duke of Connaught was married on the 13th

of March, 1879, to the Princess Louise of Prussia at St. George's, Windsor.

Few things in these sad years cost the Queen more grief than the tragedy of Rorke's Drift and the untimely taking off of the Prince Imperial of France.

The young Prince Imperial, the son of Louis Napoleon, had been studying at the English Military College at Woolwich. He now desired to fight in the English army, and offered his services to Lord Chelmsford as a volunteer. But one day he asked and obtained permission to go out with a party of men and an officer on a reconnoissance, and had been sketching quietly in the nook where they were all seated, when they were surprised by a few Zulus. The officer who commanded them seemed to be seized with panic; he took no thought for the gallant French Prince, but mounted his horse and galloped off at full speed, followed by his men. The Prince could not succeed in mounting his horse; he faced the foe and fought bravely for his life, but was assegaied from a distance by the savages. His death caused the greatest consternation and indignation in the camp, and the Queen's grief and horror we must leave herself to tell, remembering how fond she had always been of the Empress Eugenie and her boy, and how much the sympathy with her widowhood had drawn the royal friends together.

The sad news reached Her Majesty at Balmoral.

"At twenty minutes to eleven," writes the Queen, "Brown knocked and came in, and said there was bad news; and when I in alarm asked him what, he replied, 'The young French Prince is killed,' and when I couldn't take it in and asked several times what it

meant, Beatrice, who then came in with the telegram in her hand, said, 'Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed! I feel a sort of horror now as I write the words.'

The Queen erected this year a beautiful cross of Aberdeenshire granite, twelve feet three inches high, to the memory of the Grand Duchess Princess Alice, at Balmoral. It bears the inscription:

To the Dear Memory  
of  
Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse,  
Princess of Great Britain and Ireland,  
Born April 25, 1843, died December 14, 1878.

This Is Erected  
By Her Sorrowing Mother,  
Queen Victoria.

"Her name shall live though now she is no more."

In April a trial of another kind awaited the Queen. She lost one of her most devoted friends, in whom she had learned to confide—Benjamin Disraeli. Lord Beaconsfield died of bronchitis on the 19th of April.

Almost immediately after his resignation of office, on the defeat of his party, he had published his last novel, "Endymion." He then retired to Hughenden Manor, but came up to town for the session of 1881, and died in Curzon Street, lamented by all parties.

His career had been a very remarkable one every way, and had a romantic interest for many. His funeral was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold, most of the members of his former Cabinet, and many members of both Houses of Parliament. The Royal Princes with their own hands laid on the bier the wreaths sent by the Queen and the Princesses. Her Majesty

sent two wreaths—one of primroses, with the inscription, "His favorite flowers, from Osborne; a tribute of affection from Queen Victoria." The other was of bay leaves and everlasting flowers.

Half of the memorable year 1881 was to America a time of agonizing suspense. Since the awful days of the Civil War, no sorrow had struck the heart of the nation with such anguish as that which summoned her to keep sacred vigil by the death-bed of her second great martyr President. The life beloved by all the land, was slipping, inch by inch, hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth away, to the silent shoreless sea. It seems as though a great republic must be willing sometimes to pay, as the awful price of its existence, the martyrdom of some of its noblest sons. Twice within the memory of living men the President of the Republic has fallen before the bullet of the assassin. When on that mournful day in 1865, all the world awoke in horror to learn that Abraham Lincoln had been shot to the death, James A. Garfield, who was then in New York, addressed a great crowd of his fellow-countrymen, and waving with trembling hand the banner of the stars and stripes, uttered these memorable words: "My countrymen! let us take heart and hope. Abraham Lincoln is dead!"—and then a great sigh broke from the vast multitude like the sob of a great unquiet sea—"but God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

Brave, bold words were these! The words of a man who believed in God and righteousness, and in the great land for which he had fought on many a battlefield!

Fifteen years passed by, and this brave soul was

struck by the blow of the assassin and was destined to be the second great martyr President of the American Republic. This is no place to enter at large on the motives that lay at the back of the assassin's bullet. Let it be admitted that Guiteau was insane, it is none the less true that Mr. Garfield was the victim of unhappy political strife. He himself, in the later days of his sad experiences, wrote on a tablet, on the 17th of July of 1881, this impressive Latin phrase that clearly indicated what he thought on the whole matter:

“Strangulus pro Republicâ.”

His last days were very full of tender pathos.

To his old friend, Colonel Rockwell, he said:

“Old Friend! Do you think my name will have a place in human history?”

The Colonel answered: “Why, most certainly; but it will have a grander place in human hearts. Old friend, you mustn't talk in this way. You have a great work yet to perform.”

After a moment's silence, he said, sadly and solemnly:

“No; my work is done!”

And so, indeed, it was. The sad story of the latest hours we owe to Colonel Rockwell, who tells with tenderness the story of the last sad scene:

“And now we approach the fatal hour. After a comparatively comfortable afternoon, having taken and retained the usual quantity of nourishment, restful and cheerful, comforted and supported by the presence of his wife during most of the day and all of the evening, we had hopes of a better night than the previous one. Here I must again allude to a most

touching trait of this illustrious man. The thoughtfulness shown for all about him endured even to the end. Often during his sickness, in his great care for her rest, after the fatigues of the day, he gently urged Mrs. Garfield to retire from the bedside, even when she herself could scarcely bear to leave. His heart was not only great, but tender as that of a child.

“Upon this last evening I had just inquired of her if she was not in danger of too great fatigue. She replied:

“‘The General seems so comfortable and quiet that it has rested me to remain.’

“After making some arrangements for the President’s comfort, and after the arrival of General Swaim, who was the nurse for the first part of the night, she left the sick-room and retired. I afterward re-entered the room, took the pulse, and left the President quietly sleeping. I then returned to my room to prepare the directions for the night, where I was visited by Colonel Rockwell, who earnestly discussed with me the probability of a favorable night. The Colonel was to relieve General Swaim at 2:30 a. m. I myself did not intend to sleep until after twelve o’clock, as I had some special observations to make at that hour, should the President be awake and his condition favorable. Colonel Rockwell left the room to seek his much-needed rest. At 10:10 I was looking over some of the wonderful productions of the human imagination which each mail brought me, when the faithful Dan suddenly appeared at the door of communication, and said:

“‘General Swaim wants you, quick!’ He preceded me to the room, took the candle from behind the

screen near the door, and raised it so that the light fell full upon the face, so soon to settle in the rigid lines of death. Observing the pallor, the upturned eyes, the gasping respiration, and the total unconsciousness, I, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, 'My God, Swaim! the President is dying!' Turning to the servant, I added, 'Call Mrs. Garfield immediately, and on your return, Doctors Agnew and Hamilton.' On his way to Mrs. Garfield's room, he notified Colonel Rockwell, who was the first member of the household in the room. Only a moment elapsed before Mrs. Garfield was present. She exclaimed, 'Oh! what is the matter?' I said, 'Mrs. Garfield, the President is dying.' Leaning over her husband, and fervently kissing his brow, she exclaimed, 'Oh, why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?' Meantime, by what seemed some mysterious means of communication, the whole household was present at once. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Mollie Garfield, Miss Rockwell, Mr. C. O. Rockwell, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Boynton, the servants, and myself, were the witnesses of the last sad scene in this sorrowful history.

"While summoning Mrs. Garfield, I had in vain sought for the pulse at the wrist, next at the carotid artery, and last by placing my ear over the region of the heart. Restoratives, which were always at hand, were instantly resorted to. In almost every conceivable way it was sought to revive the rapidly yielding vital forces. A faint, fluttering pulsation of the heart, gradually fading to indistinctness, alone rewarded my examinations. At last, only a few moments after the first alarm, at 10:35, I raised my head from the breast

of my dead friend, and said to the sorrowful group, 'It is over.' So gradual was the final passage across the dark river that for a few moments I doubted the accuracy of my senses. The President's worn face changed but little in death.

"We thought him dying when he slept,  
And sleeping when he died."

"I cannot describe this scene. The vital spark had gone. No human skill or courage of heart could longer avail. The once magnificent physique, which had been so constantly and tenderly watched, lay untenanted before us. There was no sound—not even of weeping. All hearts were stilled."

When it was known that Mr. Garfield had passed from sorrow and pain into the quiet of the "Silent Land," there was deep, universal sorrow, not in America alone, but throughout Europe. The court of Great Britain took an unusual course. It went into public mourning for a season, a course which heretofore had never been done except in the case of the demise of a crowned head. The President was buried on the 24th of September, and it is pleasant to know that one of the largest and most exquisite of all the floral decorations on the bier of the departed warrior was from the Queen of England, bearing this card of kind and generous inscription:

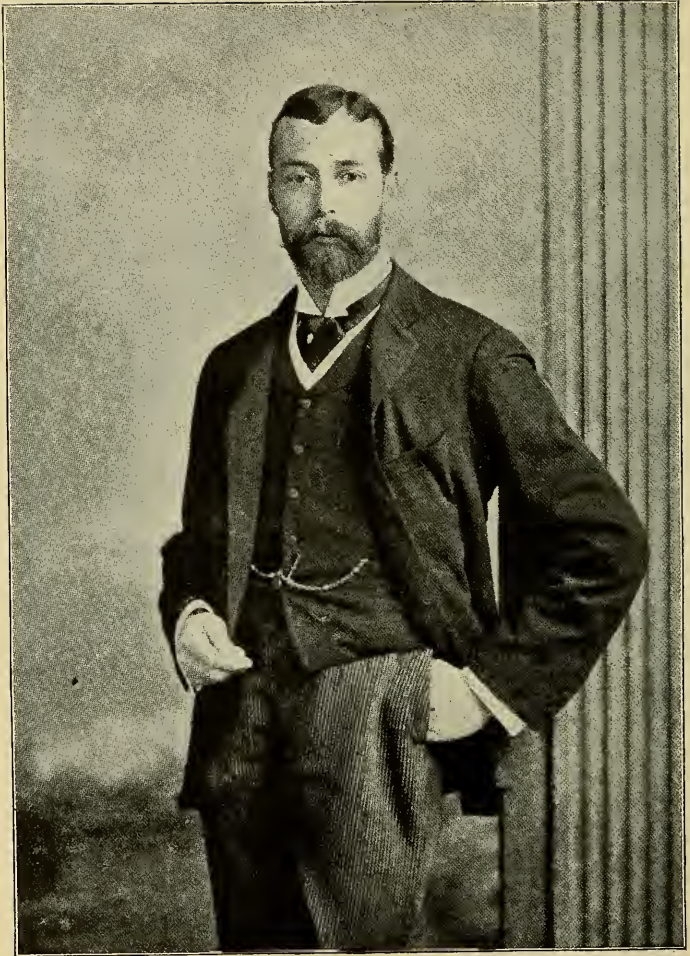
"Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield: an expression of her sorrow and her sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation."

In January, 1882, the Queen had another grandchild to rejoice over, the infant daughter of the Duke





DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND ROYAL BRIDESMAIDS.



DUKE OF YORK.

and Duchess of Connaught. The princess was named Margaret Victoria, Augusta, Charlotte Norah.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was married at St. George's, Windsor, to the Princess Helen of Waldeck, on the 27th of April, 1882.

On the 13th of September was fought the terrible battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The Duke of Connaught was in command of a brigade of the Grenadier Guards. It is easy to understand how deeply, how intensely anxious Her Majesty was for the sake of her soldiers generally, but especially for the sake of her son. Lord Wolesley says, in speaking of this conflict:

“Our troops behaved with great gallantry, the Highland Brigade bearing the brunt of the battle, in which 2,000 Egyptians fell, and over 3,000 were taken prisoners. The Brigade of Grenadier Guards, under the command of the Duke of Connaught, were stationed in the second line of the British army during the attack on Tel-el-Kebir as supports to General Willis' infantry brigade. Though not nominally in the post of danger, as the assault was, of course, begun by the first rank, the Guards suffered far more in proportion from the enemy's fire owing to the Egyptians, who had some vague inkling of an approaching attack, having sighted their guns for 2,000 yards, never dreaming that the British troops could advance closer to their lines unperceived. The first line, however, had advanced to within 1,200 yards before they were discovered, and consequently the shots flew over their heads and into the ranks of their supports behind.” “As they (the Guards) lay 1,000 yards behind,” writes the Daily Telegraph correspondent, “itching to be in with their bayonets, shell and shot

fell rapidly into their ranks, and it was a cruel time, for no blows could be struck in return. Several times when the storming line seemed wavering, the Guards were on the point of rushing into the *mêlée*, and the gallant young Duke of Connaught, who sat imperterbated upon his horse amidst the rain of bullets, must surely have been much exercised to restrain the sturdy brigade from joining in the hand-to-hand fray. *En revanche*, let a word of sincere tribute be paid to the Royal Prince, whose example has been excellent, and his bearing what it was sure to be, from first to last in this campaign."

How the Queen bore the suspense of waiting to hear of her son's conduct and of his safety she has herself told us in one of the most interesting of her "Leaves."

"Monday, September 11, 1886.

"Received a telegram in cipher from Sir John McNeill, marked very secret, saying that it was 'determined to attack the enemy with a very large force on Wednesday.' How anxious this made us, God only knows; and yet this long delay had also made us very anxious. No one to know, though all expected something at the time.

"Tuesday, September 12.

"Drove at ten minutes to five, with Beatrice, Louischen, and Harriet, to the Glen Gelder Shiel, where we had tea, and I sketched. The sky was so beautiful. We walked on the road back, and came home at twenty minutes past seven. How anxious we felt I need not say; but we tried not to give way. Only the ladies dined with us.

"I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed

for the morrow to arrive. Read Korner's beautiful 'Gebet vor der Schlacht,' 'Vater, ich rufe Dich' (Prayer before the Battle, 'Father, I call on Thee'). My beloved husband used to sing it often. My thoughts were entirely fixed on Egypt and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense that they seemed to feel as though they were all alive.

"Wednesday, September 13.

"Woke very often. Raw and dull. Took my short walk, and breakfasted in the cottage. Had a telegram that the army marched out last night. What an anxious moment! We walked afterwards as far as the arch for Leopold's reception, which was a very pretty one, and placed as nearly where it had been on previous occasions, only rather nearer Middleton's lodge, and thence back to the cottage, where I sat and wrote and signed, etc.

"Another telegram, also from Reuter, saying that fighting was going on, and that the enemy had been routed with heavy loss at Tel-el-Kebir. Much agitated.

"On coming in got a telegram from Sir John McNeill, saying, 'A great victory; Duke safe and well.' Sent all to Louischen, the Duchess of Connaught. The excitement very great. Felt unbounded joy and gratitude for God's great goodness and mercy.

"The same news came from Lord Granville and Mr. Childers, though not yet from Sir Garnet Wolseley. A little later, just before two, came the following most welcome and gratifying telegram from Sir Garnet Wolseley:

“ ‘Ismalia, September 13, 1882.

“ ‘Tel-el-Kebir.—From Wolseley to the Queen, Balmoral.

“ ‘Attacked Arabi’s position at five this morning. His strongly entrenched position was most bravely and gallantly stormed by the Guards and line, while cavalry and horse artillery worked round their left flank. At seven o’clock I was in complete possession of his whole camp. Many railway trucks, with quantities of supplies, fallen into our hands. Enemy completely routed, and his loss has been very heavy; also regret to say we have suffered severely. Duke of Connaught is well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack.’

“Brown brought the telegram, and followed me to Beatrice’s room, where Louischen was, and I showed it to her. I was myself quite upset, and embraced her warmly, saying what joy and pride and cause of thankfulness it was to know our darling safe, and so much praised! I feel quite beside myself for joy and gratitude, though grieved to think of our losses, which, however, have not proved to be so serious as first reported. We were both much overcome.”

In the last days of March, 1884, death came once more to the royal household. On the 28th of the month the beloved Leopold, the Duke of Albany, died at Cannes.

The sorrowful Queen once more turned to her loyal people and wrote:

“Windsor Castle, April 14th, 1884.

“I have on several previous occasions given personal expression to my deep sense of the loving sympathy and loyalty of my subjects in all parts of

my Empire. I wish, therefore, in my present grievous bereavement, to thank them most warmly for the very gratifying manner in which they have shown not only their sympathy with me, and my dear so-deeply-afflicted daughter-in-law, and my other children, but also their high appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart, and of the loss he is to the country, and to me. The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart.

"Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, I will not lose courage, and, with the help of Him who has never forsaken me, will strive to labor on for the sake of my children, and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can.

"My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable, touching and uncomplaining resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her.

"I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all, to the neighboring one where my beloved son breathed his last, and for the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.

" VICTORIA R. AND I."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### GORDON THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

Earlier in this volume we called attention to the gallant deeds of General Gordon in China. When he came home to England in 1864 he was the lion of the season. All London, all England, the whole continent, did him honor. Then came six happy, peaceful years in Gravesend, where the warrior of many years indulged in the luxuries of peace. A sincere Episcopalian, and a regular attendant on his parish church, he engaged in all those practical forms of Christian service which are dear to a man of his active, zealous turn of mind. He visited the sick, soothed the sorrowful with many kindly words, helped the distressed, taught poor and ragged children how they might live good, brave lives. He was a wise, generous, helpful soul. His foes feared him, but he was loved a thousand times more by his friends than he had ever been feared by his foes.

In 1871 the Gravesend days, the brightest spot of all his checkered career, came to an end. He was appointed British Commissioner of the Danube, which office he held till 1873.

At the close of 1873, by the consent of the British Government and the Khedive's special application, Gordon started for Cairo to occupy the position of Governor of the Soudan.

But this was not destined to prove a garden of roses. He was beset with the mutinous conduct of



the small force at his command, and the absolute insincerity of the Egyptian authorities at Cairo.

After three troubled years, Gordon, weary at heart, returned to England; at the urgent request of the Khedive, Gordon undertook another mission to the Soudan and once more made Cairo his home. But things went worse than before, and in July, 1879, he left the Soudan, after the Khedive Ismail had been deposed, in favor of his son Tewfik.

In 1882 Gordon took command of troops in Cape Colony, but he did not hold that position long. Then he went to Jerusalem and entertained the dream of connecting the River Jordan, by canal, with the Red Sea.

In February, 1884, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, he arrived in Khartoum. His progress southward from Cairo had been a continuous triumph. At Berber and at Khartoum the Soudanese welcomed him with the most pronounced enthusiasm.

In less than a month after his arrival at Khartoum, the Mahdi and his Emirs, or lieutenants, succeeded in spreading insurrection throughout most of the Nile districts between Khartoum and Berber.

The Soudan is a vast tract of Africa, stretching from Egypt on the north to the Nyanza Lakes on the south, and from the Red Sea on the east to Darfur in the west. It was conquered by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, the very year our Queen was born, and has been ruled with more or less success by Egypt ever since.

The Soudan was garrisoned by Egyptian troops, who were installed at the towns of Berber, Dongola, Khartoum, Sinkat, and Tohkat. Suddenly the Mahdi

appeared, and many of the tribes of the Soudan at once followed his standard, believing him to be, as he professed he was, the prophet foretold by Mahomet, who was to lead the Mahometans to victory against the infidels.

The Egyptian Government, of course aware of the danger of letting such a rebellion spread, engaged a retired Indian officer, Colonel Hicks, to command an army destined to march against the Mahdi, but the chief part of the troops put under the Englishman's command were the defeated and disgraced soldiers of Arabi, sent as a punishment to the Soudan. These poor fellows, however, are said to have fought bravely at Kashgate, fighting for three days without water against the Mahdi's troops till they were absolutely annihilated. The Egyptian garrisons were now in extreme danger, surrounded and hemmed in by the fierce fanatics who followed the pretended prophet, and the English Government scarcely knew how to act. At last both they and the public made up their minds that one man alone could extricate the Khedive's doomed soldiers, and after a pause he was applied to: this man bore the sobriquet of "Chinese" Gordon.

Gordon's first care was to send all the women and children out of the town, having them taken under safe escort to Egypt. There were two thousand of them thus rescued from death or slavery.

But difficulties thickened round his path, and he began to see that quieting down the Soudan was beyond his power; neither could he perceive any way of rescuing the besieged Egyptian garrisons, or even those in Khartoum. Therefore, as a last resource, he

issued a proclamation that seemed to uphold slavery—that at least permitted it for the present; and next he asked the English Government to send him Zebehr, a man who had given him the most trouble when he was Governor of the Soudan, being the chief of the Arab slave-drivers, who had been tried at Cairo and sentenced to death, but had been pardoned. Gordon, however, saw that it was the only chance of effective opposition to the Mahdi to set up this man in his own place as Governor of Khartoum. But no notice was taken of his request, and the adherents of the Mahdi, who now nearly surrounded the city, began a harassing system of attack.

Gordon had environed the town with a most wonderful cordon of defences in the shape of mines and torpedoes, but shot fell constantly into the place, though it was really not to be gained by an assault. His troops made several sorties; in one of these the treachery of the leaders of it, two pashas, was so apparent that Gordon, on their re-entrance into the town with troops led back, but not defeated, had them tried by court-martial, and they were condemned to be shot. The sentence was carried out, for Gordon, with all his humanity, possessed the quality of justice.

Before the end of March the city was invested. Two Egyptian officers—Hassan Pacha and Syad Pacha—to whom he entrusted the conduct of the expedition, proved traitorous. They met with their reward—death by the Governor-General's orders. The tide of insurrection then closed round Khartoum. By the beginning of May the Arabs, crossing the Blue Nile, had established themselves at Buri, a distance of about a mile from the eastern corner of the entrench-

ments. But at this spot the besiegers suffered terribly from the mines which General Gordon had laid down. On May 7th, nine mines were exploded during an attack, and nearly one hundred and twenty of the Mahdi's troops blown to pieces in consequence.

On the 25th of June General Gordon and his gallant companions and their garrison, still faithful, had their first news of the fall of Berber, but he and his companions prosecuted the defence with greater vigor than ever. On the 29th of July, Gordon drove the rebels out of Buri, killed numbers of them, captured quantities of rifles and ammunition, and cleared them out of thirteen zerebas, or stockades, which they had constructed on the river banks. At the end of July, in less than six months, General Gordon had lost seven hundred men.

Gordon was not a man to hesitate about speaking his mind. He sent the following telegram to Sir E. Baring:

"As far as I can understand, the situation is this: You state your intention of not sending any relief up here or to Berber, and you refuse me Zebehr. I consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties, if you would retain peace in Egypt."

If then the brave soldier had had a small force of 500 or 600 British sent to him, he would have suc-

ceeded in his work, and the cruel slaughter of Berber, and our own losses of gallant leaders and dauntless soldiers in the desert would have been spared.

Alone; abandoned amidst savage foes; without money; his promises of British aid (on which he had naturally trusted) unredeemed, and his word beginning to be doubted, "We appear even as liars to the people of Khartoum," he wrote. Gordon must have felt equal indignation and despair. But he struggled bravely on.

Meantime, England awoke to the true position of one of the noblest of her sons, and popular sympathy grew warm and earnest. Private individuals would have sent succor if they had been allowed. A lady offered £5,000 as the nucleus of a voluntary subscription to pay hired troops.

Sir Charles Wilson himself went on in a steamer to deliver Gordon. But it was too late. On getting in sight of Khartoum no Egyptian flags were seen, and by-and-by, when they had managed, under a heavy-fire, to approach within eight hundred yards of Khartoum, they saw that the streets were thronged with the swarthy followers of the Mahdi. A battery commanding the stream had also been erected, and its fire rendered approach impossible, as the steamer must have been sunk. Suspecting that Gordon was dead or a prisoner, the disappointed general turned sadly back, and had again to run the gauntlet between the river banks alive with foes. By the treachery of his helmsman the steamer was, however, wrecked half-way down the stream, and Sir Charles and his men were shipwrecked on a rock or island.

The delay in their return brought Lord Charles

Beresford in search of them, who, after bravely encountering great danger, succeeded in rescuing them.

It was thought useless and imprudent to go on to the city with such an insufficient force, especially when the news reached them the next day that Gordon was slain. He had been betrayed by his own black troops, and the Mahdi had been admitted to the town through an opened portal. The gallant Gordon was one of the first slain; happily he was not taken alive and tortured as he might have been. He had passed swiftly to his heavenly rest.

On the 23rd of July, 1885, the Princess Beatrice was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg at Whippingham Church.

In the summer of 1885, Her Majesty, attended by a distinguished company, paid a visit to the Great American Exhibition, then being successfully held in West London. A special private afternoon performance of Buffalo Bill's wonderful "Wild West" entertainment was prepared exclusively for the royal party.

The Queen and her suite arrived at the Earl's Court-road entrance shortly after five o'clock, and drove through the stables, and round the arena to a box specially constructed, and draped with crimson velvet. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole and the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby, General Lynedoch Gardiner, and Colonel Sir Henry Ewart.

Before the performance commenced, the Marquis of Lorne presented to Her Majesty the President of

the American Exhibition, Colonel H. S. Russell; the Director-General, Mr. John Robinson Whitley; and Mr. Vincent Applin, the secretary of the association. The following gentlemen connected with the executive council of the exhibition and with the executive staff were also present: Lord Ronald Gower, Colonel Hughes-Hallett, M. P., Mr. John Priestman, Mr. Leigh Thornton, Colonel Griffen, Mr. J. Gilmour Speed, Mr. Frederick Penfield, Mr. A. Pickard, Mr. W. Goldring, Mr. Rufus M. Smith, Mr. Townsend Percy, Dr. Bidluck, and Mr. John Sartain. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept a bouquet of exotics from Miss Whitley, daughter of the Director-General.

The performance of the "Wild West" greatly interested the Queen, who at its conclusion commanded the Hon. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," to be presented to her, and expressed to him her entire satisfaction with all she had seen. The Queen also spoke a few kind words to Miss Lilian Smith and Miss Annie Oakley, whose dexterous performances she had admired; and Miss Smith showed Her Majesty the rifle used in her shooting act.

Mr. Nat Salisbury, manager of the "Wild West," was next presented, and at Her Majesty's request he sent for two squaws, who came to her running across from the encampment with their papooses slung behind them. The Queen before leaving spoke a few words, through an interpreter, with "Red Shirt," a Sioux chief, whose stately demeanor, with his quiet assurance that he had come a long way to see Her Majesty and was well pleased to behold her, was duly appreciated. Her Majesty expressed to the President

and Director of the Exhibition her desire to return on a future occasion and see the fine art and other galleries of the Exhibition. The Queen and her suite left the Exhibition grounds at a quarter past six o'clock. An immense crowd had assembled in the Earl's Court-road, and cheered heartily as the royal carriages drove away.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

“The minister was alight that day, but not with fire,  
I ween,  
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty  
aislèd scene;  
The priests stood stolèd in their pomp, the sworded  
chiefs in theirs;  
And so, the collared knights; and so, the civil  
Ministers;  
And so, the waiting lords and dames, and little pages  
best  
At holding trains; and legates so, from countries east  
and west;  
So alien Princes, native peers, and high-born ladies  
bright.”

E. B. Browning.

The Jubilee of Her Majesty in the year 1887 was the second Royal Jubilee of the century. October the 25th, 1810, the Jubilee of George III. was celebrated. It was a sad occasion. There was no true festivity in the Festival. The reason of the King was tottering on its throne, when the Jubilee came round. But the true heart of England felt that it would be a slight to the royal family and unworthy of the nation to allow the 50th anniversary of the King's reign to pass without some demonstration. And though there was not much enthusiasm in the matter, the mani-

festations of loyalty, such as they were, were at least sincere. If England was not very proud of her King, he was still her King, and was not to be forgotten in the days of his darkness and sorrow. So every town and village roasted its ox, and made its plum pudding, and drank the King's health, "God bless him," in good old English ale. At Dunstable, we are told that a thousand men dined at one table. His Majesty's Navy had all the rum served out that the sailors could drink. Pardons were granted to prisoners of war and deserters. The officers in the King's service were all promoted. The country kept holiday, and London was very gay with tossing banners and musical with pealing bells. Every young man wore a blue-ribbon with a medal, and every young maiden was adorned with ribbons, which, as Dickens says, are "cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence." There were thanksgiving services in the churches for those who were prayerfully and piously inclined. There was a grand review in Hyde Park and at night fireworks aplenty. Strange to say, Ireland was most patriotic and loyal. The festival was kept up in the Emerald Isle for three days. Some of the Royal Family, however, spent the day in London. The King was in his lonely rooms at Windsor, and to have left him alone, to share the festivities, would have been unkind. There was a thanksgiving service in St. George's Chapel, at which the King was present. The Queen gave a reception at night. But her heart was aching and all the Court was sad. So ended the Jubilee of King George III.

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria was one of the grandest pageants, one of the most elaborate and loyal



DUCHESS OF YORK.



CHILDREN OF DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

demonstrations recorded in British history. The fifty years of the Queen's reign had been for the most part "happy and glorious;" such years of progress the world had never seen. It was meet that a grateful, loyal people should rejoice at the Jubilee of their beloved Queen.

Early in the morning of June the 21st, 1887, all England, and especially all London, was astir to greet the memorable day. The plan of the festivities was exceedingly simple. It included a state procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, a brief religious service, and then a return to the Palace by a different route from that taken in the morning. The great purpose of the Queen was that the engagements of the day might be shared in by as many of her people as possible. She loved to see the gathered crowds. Their shouts of welcome and their loyal anthems were music to her heart as well as to her ears. She had loved them and trusted them for half a century, and she loved and trusted them more than ever!

The day was beautifully fine, one of those "rare" June days that English people call now "Queen's weather." The sun was up, bright and early, shining from a sky cloudless and serene. The air was rich with odors of "roses and jassamine and pink." It was a national holiday, all labor rested for a day, the wheels were silent in the mills, listening to the merriment and delight of the people. Tens of thousands lined the streets. Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Westminster and Parliament street were all alive with happy throngs. You couldn't see the lions in Trafalgar

Square for the children who sat upon their royal backs and decorated with living beauty their tawny manes.

By all sorts of means and messages, the Queen's subjects in all parts of her vast domains managed to have a voice and a share in the Jubilee, and the Queen had abundant assurance that wherever the flag of England floated her far-spread loyal family were doing homage, and from early dawn to setting sun "God save our gracious Queen" was being sung from millions of loving lips.

The procession started early from Buckingham Palace, but not the procession that went to Westminster so many years ago. Then the "observed of all observers" was a fair-haired girl, still in her teens, looking through the fairy glass of youth to the mysteries of destiny. But the years have been telling strange mingled stories, and now a venerable lady, gray-haired and beautiful, with the beauty of advancing years, comes to meet the thousands who strain their eyes to get one more glimpse of "the ideal mother, wife and Queen!"

In the state carriage with the Queen were the Princess of Wales and the Crown-Princess of Prussia. Then came her sons and sons-in-law on horseback, forming a very charming cavalcade. This royal escort was most enthusiastically cheered, especially the Crown Prince of Germany, who had come to be a great favorite with the English people.

In carriages that followed were other princesses: The three daughters of the Prince of Wales, their carriage looking like a bower of tulle and whiteness; Princess Irene, the daughter of Princess Alice, was there, and their aunts,—the Princess Christian, Prin-

cess Louise, Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Edinburgh.

The scene in the Abbey was very brilliant beyond compare. What a goodly company! Here are three fair maidens with flapping Tuscan hats, covering heads that ran over with auburn curls. These are the daughters of the Duke of Edinburg, granddaughters of the Queen. Here the Duchess of Teck and her daughter, Princess May, attract loving attention. Indian princes in gorgeous attire, enswathed in costly shawls and resplendent with countless jewels. The Royalties of Greece and Belgium and Denmark were there. The Princess Lililokalani and her mother, Queen Emma of Hawaii, an Indian Mahranee, and a Prince of Japan in radiant splendor of feathers and jewels.

The Queen for this happy day had set aside the black bonnet she had worn for six-and-twenty years, and wore a coronet-shaped bonnet of white lace and diamonds.

The Abbey was densely crowded. On either side of the great nave, galleries, erected for the occasion, were filled with naval and military officers and their wives.

The Judges, the Lord Mayor and the Common Councilmen of London were there in their splendors of ermine and crimson and gold.

Arrangements were made for an immense daïs or sacrarium, a wide structure covered with crimson, with the coronation chair in the center, in which the Queen sat, supported on the right hand by the royal princes and on the left hand by the princesses. On one side of this sacrarium the members of the House

of Lords appeared, and on the other the members of the House of Commons. Above was a diplomatic gallery all ablaze with the splendors of foreign courts.

At last the royal company appeared. The garter king gave a signal, the trumpeters woke the echoes of the ancient Abbey, the Queen had arrived with her royal sons and daughters, and instantly the vast crowd arose.

The clergy of the Abbey came first, and behind them were the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury. After them came the Queen, attended by the princes and princesses of her family. The procession having reached the dais, the Queen took her seat on the coronation chair, and Lord Lathom and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe placed the robes of State on her shoulders.

The Archbishop of Canterbury began the service by the reading of appropriate passages of Scripture. Then came the Prince Consort's Te Deum, rendered by a choir of three hundred voices. After the reading of the lesson and three special collects came the Jubilee Anthem: "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on His throne, to be King for the Lord thy God; because thy God loved Israel, therefore made He thee King to do judgment and justice."

The Archbishop then read three more collects and the service in the Prayer Book for the anniversary of the succession of a Sovereign. Then the benediction was pronounced. So ended the religious service of this happy occasion.

The gorgeous pageant of the Empire now became



a simple, family reunion. The Queen now received the loving homage of her children. The Crown Princess of Germany and the Prince of Wales prostrated themselves at the feet of their royal mother, but the Queen waived all ceremony that day, and embraced her children with maternal tenderness.

The procession was now reformed, and the Queen returned to her palace home cheered by the plaudits of ten thousand voices. The night was made as brilliant as the day by bonfires and fireworks, reaching from John O'Groat's to Land's End, and far out on the billowy main.

On the 22nd, 30,000 school children met in Hyde Park and were regaled with pie and cake and fruit, and each child received a Jubilee mug. In the cool of the evening the Queen and the Prince of Wales drove out and surveyed the interesting service, and from the hands of Her Majesty, Florence Dunn received her mug as a reward of unbroken attendance for six years.

This same day Her Majesty received the officers of the Women's Jubilee Offering Fund.

No less than 3,000,000 women of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales united in this gift of \$375,000, ranging all the way from a cent to a dollar. The Marchioness of Londonderry, on behalf of the women of Ireland, presented the Queen with an elaborate Irish bog-oak cabinet.

Immediately after the Jubilee celebration Her Majesty addressed the following letter to the Home Secretary:

“Windsor Castle, June 24th, 1887.

“I am anxious to express to my people my warm

thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to, and returning from, Westminster Abbey, with all my children and grandchildren.

“The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on these eventful days, in London as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labors and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

“This feeling and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life.

“The wonderful order preserved on this occasion and the good behavior of the enormous multitudes assembled merits my highest admiration.

“That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer.

“VICTORIA R. AND I.”

The festivities in connection with the Jubilee continued well into July.

On the 2nd of July the Queen reviewed 24,000 volunteers at Buckingham Palace.

On the 4th, Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington. This was a most interesting occasion. The Prince of Wales was President of the Institute. After the laying of the

first stone, a block of granite three tons in weight, the Prince read an address to Her Majesty, to which she graciously responded.

The Queen rode down to the Camp at Aldershot on the evening of July 8th and slept in camp. The next day she reviewed 60,000 troops. The review lasted nearly three hours.

On the 23rd of the month there was a grand Naval review at Spithead.

How the Indian Princes felt toward their Queen and Empress may be judged by the fact that the Nizam of Hyderabad made the Queen an offer of twenty lacs of rupees (\$1,000,000) annually, for three years, for the frontier defenses of North-Western India.

The summer of 1887 will be memorable through all coming years as the year of the Jubilee of the Queen.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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### THE YEARS THAT WENT BETWEEN.

In the spring of 1888 Her Majesty traveled on the Continent of Europe, making a prolonged stay at Florence, during which she was visited by King Humbert and Queen Marghente of Italy. In this year the Emperor William I. of Germany died, and was succeeded by the Crown Prince Frederick William, and the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of the Queen became the Empress of Germany. But the shadows of death were once more gathering about the throne. The health of her son-in-law caused the Queen great distress, and after a brief stay at Musbruck, where the Emperor of Austria paid a courteous visit to Her Majesty, she hastened on to Berlin, and thence to Charlottenburg, the residence of the royal invalid. It was an unspeakable comfort to the troubled Empress to have her royal mother in these days of darkness and sorrow.

On the 15th of June, after a brief reign of ninety-nine days, at 11:15 a. m., the Emperor passed away at Potsdam, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and was succeeded by his son, the present Emperor of Germany.

The immediate cause of the death of the Emperor was cancer of the tongue, accompanied with bronchial troubles. The Queen's visit served a double purpose. It was a great consolation to the sorrowing Empress. There was some friction at Court caused by the

Empress Frederick favoring the marriage of her daughter Victoria with Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The Queen acted as a peacemaker, and succeeded so effectually that the stern, unbending Bismarck said: "Her Majesty was gifted with a statesman-like wisdom of the highest order."

The funeral of the late Emperor was conducted very quietly, in the Friedens Kirche at Potsdam. On the same evening in both Houses of the English Parliament addresses of condolence to the Queen and widowed Empress of Germany were moved and carried with great feeling.

In the House of Lords, speaking of the late Emperor, Lord Salisbury said:

"He has left an example which may be of most precious value, not only to sovereigns and those who may follow him, but to all sorts and conditions of men; and it is with a feeling that we are performing no act of mere formality in rendering homage to one of the highest and noblest natures which ever adorned a throne that I move the addresses which I have now the honor of laying on the table."

It had been intended to have made some celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's Coronation on the 28th of June, but instead of this the Court went into mourning for the Emperor Frederick, and all festivities were abandoned.

About this period several statues of the Queen were unveiled. One in the courtyard of the University of London; another on the Thames Embankment. The Prince of Wales performed the ceremony in both instances. Another erected over the gateway of the new Queen's schools at Eton was unveiled by the

Empress Frederick in the presence of Her Majesty. Still another, the handiwork of the gifted Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was unveiled by the Prince of Wales in Kensington Gardens.

The Queen visited Biarritz in the spring of 1889; from thence she journeyed to St. Sebastian, where she met the Queen Regent of Spain. The interview was delightful to Her Majesty and to the Queen Regent.

The Shah of Persia visited England for the second time and remained in London for a month.

On the 27th of July, Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was married at Buckingham Palace to the Earl of Fife, who was created Duke by the Sovereign on the same day, the good sense of the Queen having previously led her, in the instance of her own daughter, to renounce the prejudices of the Georges; and to accept a husband of suitable rank from her own people for a Princess of the royal family.

In the year 1892 there came great sorrow to Sandringham. The royal family and the nation were called upon to mourn the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the second heir to the throne. The pathetic part of this sad story is that the death of the Prince, which occurred on the 14th of January, was only within a few weeks of the date fixed for his marriage with his cousin, the Princess May. Further reference to this sad event will be found later on.

Her Majesty addressed the following letter on the death of her "Beloved Grandson" to her ever sympathetic people:

“Osborne, January 16, 1892.

“I must once again give expression to my deep sense of the loyalty and affectionate sympathy evinced by my subjects in every part of my Empire, on an occasion more sad and tragical than any but one which has befallen me and mine, as well as the nation. The overwhelming misfortune of my dearly loved grandson having been thus suddenly cut off in the flower of his age, full of promise for the future, amiable and gentle and endearing himself to all, renders it hard for his sorely stricken parents, his dear young bride, and his fond grandmother, to bow in submission to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

“The sympathy of Millions, which has been so touchingly and visibly expressed, is deeply gratifying at such a time; and I wish, both in my own name and that of my children, to express, from my heart, my warm gratitude to All.

“These testimonies of sympathy with us, and appreciation of my dear grandson—whom I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son—will be a help and consolation to me and mine in our affliction.

“My bereavements during the last thirty years of my reign have indeed been heavy.

“Though the labors, anxieties and responsibilities inseparable from my position have been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear Country and Empire while life lasts.

VICTORIA R. AND I.”

On the 10th of May the Queen went in State from Buckingham Palace to Kensington to open the

Imperial Institute. The spectacle was most imposing. The hall was elaborately decorated. There were 2,000 spectators present, among whom were Indian Princes, State Dignitaries, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and a host of notable personages. The Prince of Wales read an address to the Queen, and then in her name proclaimed the building opened and inaugurated. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction, after which Madame Albani sang the National Anthem.

Early in June, 1893, the marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess May awoke the nation's deep enthusiasm. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was presented at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in honor of the invited wedding guests. The marriage ceremony took place on the 6th in the Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace. London was en fête, the crowds reminding one of the Queen's Jubilee.

In the following year occurred, on the 24th of May, 1894, Her Majesty's seventy-fifth birthday, which was celebrated with great rejoicing. The Duke of Connaught conducted a Review of 11,000 troops at Aldershot.

Two interesting ceremonies were performed in May and June by the Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of the Queen. The first was the opening of the new buildings of the Royal College of Music at Kensington, erected at an expense of \$225,000. The second was the formal opening of the new Tower Bridge, which had been begun in 1886. The total length of the bridge and abutments was 940 feet, and the opening span about 200 feet. The total cost of erection was estimated at \$5,250,000.



The mournful anniversaries of the deaths of the Prince Albert and the Princess Alice were held in sacred remembrance by the usual memorial service on the 14th of December. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family were present. There was joy as well as sorrow on this memorable day, from the fact that on this day was born a second son to Prince George. The happy event transpired early in the morning at Sandringham. This gave England another heir to the Crown, and added to the domestic joy of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In March of the following year, 1895, Her Majesty left England for Nice, whither she was accompanied by the Princess Henry of Battenberg. During her residence in this centre of enchanting scenery Her Majesty occupied part of the Grand Hotel de Cimiez. Many of the Civic and Ecclesiastical dignitaries of the place were honored with invitations to occupy a place at the royal table. During this sojourn the famous "Battle of Flowers" took place. The Queen witnessed this unique conflict from her carriage at the opening of the Rue du Congrès. The Queen's carriage was made beautiful by showers of floral bouquets, which Her Majesty duly acknowledged with courtly bows and gracious smiles. Then from the Fêtes Committee came a banner of pink silk, and from the Mayor, Comte de Malanssen, a most charming basket of violets, to all of which the Gracious Sovereign responded with grateful thanks.

During the visit the clergy of the Anglican Church arranged a special service in memory of the Duke of Albany, which was attended by the Queen and a

select company of those who had known and honored the late Duke.

On the 20th of January, 1896, Prince Henry of Battenberg died on board Her Majesty's ship *Blonde*. The deceased Prince was interred at Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight. He had been Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight, that honor the Queen conferred upon his widow.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

We come now to the year 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee, which wholly eclipsed in splendor the glories of the Jubilee of 1887.

The Queen went in state from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, where a brief service of praise was conducted. The procession was in all respects one of the most magnificent the world has ever seen. All through the summer night of June 21st people gathered in thousands, lining the streets all along the route of the procession. There was a common feeling that this would be the last great public appearance of the Queen, and the loyal subjects were intent on witnessing its pomp and splendor, that they might tell the story to their children, and their children's children.

The last stroke of twelve had not died away in the midnight air when from a hundred metropolitan steeples a tumultuous peal of bells announced diamond jubilee day. The vast crowd that filled the miles of streets and squares answered with ringing cheers and here and there the singing of "God Save the Queen."

The crowds that peopled the streets and squares all night in the hope of a good view of the procession were amazing in their sublime patience. Waiting for twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours, as many of these people did, jammed together,

was a feat of endurance that could only be sustained by some overmastering desire. Quite half of these jubilee waiters were women, many of them with the pale, careworn look of the London worker, yet all enduring the back-breaking tediousness with the utmost good nature. Some had camp-stools, some sat on projections of buildings, on curbstones or leaned in doorways and the angles made by stands. Refreshments were in order everywhere, and the police had little trouble, cheery good humor being the note of the night. During the long hours snatches of song and occasional bursts of cheering showed that the people were determined to enjoy the festival of patriotism and loyalty to the utmost.

A clear starlit sky and cool air kept the spirits of the crowd at the topmost point throughout the vigil. With dawn the hope of queen's weather merged in certainty and the world here prepared itself in fullest confidence for a day of pleasure.

The honor of starting the procession was given to our friends from the Colonies, who had formed up on the Embankment, and who were to march at the head of the royal pageant, via the Mall, along the line of route to St. Paul's Cathedral. After the advance party of the Royal Horse Guards, in their blue uniforms with scarlet facings, and accompanied by their band, there rode Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Colonel-in-Chief of the Colonial troops, who was quickly recognized, and came in for a cordial cheer. With him rode Colonel Herbert, Commandant of Colonial troops. Then the spectators saw something of the men whom our Colonies and dependencies have sent over. The Hussars and Dragoons from Canada

were a magnificent body of men, calculated to thrill all onlookers with pride. Immediately after them rode the Premier of Canada, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, G. C. M. G., and Mrs. Laurier, seated in a carriage, which was escorted by the Canadian North-West Mounted Police.

Then came detachments of New South Wales mounted troops, a truly picturesque contribution to the pageant. The Rifles, numbering about 40, wore slouch hats with feathers and bandolier over the shoulder; whilst the broad-brimmed hats, turned up at the side, of the Lancer Volunteers, with their khaki-colored tunics, added to the picturesqueness of the Colonial costumes. Pretty well all our processions were represented in this section of the procession, including Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, Cape of Good Hope, South Australia, Newfoundland, Tasmania, Natal, Western Australia, the Crown Colonies, Rhodesia, British North America, Malta, the British Asiatic Colonies, and the British African Colonies. As a spectacle conveying an idea of the military glory of our Great Empire, and as a demonstration of Britain's great ramifications abroad, this long line of troops from our distant possessions was indeed something quite unique. Never before has there been gathered together a force emblematical of such far-reaching power and influence. The various Premiers of the Colonies which had sent troops, whose names have by this time become familiar throughout the country, followed in carriages, each Prime Minister—sometimes accompanied by ladies—being at the rear of the military representatives of his own colony.

The colonists met with a most cordial reception

from the onlookers, most of whom doubtless had never looked upon such uniforms before. The twisted puggarees around the broad-brimmed hats of the Victoria Mounted Rifles, together with their maroon facings, contrasted with the buff-colored tunics which distinguished the Queensland Mounted Infantry. The Cape Mounted Rifles wore spiked helmets, as also did the South Australian Cavalry, whilst more slouch-hatted warriors were seen in the Natal Cavalry and the Trinidad Mounted Rifles. Then the Zaptiehs from Cyprus, with dark blue uniforms, red fez, and sashes came by, a noticeable attribute being the jingling accoutrement of these dusky soldiers. The Malta Militia and Malta Artillery attracted attention owing to their similarity in appearance to our own infantry of the line. The active little Dyaks, the sturdy brown-faced men in scarlet and white composing the Jamaica Artillery. The men from Sierra Leone, in blue and yellow, with red fez head-dresses, all came in for their share of notice, and for the admiration which they deserved, not only on account of their smart and soldierly appearance, but also because of the admirable precision of their movements. No less worthy of commendation were the Houssas, and the British Guiana and the Ceylon troops, notwithstanding the comparative sombreness of their garb, which was relieved immediately afterwards by the brighter costumes of the Ceylon Light Infantry and Artillery Volunteers, and by the gay uniforms of the detachments from the Far East, the island of Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements in the Malay Peninsula.

Every one was pleased to see both Ireland and Scotland represented in the procession, the pipers

being hailed with delight, whilst the representatives of the London Irish (16th Middlesex) Rifle Volunteers came in for a due share of recognition.

Lovers of music were next delighted with martial strains from three of our finest cavalry bands, that of the 1st Life Guards, all a-glitter with gold embroidery, leading, and being closely followed by the bands of the 1st and 2nd Dragoon Guards. Flashing and sparkling with gold and burnished steel came next a pageant of our troops in a line of brilliant color, the "D" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery heading the column, followed by other batteries and bands and squadrons, the Hussars, Dragoons and Lancers all being represented. The "P" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, coming on with a gallop, brought up the rear of this portion of the procession, and then there followed as a change from the rumbling of the wheels of heavy artillery, the aides-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, amongst them being Colonel the Earl of Erroll and Major the Hon. W. Langton Coke. To these officers succeeded more brilliant military, naval and marine uniforms worn by the aides-de-camp to the Queen, who included Admiral Sir Algernon Lyons and Captain Lord Charles Beresford on behalf of the navy, and on the military side Colonel the Earl of Derby, Colonel Earl Wemyss, Colonel Lord Claud Hamilton, Colonel the Earl of Howe, Colonel the Earl of Cork, Colonel Lord Suffield, Colonel Lord Belper, and other distinguished titled officers. Next rode the Lord-Lieutenant of London (the Duke of Westminster), who was succeeded by the Headquarters' Staff and Field Marshals Sir D. Stewart and Sir F. Haines, glowing with scarlet and

gold and their breasts covered with medals and military orders. A deputation of officers from the Indian Imperial Service Corps, together with more Life Guards and a Colonial escort, followed, the Colonials thus being represented in the royal procession, after which there came a long string of carriages drawn by magnificently caparisoned horses.

In the first half dozen or so of these carriages rode the ambassadors of foreign Powers, all in their brilliant uniforms and insignia, a striking contrast being presented by the gorgeous robes of his Excellency Chang Ying Huon, the Chinese ambassador, with the matter-of-fact evening dress of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the representative of the United States. The ambassadors were followed by a number of royalties whose names have already been published, and most of whom rode in four-horse carriages. They included the Duchess of York, who was in white and carried a blue parasol, the Duchess of Albany, who frequently bowed and smiled, the Duchess of Connaught, who was also very gracious in response to the plaudits of the people, and Princess Beatrice, who had discarded the deep mourning which she wore at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Sunday last, and now appeared in bright and pleasant colors. Next came the suites, equerries and gentlemen in attendance, riding in threes, and making a brave show both in respect to numbers, the importance of their personnel and the brilliancy of their uniforms. Foreign and naval military attachés followed, succeeded by the Envoys, and then there was a pause. A loud cheer and a waving of handkerchiefs announced the coming of the Empress Frederick and other well-known royalties. Her



Majesty drove in a carriage to which were harnessed four black horses, and she was accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Princess Louise and the Princess of Naples, the carriage being attended by equerries.

One of the most striking and unique features of the procession then came under the observation of the spectators. It was a body of some fifty royal princes and representatives riding in threes.

St. George's Circus was made the center of a grand military display. First of all came the police, and then troops of the 2nd Life Guards and Lancers to assist them in clearing the space and the roadway. The Guards brought with them their splendid band, then followed thirty men of the Royal Navy and four hundred men of the Royal Marine Artillery, with the Naval Band. The police stood in front of the crowd, the cavalry in front of them, and in front of the cavalry the sailors, forming a barrier which no crowd of civilians could penetrate. At one time there was an ugly rush from the dense crowd in the London road, but the cavalry kept the people back. Some of them got a severe crushing, and a number of women and some men were assisted out of the crowd in a fainting condition to the ambulance vans in the adjoining thoroughfares. The bands played for the amusement of the spectators, and though the period of waiting was long, the time passed merrily enough.

Soon after twelve o'clock, distant cheers wafted down the Borough road gave the signal to the occupants of the Circus that the head of the procession was advancing. A few moments more, and the first

part of Her Majesty's gorgeous retinue came in view. The splendid uniforms and glittering accoutrements of the military evoked exclamations of admiration from the spectators, who watched the progress of each contingent of the royal pageant with eager interest. When the strains of the national anthem were heard, and marked the approach of Her Majesty. The band of the Life Guards took up the theme, and myriads of voices in the Circus joined in the chorus. As the Queen's carriage passed, all heads were uncovered, thousands of eager faces were directed towards her, and from the masses afoot and the better dressed occupants of the stands and buildings there arose deafening cheers like the "sound of many waters," and on all hands were waving hats and handkerchiefs. Her Majesty, evidently impressed by this enthusiasm, smiled and bowed her acknowledgments. Onward the cortège continued its triumphant progress until St. Thomas' Hospital was reached. Here Her Majesty was reminded by a large inscription of the fact that she had performed the ceremony of opening the hospital twenty-seven years ago, and also that it is here the first training home for nurses was established by Florence Nightingale. A hundred of the nurses now at the institution had come out in their blue dresses and white caps to add their cheers to those of the multitude, which Her Majesty, with her usual grace, was not slow to acknowledge. And so, with the shouts of her enthusiastic subjects on the south of the Thames still ringing in her ears, Her Majesty passed on over Westminster Bridge.

Cheer after cheer, deep-throated, the united voices of the millions, the homage of the assembled world

rose and rolled along the thoroughfares. The eight Hanoverian cream horses, all in red and blue, all ablaze with the royal arms, came in sight, drawing a carriage of the style prevalent thirty years ago—a carriage of claret color, lined with vermilion, while the postilions, magnificently arrayed, for the first time since the Prince Consort's death rode without bands of mourning on their arms.

Beside Her Majesty was the Princess of Wales, opposite sat Princess Christian; England's prince and heir rode by his mother's side and the Dukes of Cambridge and of Connaught came close behind.

Prince and princess, dukes and earls—little the attention for them, royal as they were. There sat England's Queen—old, bowed with the weight of years, but a monarch in every line—ruler, empress, sovereign, supreme of all who gazed upon her—the focal point of every eye, the object of each loyal cheer—thus Victoria, England's matchless Queen, rode slowly through the ranks of those who loved her!

The great bells of St. Paul's broke out in happy chorus as the Queen's carriage started from Temple Bar and only ceased as Her Majesty's carriage stopped in front of the steps of the City Cathedral.

As the Queen's procession arrived the carriages containing the envoys and the princesses drew up en echalon on the ordinary roadway on the right so as to face the Cathedral. The escort of thirty princes turned to the left on reaching the churchyard and then to the right across the front of the edifice, drawing up in open order between the statue to Queen Anne and the Cathedral steps.

Her Majesty's carriage then came between, halting opposite the platform on which awaiting her were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Bishops of Marlborough and Stepney, the Very Rev. Dean Gregory and the clergy of St. Paul's. In the surrounding dignitaries were leading representatives of all the faiths of England.

With the stopping of the Queen's carriage the picture was complete, and the swelling hymn that had risen on the summer air from five choristers of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, ceased its grand harmonies in one long-drawn soft "Amen." The service was about to begin.

Nowhere else on the route already traveled were the slopes of faces carried to so great a height. All around, like some vast amphitheater, walls of people stretched upward as if to climb the sky. The ecclesiastics, who had issued from the great west door as the Queen approached, standing beside the improvised altar, now began the simple service.

Her Majesty bowed to the Bishops and clergy and to the people, who vociferously acclaimed her. The Bishop of London approached, and offered Her Majesty a copy of the service, but she left it in the hands of the Princess of Wales, and as the great choir lifted their voices in the first lines of the *Te Deum* she bowed her head as if in silent prayer and thanksgiving. The words were, of course, familiar to all, but the service was new and special to the occasion. Dr. Martin, the organist of the Cathedral, had clothed this Hymn of Praise with music jubilant in strain but full of the dignity which characterizes the Anglican service. Striking but harmonious modulations

marked every change in key and mode, and it was rendered in faultless time, tune, and expression by both choir and instrumental band, the ensemble being truly magnificent. The Dean and Canons then said "Oh, Lord, save the Queen," the choir responding "And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee." The Lord's prayer was now intoned, by not only the choir, but all the clergy and nearly all the spectators within hearing. Then the Bishop of London, with a voice of penetrating clearness and in a stillness perfectly unbroken, except for the champing of horses, offered up the following special prayer:—

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, we give Thee hearty thanks for the many blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us during the sixty years of the happy reign of our Gracious Queen Victoria. We thank Thee for progress made in knowledge of Thy marvelous works, for increase of comfort given to human life, for kindlier feeling between rich and poor, for wonderful preaching of the Gospel to many nations; and we pray Thee that these and all other Thy gifts may long be continued to us and to our Queen, to the glory of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ Our Lord,—Amen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury now pronounced the Benediction in those richly resonant tones, and with that reverence and dignity which characterize all his church ministrations. The service was closed with the singing of a portion of the "Old Hundredth Psalm" to the well-known tune to which it has been ever wedded. In this the surrounding multitude participated, with a warmth of feeling that has never been surpassed. The first verse was accompanied by brass

instruments, while throughout the kettle drums kept up a roll that added considerably to the effect. The second verse was marked by the entrance of side drums and kettle drums in beat, and followed by the entire orchestra, which brought out the full magnificence of the Doxology.

The Queen gave her full attention to the service. Now and again, she raised her glasses to the clergy and choir, and scanned them with great interest. No one seemed more impressed than she with the touching ceremony. Archbishop Temple, raising his hand to secure attention, called out in a clear and ringing voice, "Three cheers for the Queen." No sooner was the invitation heard than the response came from the vast multitude, and there was a scene of wild enthusiasm. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved from roadway and housetop, and the people gave unbridled vent to their feelings. The band striking in with "God Save the Queen" gave regulated harmony to the universal emotion. Every voice was raised to join in the anthem, and only when the hymn was concluded did the people become subdued to renewed attention.

The Queen then beckoned to her side the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom she expressed her gratification with the solemn and touching manner in which the service had been conducted. Next the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught, who had sat motionless on their horses opposite the Royal carriage, approached, and a few words of felicitation were exchanged, all apparently being well pleased with the enthusiastic spontaneity of Her Majesty's subjects, to whom the Queen turned with interest, gra-

ciously smiling her acknowledgments. Thus ended the grandest and most impressive scene ever witnessed in her capital.

When the night came, from hilltop and mountain height, and from Cathedral towers, bonfires blazed through all the land, calling to mind the stormy times of Great Elizabeth when through all the land "the fiery message sped" of the Spanish Armada threatening danger and death. But the fiery message of this June night was a message of loyalty and love and peace.

The provinces were as enthusiastic as the metropolis.

At Sunderland, 1,400 of the poor were regaled with tea, and \$35,000 contributed to the Sunderland Infirmary.

At Darlington an ox was roasted and 12,000 children were entertained. The bells rang merry peals all day long, and at night the town was illuminated.

At Harrogate, a grand procession was formed, a fair young May Queen was crowned and young and old were feasted to their heart's content.

At Blackpool a bust of the Queen, which the school-boys had subscribed for, was unveiled.

At Manchester 100,000 children were entertained at breakfast, and medals of the occasion were presented.

the ringers "rang with a will," and at day-dawn, on the old church tower, the church choir met and sang the National Anthem.

At Leicester, 30,000 people attended an open air service in the old Market Place, and \$50,000 were con-

tributed for the Infirmary as a memorial of the Queen's glorious reign.

THE LAUREATE'S TRIBUTE.

The poem in honor of the occasion which Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, had the honor of presenting to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, and which was subsequently published in the Times and Standard. The poem has not the ring of Tennyson's grand rhymes. We quote but a few stanzas, which at least breathe the air of fervent loyalty:—

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow,  
They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand,  
Saying, "Behold, you are Sovereign Lady now  
Of this great land!"

Silent she gazed, as one who doth not know  
The meaning of a message. When she broke  
The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though  
Her soul that spoke:

"With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,  
I would not falter even if I could;  
But, being a woman only, I can be  
Not great, but good.

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,  
To my weak waist; the sword I cannot gird;  
Nor in the discords that distract a realm,  
Be seen or heard.

"But in my People's wisdom will I share,  
And in their valor play a helpful part,  
Lending them still, in all they do or dare,  
My woman's heart.

"And haply it may be that, by God's grace  
And unarmed Love's invulnerable might,  
I may, though woman, lead a manly race  
To higher height;



“If wise will curb disorderly desire,  
 The Present hold the parent Past in awe,  
 Religion hallowing with its sacred fire  
 Freedom and law.

“Never be broken, long as I shall reign,  
 The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me  
 To keep this kingdom moated, by the main,  
 Loyal yet free.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Succeeding stanzas describe the progress of the Queen's reign and the growth of affectionate regard between Sovereign and people. The poem concludes as follows:—

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, too, from where St. Lawrence winds adown,  
 'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plough,  
 And Ganges jewels the Imperial Crown  
 That girds her brow;

From Afric's Cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,  
 And Britain's Sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,  
 And that young Continent that greets the dark  
 When we the dawn;

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,  
 And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,  
 Hither her subjects wend to hail her long  
 Resplendent reign.

And ever when mid-June's musk roses blow,  
 Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,  
 And even England's greatness gain a glow  
 From her pure fame.

#### ODE TO THE QUEEN.

From Sir Lewis Morris's Jubilee Ode, which was also published in the Times, we quote the following vigorous lines:—

This is the golden link which binds in one  
All British hearts beneath the circling Sun,  
And this the Star which draws all, far and near,  
This aged life and dear!  
Ah, honored, thin-drawn life! who long has borne,  
From that far June, when with the earliest morn  
The young girl woke, with tears  
And innocent childish fears,  
To bear the burden of the Imperial Crown,  
Her young, her aged temples pressing down;  
Who, threescore years throned in the nation's heart,  
Of all its joys and sorrows bearest part,  
Sharing thy people's humbler hopes and fears  
And oft directing through a mist of tears  
Our difficult way. So fragile yet so strong!  
Thou seemest to our eyes  
Our own embodied Britain, old yet young;  
Not the rude Britain of her arrogant youth,  
But loving peace and filled with gentle ruth;  
The Britain her undying bards have sung;  
Our lives are bound with thine, our hopes with thee;  
Thy subjects all and loyal lovers, we  
Come from the North, the South, the East, the West;  
From the acclaiming lands beyond the foam;  
Seeking their ancient unforgotten home,  
Differing in race and tongue, and creed and name—  
Senators, soldiers, rulers great in fame,  
Thy proud Proconsuls come:  
Down lanes of life the slow processions stream,  
Barbaric gold and sunlit pennons gleam,  
While all the glittering palace-balconies  
Are animate with bright patrician eyes—  
And from our mighty mother, and the hum  
Of labor-teaming towns, from mine and loom  
And the blurred forges' mingled glow and gloom,  
Throngs the unnumbered, league-long crowd  
Waiting, with yearning hearts and plaudits loud,  
To see along the fluttering, flower-hung street,  
With trumpet-blare and measured, martial feet,

Down clear perspectives of the sunlit ways,  
The jeweled pageant pass to prayer and praise  
For blessings that have been and peace and length of days!

At the suggestion, it is understood, of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the first cousins of Her Majesty combined to present to the Queen, as a souvenir of her Diamond Jubilee, an edition de luxe, printed on vellum, of the record of the Queen's reign which has been in preparation by Mr. R. R. Holmes, F. S. A., the librarian of Windsor Castle. Owing to the unavoidable delay in the completion of the volume it has not been found possible to carry out this proposition in its entirety, but an ornate and sumptuous cover, designed and executed by Mr. Edward Marcoso, of Hatton Garden, has been finished and presented to Her Majesty. On the face of this cover, in the center, figures the monogram, V. R. I., delicately wrought in the finest diamonds on a ground of red enamel. Surmounting the Royal initials is a crown fashioned of diamonds, Burmese "pigeon blood" rubies, and splendid emeralds, while underneath is a scroll of red enamel edged with gold, and bearing the inscription executed in diamonds, as follows:—"1837—June 22—1897." Upon the obverse have been engraved facsimiles of the signatures of those of Her Majesty's relatives who are identified with the gift, and which appear as follows in their order of precedence:—

Marie, Queen of Hanover.

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg.

Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland, Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg, born Princess of Denmark.

Mary, Princess of Hanover.

Frederica, Princess of Hanover.

George, Duke of Cambridge.

Augusta Caroline, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess of Great Britain, Ireland, and Hanover.

Frederick, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Mary Adelaide, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Teck.

Francis, Duke of Teck.

On the obverse of the jeweled lid appears the Royal coat-of-arms, and in the center of the shield is a miniature presentment of the White Horse of Hanover. The inscription engraved on the obverse of the cover is couched in the following terms:—

Presented with the deepest feelings of devotion and affection to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India, on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of her reign by her attached cousins.

The gift measures 13in. by 10in., and weighs close on 200 ounces, and no fewer than 351 diamonds, besides other precious stones mentioned, have been employed in its ornamentation, those of which the Imperial monogram is fashioned forming alone a magnificent and glittering cluster.

The present to Her Majesty from the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife and the Duke of Fife, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and Princess Victoria of Wales, takes the form of a brooch, consisting of one very large and white diamond, encircled by a row of others of equal quality, and mounted to show no setting. The inscription on the velvet case is as follows:—

“The Queen’s Diamond Jubilee, 1837-1897. From her loving child and grandchildren, Alexandra, George and May, Louise and Fife, Victoria, Maud and Charles.”

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Albany present a long chain of diamond links, the center formed by an Imperial crown, with 1837 on one side and 1897 on the other in brilliants. The velvet case bears the following inscription:—

“In remembrance of the Diamond Jubilee, 1837-1897. From Alfred and Marie, Arthur and Louise Margaret, Helena and Christian, Louise and Lorne, Beatrice Helen.”

The present of the Royal Household is a large brooch of fine brilliants, the center being an exceptionally lustrous pearl, and a chain of brilliants attaches another fine drop-shaped pearl as pendant, and matches the Jubilee necklace presented to Her Majesty ten years ago by “The Daughters of the Empire.” The following address accompanies the present:—

We, the members, and many past members of the Queen’s Personal Household, venture, with our humble duty, to tender to Your Majesty our loyal and heartfelt congratulations upon the completion of the sixtieth year of Your Majesty’s reign. We humbly ask Your Majesty’s gracious acceptance of the accompanying token of our sincere devotion, with the hope that it may be received as an humble offering from devoted servants, who esteem it the highest honor to have

been privileged to serve in Your Majesty's Household during the course of a long and illustrious reign.

A bracelet with round medallions set in brilliants was also presented to Her Majesty on Sunday afternoon last, on behalf of the Royal Household, by Mr. A. W. F. Lloyd, the Clerk Controller of Her Majesty's Household. The design was very choice and pretty. On the round medallion were represented the rose, shamrock, and thistle, while the lotus flower represented the Colonies. In an oblong medallion were the figures 1837-97. The center was composed of the Royal Crown set in stones to match, the Imperial Crown resting on the sword and sceptre of State. The bracelet was composed of the finest brilliants, with large rubies and sapphires at intervals representing red, white, and blue, while the laurel leaves intermingled were intended to convey the idea of drawing the whole of the British Empire in bonds of everlasting peace towards the Crown. The beautiful jewel was designed by her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, and manufactured by Messrs. Rowlands & Frazer, jewelers, by command to Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales. This magnificent bracelet was enclosed in a unique casket covered with pale blue velvet, on the top of which was carved the letters "V. R. I." in monogram, surmounted by the Royal Crown, while at each corner, resting on small, white velvet cushions, are four Imperial Crowns, the casket resting on claw and ball feet, also carved out of solid gold. Her Majesty was highly pleased with this token of affection of her household, so much so that she wore it at the State dinners on Monday night and last night.

The Queen has been pleased to accept from the Incorporated Association of Her Majesty's and other Royal Warrant Holders, as a Jubilee gift, the commemorative Diamond Jubilee picture by R. Caton Woodville, "For Queen and Empire," in which the Colonial and Home Forces are brought together in review before the Queen.

One of the most graceful presents received by Her Majesty this week is that of the Girls' Friendly Society, of which she became the patron in 1880, an association to which other illustrious ladies are deeply attached. It takes a double form, one part of the total sum collected from members and associates in Great Britain and the Colonies being devoted to the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses, and the other to an illuminated account of the "world's work" of the Girls' Friendly Society. The latter has been entirely done by the girls themselves, the cover being of white watered silk made in Spitalfields, and the design in crewel work of a crown entwined with roses, shamrock, and thistle worked by an invalid member. White sapphires and moonstones adorn the crown. The design of each vellum page is different, Byzantine, Early English, and French, two of which were contributed by a deaf and dumb member. The wrapper is of Irish linen embroidered by an Irish member.

Americans, resident in London, or visiting the metropolis on the occasion, were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations of sympathy with the great movement.

Dinners, receptions, balls and afternoon teas followed each other in quick succession, interspersed

here and there, when the weather permitted, with garden parties and river trips.

William Waldorf Astor set the ball rolling by entertaining the masses before he received the aristocracy. He published a Jubilee edition de luxe of the Pall Mall Gazette for 1 penny, against 6 pennies and 1 shilling charged by the other newspapers. He did this without any hope of possible gain, as there is no chance of profit accruing from it. In addition he received royalty and distinguished foreign visitors in finished style at his town mansion. Carlton House Terrace had its doors open wide all week.

The Duchess of Marlborough took only a subordinate part in the general entertainments.

Mrs. Mackay, the greatest of American hostesses, remained secluded. This was a matter of deep regret to many of her American and English friends, but she was preserving her strict mourning.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Miss Endicott, was one of the foremost American entertainers. Her house, once the mansion of the late Sir Julian Goldsmith, had been brilliantly decorated and was the scene of several elaborate balls.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet, whose dinner for the Prince of Wales at Wimborne House was pronounced the social success of the season, repeated the affair on a still more gorgeous scale. Long rows of German Kings and Russian Princes filled her spacious corridors and listened to prominent operatic artists.

Mrs. Eugene Kelly rented a house in St. James' Square. It was her first season as a full-fledged hostess in London society and she signaled it by having her residence adorned by perhaps the most startling



illuminations of any private dwelling in the city. At night it is one blaze of colored lights in which the initials "V. R." are most prominent.

The Rev. Dr. Milburn, the well-known blind Chaplain of the Senate of the United States, who was on a visit to England, preached at the Queen's Park Congregational Church, Harrow Road, London, on Sunday at both morning and evening services.

At the morning service, alluding to the anticipated exercises of the coming week, the learned divine said we stood at the commencement of a wonderful week. It was a time when we might look back upon the great advance that had been made in the temporal and spiritual condition of the people since the Queen came to the throne. The improvement had been marvelous, and what a beneficent thing it was that the country should have had such a woman for its Queen, a woman who had been a mother to her people, a shepherd to her flock, and had given her days and nights to the study of questions which affected the welfare of the realm. What a blessing from God it was that this mighty Empire had been swayed by such influence. The Colonies and the remotest ends of the earth had felt the blessed influence, and in his own country womanhood had been raised to a higher level than had ever been known in the world owing to the glorious influence of that benign lady who reigned over them.

All nations had some voice or share in this great festival. The following letter from President McKinley will be interesting to our readers:—

“To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India :

“Great and Good Friend:—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the sixtieth anniversary of your Majesty’s accession to the throne of Great Britain.

“I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign, illustrious and marked by advance in science, arts, and popular well-being.

“On behalf of my countrymen, I wish particularly to recognize your friendship for the United States and your love of peace exemplified upon important occasions.

“It is pleasing to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues. May your life be prolonged and peace, honor, and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule.

“May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws and your Government continue strong in the affections of all who live under it.

“And I pray to God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping.

“Done at Washington, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1897.

“Your good friend,

WILLIAM M’KINLEY.

“By the President,

“John Sherman,

“Secretary of State.”

Her Majesty distributed honors right and left in

memory of the occasion. The old towns of Leeds, Bradford and Kingston-on-Hull were raised to the dignity of cities. The Prince of Wales was made Knight of the Bath, and Earldom was conferred on Lord Egerton of Tatton. Six Peerages were granted. Eleven Colonial Premiers and four members of Parliament were appointed members of the Privy Council. Fourteen Baronetcies were created, and countless promotions and distinctions were granted in all ranks and departments of the service of the Queen. At the suggestion of the Prince of Wales, contributions amounting to \$1,000,000 were given to relieve certain of the Hospitals of London of debt.

The Princess of Wales made the poor of London her special care, and she succeeded in providing the biggest dinner the world has ever seen. She pleaded for the poor and the response was a fund of \$1,250,000. It is said that 500,000 of the poor dined royally on that happy Jubilee. These dinners were given in different parts of London. The largest assemblage was at the People's Palace in the very heart of the East End. Another was at Clerkenwell. The Princess was present at these points. Every man, woman and child of the half million, got a plate of hot roast beef, puddings, oranges and lemonade. When at the People's Palace two poor little cripples were born to the daïs, carrying in their feeble arms two immense bouquets for the Princess, that gracious lady wept and smiled, and between her smiles and tears, she said:

“Poor, poor little ones! If I could only do more for them.”

June the 26th was a great day of Royal functions.

The Fleet was reviewed by the Prince of Wales, who represented the Queen.

At Aldershot 28,000 British and Colonial troops were reviewed by the Queen in person, under the command of the Duke of Connaught.

The Queen reviewed the Colonial Contingent at Windsor. Her Majesty also received the Pan-Anglican Conference at Windsor. There were a hundred Bishops present. The Queen was congratulated of the happy coincidence that the sixtieth anniversary of her reign was also the 1,300th anniversary of the conversion of Great Britain to Christianity.

From ancient universities and modern seats of learning, from religious denominations of every name and order, from great corporations, and from societies, varied in character and countless in number, came deputations and addresses, all breathing the same spirit of devoted loyalty, all alike congratulating the Queen, and praying that her gracious and beneficent reign might be long continued.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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### THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

An amusing story is told of the days of George I. It is said that august monarch had his fortune told by a Hebrew prophetess. The dark-eyed sorceress quoted the words spoken by one of the ancient prophets of her nation to Jonathan, the son of Rechab, and applied them to King George: "The House of Guelph shall never want a man to stand before the Lord forever." If this story is true, it may be regarded as truly prophetic. There has been no chance of failure in the royal line. There were Georges enough and to spare. And since Victoria came to the throne, the old benedictions of a full quiver have rested upon her house.

The Queen has had nine children.

The Empress of Germany has six living children and many grandchildren.

The Prince of Wales has four living children.

The Princess Alice had seven.

The late Duke of Edinburg had five children.

Princess Helena had four.

Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, had three.

The late Prince Leopold, two.

Princess Beatrice, four.

In the year 1892 Her Majesty's grandchildren numbered thirty-four, and beside these there were many great-grandchildren. As mother and grand-

mother, the joys and sorrows of the Queen have been infinite.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE  
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF  
QUEEN VICTORIA.

Princess Victoria, Dowager-Empress of Germany,  
November 21, 1840.

Alfred Edward, Prince of Wales,  
November 9, 1841.

Princess Alice, Hesse-Darmstadt,  
April 25, 1843.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh,  
August 6, 1844.

Princess Helena, Schleswig-Holstein,  
May 25, 1846.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne,  
March 18, 1848.

Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught,  
May 1, 1850.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany,  
April 7, 1853.

Princess Beatrice, Battenberg,  
April 14, 1857.

The Prince of Wales was born on the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's Day, 1841. There was great joy in the nation that a male heir was born, and there was boundless delight at Windsor, the Queen expressing the hope that her royal baby-boy would resemble his honored father "in every respect."

The Prince was christened Albert Edward, in honor of his father, and his grandfather, the Duke of Kent. The ceremony was performed at St. George's Chapel,

Windsor, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 25th of January, 1842.

Mr. Birch was appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales, concerning which appointment the Queen says:—"It is an important step, and God's blessing be upon it; for upon the education of Princes, and especially those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days largely depend."

How sincerely attached to his tutors the Prince became may be gathered from a letter written by a lady of the Court concerning "Princey," as the Court ladies called him.

Lady Canning writes from Windsor Castle in June, 1852: "Mr. Birch (the tutor) left yesterday. It has been a terrible sorrow to the Prince of Wales, who has done no end of touching things since he heard that he was to lose him, three weeks ago. He is such an affectionate, dear little boy; his little notes and presents, which Mr. Birch used to find on his pillow, were really too moving."

Later, the Prince became a student at the University of Cambridge.

A Cambridge paper speaks with enthusiasm of the career of His Royal Highness, at that ancient seat of learning. The brief but impressive eulogism runs thus:—

"We declare, without fear of contradiction, that while the Prince of Wales was at the University he proved himself to be a good and amiable young man, a true English gentleman, and a Prince wholly free from everything approaching to a debasing tendency. No parent could wish his son to behave better, and now that his time of trial has come, we feel confident

that His Royal Highness will be found neither unwilling nor unfit, nor unable to console and assist his bereaved mother, and to fulfill the warmest hopes of the people."

The Manchester Guardian, referring to the Prince's early manhood, bore this tribute to his worth:—

"The character of the Prince of Wales hitherto has shown itself to those brought into close contact with him, singularly pure and honorable, and perfectly free from insincerity and dissimulation. He speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish with fluency, besides being a good Greek and Latin scholar. He is well acquainted with law and the fine arts, a good soldier, theoretically, and a good horseman; no wall or brook ever stopped him when he was on horseback."

On the Prince's twentieth birthday, His Royal Mother writes:—

"This is our dear Bertie's twentieth birthday. I pray God assist our efforts to make him turn out well."

And Mr. Greville wrote in his Dairy: "I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental control and authority, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever was penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it whenever



he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect of it is excellent."

The Prince of Wales has been a good deal of a traveler. The first journey of importance was a tour through Canada, where he was received with every possible token of loyalty and respect. Crossing the mystic border line, he became for a time the guest of the United States and was cordially received at Washington by President Buchanan.

Immediately after the death of his father, the Prince of Wales went to Palestine and Egypt under the guidance and in the companionship of General Bruce and Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. The visit to Jerusalem was full of interest.

Ten days after the arrival of the Prince in the Holy City he met, by appointment, at the western wall of the temple, the Chief Rabbi and others of the heads of the Jewish community of Jerusalem. The Chief Rabbi appeared in his full robes, and with the insignia of his office as Hacham Bashi, which, being an appointment by the Sultan, confers upon him great civil powers and authority. The Prince received the deputation in a most gracious manner, and, after the ordinary formalities, entered freely into conversation with the Chief Rabbi; of whom he inquired if he believed the massive wall by which they stood to be a portion of the great master-work of King Solomon. The Chief Rabbi's explanatory remarks in answering this question in the affirmative evidently impressed the Prince, for he raised the covering from his head in

token of the sincere veneration which he felt for the sacredness of the spot; and who can tell what associations of thought crowded on him at that moment, for he immediately requested the Chief Rabbi to offer up a prayer for his "mother, the Queen of England!" The Chief Rabbi then prayed aloud in Hebrew for the health of Queen Victoria, and with great fervency, that she might long continue to reign, and with wisdom like unto that of Solomon. At the conclusion, all the deputation ejaculated "Amen, Amen." The prayer being interpreted to the Prince, he was greatly moved, and even more so when the Chief Rabbi followed up this prayer with an invocation to the King of kings that the soul of the Prince Consort might rest in peace in the realms of eternal bliss.

The Prince, accompanied by the Chief Rabbi, then visited the synagogues, which were brilliantly lighted up and decorated as on a festival, and were crowded to excess. Prayers were there offered up for the Prince, Prince Alfred, and all the Royal Family. At the first synagogue which he visited, the Prince asked to see one of the scrolls of the law, and he examined the sacred volume with great earnestness. The Prince then went with the Chief Rabbi to view the two new synagogues and the Rothschild Hospital, and during this time they held almost uninterrupted conversation in the Italian language. The amiability of the Prince, his genial and kindly manners won for him universal esteem.

Besides attending and witnessing the solemn Samaritan Passover, His Royal Highness visited Jacob's Well. But the most remarkable experience of all amid these sacred scenes and holy fields was the visit

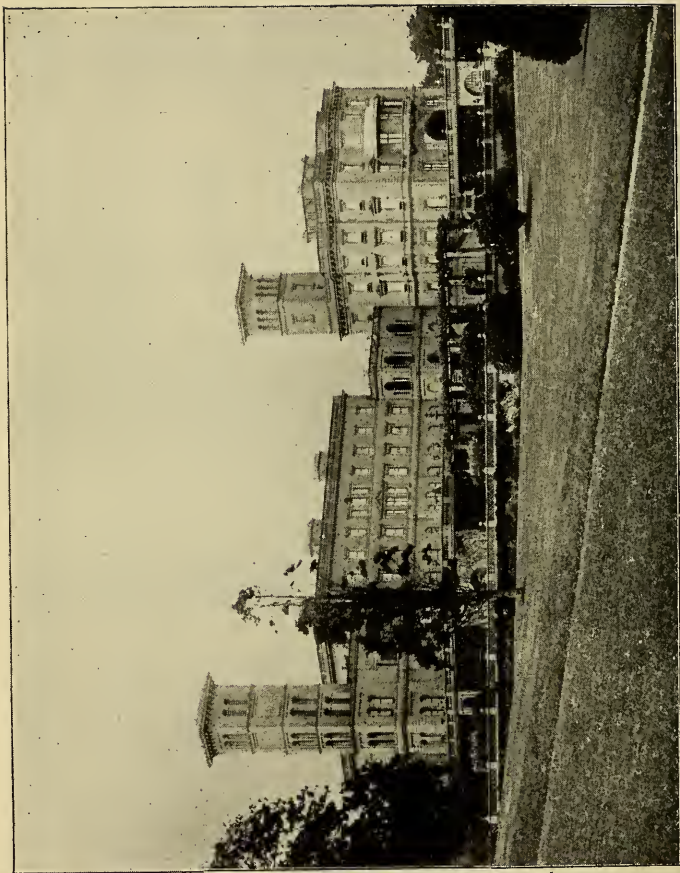
to the sacred shrines of Hebron. For a full and detailed account of this episode we refer our readers to Stanley's "Jewish Church," Vol. I, Appendix. We are only able to give the briefest extracts. There had been considerable difficulty. The Prince of Wales had been refused admission to the hallowed shrine. "But General Bruce adopted a course which ultimately proved successful. He announced to the Pasha the extreme displeasure of the Prince at the refusal, and declared his intention of leaving Jerusalem instantly for the Dead Sea; adding that, if the sanctuary at Hebron could not be entered, the Prince would decline to visit Hebron altogether. We started immediately on a three days' expedition. On the evening of the first day, it was found that the Pasha had followed us. He sent to reopen the negotiations, and offered to make the attempt, if the numbers were limited to the Prince and two or three of the suite, promising to go himself to Hebron to prepare for the event. This proposal was guardedly but decisively accepted. And accordingly, on our return to Jerusalem, instead of going northwards immediately, the plan was laid for the enterprise.

"It was early on the morning of Monday, the 7th of April, that we left our encampment, and moved in a southerly direction. The object of our journey was mentioned to no one. On our way we were joined by Dr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, well known to travelers in Palestine, from his profound knowledge of sacred geography, and, in this instance, doubly valuable as a companion, from the special attention which he had paid to the topography of Hebron and its neighborhood. Before our arrival at

Hebron, the Pasha had made every precaution to insure the safety of the experiment. What he feared was, no doubt, a random shot or stone from some individual fanatic, some Indian pilgrim, such as are well known to hang about these sacred places, and who might have held his life cheap in the hope of avenging what he thought an outrage on the sanctities of his religion. Accordingly, as our long cavalcade wound through the narrow valley by which the town of Hebron is approached, underneath the walls of those vineyards on the hill-sides, which have made the vale of Eschol immortal, the whole road on either side for more than a mile was lined with soldiers. The native population, which usually on the Prince's approach to a town streamed out to meet him, was invisible, it may be from compulsion, it may be from silent indignation. We at length reached the green sward in front of the town, crowned by the Quarantine and the Governor's residence. There Sûraya Pasha received us. It had been arranged, in accordance with the Pasha's limitation of the numbers, that the Prince of Wales should be accompanied, besides the General, by the two members of the party who had given most attention to Biblical pursuits, so as to make it evident that the visit was not one of mere curiosity, but had also a distinct scientific purpose. It was, however, finally conceded by the Governor, that the whole of the suite should be included, amounting to seven persons besides the Prince. The servants remained behind. We started on foot, two and two, between two files of soldiers, by the ancient pool of Hebron, up the narrow streets of the modern town, still lined with troops. Hardly a face was visible as we passed



FRONT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

through; only here and there a solitary guard, stationed at a vacant window, or on the flat roof of a projecting house, evidently to guarantee the safety of the party from any chance missile. It was, in fact, a complete military occupation of the town. At length we reached the southeastern corner of the massive wall of enclosure, the point at which inquiring travelers from generation to generation have been checked in their approach to this the most ancient and the most authentic of all the Holy Places of the Holy Land. 'Here,' said Dr. Rosen, 'was the farthest limit of my researches.' Up the steep flight of the exterior staircase—gazing close at hand on the polished surface of the wall, amply justifying Josephus's account of the marble-like appearance of the huge stones which compose it,—we rapidly mounted. At the head of the staircase, which by its long ascent showed that the platform of the Mosque was on the uppermost slope of the hill, and, therefore, above the level, where, if anywhere, the sacred cave would be found, a sharp turn at once brought us within the precincts, and revealed to us for the first time the wall from the inside. A later wall of Mussulman times has been built on the top of the Jewish enclosure. The enclosure itself, as seen from the inside, rises but a few feet above the platform.

"Here we were received with much ceremony by five or six persons, corresponding to the Dean and Canons of the Christian Cathedral. They were the representatives of the Forty hereditary guardians of the Mosque.

"We passed at once through an open court into the Mosque. With regard to the building itself, two

points at once became apparent. First, it was clear that it had been originally a Byzantine Church. To any one acquainted with the Cathedral of S. Sophia at Constantinople, and with the monastic churches of Mount Athos, this is evident from the double narthex or portica, and from the four pillars of the nave. Secondly, it was clear that it had been converted at a much later period into a Mosque. This is indicated by the pointed arches, and by the truncation of the apse. The transformation was said by the guardians of the Mosque to have been made by Sultan Kelaoun. The whole building occupies (to speak roughly) one-third of the platform. The windows are sufficiently high to be visible from without, above the top of the enclosing wall.

“I now proceed to describe the Tombs of the Patriarchs, premising always that these tombs, like all those in Mussulman mosques, and indeed like most tombs in Christian churches, do not profess to be the actual places of sepulture, but are merely monuments or cenotaphs in honor of the dead who lie beneath. Each is enclosed with a separate chapel or shrine, closed with gates or railings similar to those which surround or enclose the special chapels or royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. The two first of these shrines or chapels are contained in the inner portico or narthex, before the entrance into the actual building of the Mosque. In the recess on the right is the shrine of Abraham, in the recess on the left that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. The shrine of Sarah we were requested not to enter, as being that of a woman. A pall lay over it. The shrine of Abraham, after a momentary hesitation, was thrown open. The guar-



dians groaned aloud. But their chief turned to us with the remark, 'The Princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter. But to the eldest son of the Queen of England we are willing to accord even this privilege.' He stepped in before us, and offered an ejaculatory prayer to the dead Patriarch, 'O Friend of God, forgive this intrusion.' We then entered. The chamber is cased in marble. The so-called tomb consists of a coffin-like structure, about six feet high, built up of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green embroidered with gold. They are said to have been presented by Mohamed II. the conqueror of Constantinople, Selim I. the conqueror of Egypt, and the late Sultan Abdul Medjid. As we stood round this consecrated spot, the guardian of the Mosque kept repeating to us, 'that it would have been opened to no one less than the representative of England.'

"Within the area of the church or Mosque were shown the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah. They are placed under separate chapels, in the walls of which are windows, and of which the gates are grated not with silver, but iron bars. Their situation, planted as they are in the body of the Mosque, may indicate their Christian origin. In almost all Mussulman sanctuaries, the tombs of distinguished persons are placed, not in the center of the building, but in the corners. To Rebekah's tomb, the same decorous rule of the exclusion of male visitors naturally applied as in the case of Sarah's. But, on requesting to see the tomb of Isaac, we were entreated not to enter; and on asking, with some surprise, why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be

raised in the case of his far less eminent son, were answered that the difference lay in the characters of the two Patriarchs—'Abraham was full of loving-kindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront. But Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Palestine) had endeavored to enter, he had been driven out by Isaac, and fallen back as if thunderstruck.'

"The chapel, in fact, contains nothing of interest; but I mention the story both for the sake of this singular sentiment which the legend expresses, and also because it well illustrates the peculiar feeling which has tended to preserve the sanctity of the place—an awe amounting to terror, of the great personages who lay beneath, and who would, it was supposed, be sensitive to any disrespect shown to their graves, and revenge it accordingly.

"The shrines of Jacob and Leah were shown in recesses, corresponding to those of Abraham and Sarah—but in a separate cloister, opposite the entrance of the Mosque. Against Leah's tomb, as seen through the iron grate, two green banners reclined, the origin and meaning of which were unknown. They are placed in the pulpit on Fridays. The gates of Jacob's tomb were opened without difficulty, though with a deep groan from the bystanders. There was some good painted glass in one of the windows. The structure was of the same kind as that in the shrine of Abraham, but with carpets of a coarser texture. Else it calls for no special remark."

The following is a copy of an autograph letter from His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society. We introduce this letter with the most sincere gladness, because it reveals that filial reverence and love that the Prince ever manifested toward his revered parents. Most of the money for a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was subscribed under the impression that it would comprise a statue of the founder of the Exhibition. The idea was abandoned out of deference to the wishes of the Prince, who said, 'Men should not have statues raised to them while they are living.' A statue of the Queen was consequently substituted. But the Prince's death changed the situation—the attempt to do him honor, which, living, he declined. The desire, however, of Her Majesty and the Royal Family—and we may add the whole Empire—is expressed in a touching letter of the Prince of Wales:—

"The Queen has commanded me to recall to your recollection that Her Majesty had been pleased to assent to a proposal to place a statue of herself upon a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which it was intended to erect in the new Horticultural Gardens.

"The characteristic modesty and self-denial of my deeply-lamented father had induced him to interpose to prevent his own statue from filling that position which properly belonged to it, upon a memorial to that great undertaking which sprung from the thought of his enlightened mind, and was carried through to a termination of unexampled success by his unceasing superintendence.

"The Queen, therefore, would anxiously desire that instead of her statue, that of her beloved husband should stand upon this memorial.

"Anxious, however humbly, to testify my respectful and heartfelt affection for the best of fathers, and the gratitude and devotion of my sorrowing heart, I have sought, and have with thankfulness obtained, the permission of the Queen, my mother, to offer the feeble tribute of the admiration and love of a bereaved son, by presenting the statue thus proposed to be placed in the gardens under your management."

The one supreme question that occupied and interested the minds of the English people in 1862, was the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales. He was the eldest son of the Queen, and some day, in all probability, he would be King. He was exceedingly popular with the great masses of the people, who gloried in the young man whose destiny was so rich in promise. His youth, his frankness, and above all, his splendid geniality, won for him universal favor. The busy tongue of rumor had named two royal ladies, one of which was sure to share with the Prince the dignities and the duties of the State. The Princess Alexandrina of Prussia or the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Which should it be?

It was said that the desires of Her Majesty the Queen turned somewhat toward the Prussian Princess, but the King of the Belgians, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Cambridge, were all in favor of Prince Christian's gentle daughter. The subject was fully discussed in the leading newspapers and journals, and when it was hinted that the young gentleman, whose interests were most deeply concerned,

was inclined toward the Danish maiden, then the people took sides with the Prince of Wales, and long before there were any official announcements of the betrothal, the shop-windows of London and of the provinces were embellished with companion portraits—not always in the highest style of art—of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and beneath their radiant forms the legend ran:—

OUR FUTURE KING AND QUEEN!

It was further said that the late Prince Consort had more than once confided to the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice the desire that, all other things being equal, “it would gratify him very much, if Bertie should find a wife among the daughters of Prince Christian.” Diplomats seemed not unwilling to have a finger in this matrimonial pie. The cry of the people was for a genuine love-match first of all, and above all; and had the diplomats of the Court read all that was written and heard all that was said about them, they would have been greatly edified, if not delighted.

On the 26th of August, the Times said there could no longer be any doubt in the matter, as the *Dagbladet* had distinctly announced the early alliance of the Prince of Wales, with Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, who was heir-presumptive to the Crown of Denmark.

The Queen had been spending a little time at Brussels, and from thence she went to Rheinhardtsbrunn, where, on the 17th of September, she was joined by Prince Christian and his three daughters. Ten days before, the Times had said:—“It is said that the Prince has met the Princess—as, indeed he might

have met any other lady as worthy of fixing his choice—but it is added that he admires and loves the Danish Princess Alexandra more than any other person, and that in the tour he is about to take they will have the opportunity of knowing each other a little better. Up to the present moment no proposal has been made, and, consequently, no proposal has been accepted.”

“The forthcoming marriage of the Prince of Wales,” said Louis Blanc, the disgruntled French Revolutionist correspondent of the Paris press, “is turning everybody’s head. Nothing else would be thought of, were it not for the Polish Insurrection, which, to save the credit of English gravity, has happened at a very opportune moment to come in for its share of general solicitude. For once in a way, in spite of its fogs, England is justified in calling herself ‘Merry England.’ Mirth is the order of the day, and the reason is because the Prince of Wales is to be married!”

And on the whole a very good and sufficient reason, too, Monsieur Blanc! The sons and daughters of Queen Victoria are in a very real sense the sons and daughters of the nation, and all that concerns them concerns the people. All the bells of England will ring a merry peal when these two are wed, because from John O’Groat’s to Land’s End, the people of England wish the young people well.

One word more concerning the astonishment of this brilliant Frenchman, who could not understand why the English people should show such enthusiastic interest over the marriage of the Heir-apparent to the Throne, to this fair daughter of the House of Den-

mark, and then we will gracefully dismiss him from these pages :

“What is the meaning of all this?” asks Louis Blanc. “Was the great day because a young girl came hither from Denmark to espouse a young man? And who are they? \* \* \* The Prince of Wales is the eldest son of the Queen of England, and is destined to succeed her, and so far well. But after all, up to this time the uninitiated public are aware of no other particular merit in him than that of being the son of his father and mother. As for the Princess Alexandra, she is said to be very intelligent, and very amiable, and she is pretty; but so far as the public are concerned, so little is known about her, that at this very hour there is not one Englishman in ten thousand who does not believe that she is a Dane, who does not call her the Fair Maid of Denmark, and who does not lovingly do homage in the person of his future Queen to the daughter of the ancient Sea-Kings. It would astonish not a few, I assure you, if they were told that the Princess is a native of Germany; that her father, Prince Christian, is a German; that her mother is a German; in a word that she is a Dane only in the sense that she has resided in Copenhagen.”

In answer to the sneers of Louis Blanc, it may be said in the first place, that the Prince of Wales was not to blame for being the son of his parents, and he has certainly no need to blush when he calls Prince Albert and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, respectively, father and mother; apart from their royal dignity, their moral worth was such, that any man or woman might well be proud of such a parentage. There is

no more sense in blaming a Prince because he is born a Prince, than in exalting a peasant because he was born a peasant. And as to the contempt that the French Socialist would pour upon the bride-elect of the Prince of Wales, on account of her German or Danish origin—who cares? Saxon or Norman, German or Dane, it is all one. She is the beloved of the man who has asked her to be his bride, and that is enough.

But, after all, Louis Blanc didn't know everything. Mr. A. H. Wall, the gifted and interesting author of "Fifty Years of a Good Queen's Reign," in a footnote deals with the matter completely and puts Mr. Blanc to silence and rest.

"But the Princess is, after all that," says Mr. Wall, "a descendant of the ancient Danish Kings. Of the old Schleswig-Holstein line, there were two families, the Holstein-Sonderbourg-Augustenburg, and the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. The former was the elder branch and the head of the latter branch was Duke Charles, Prince Christian's eldest brother. When the dynasty of the Danish Skioth Princes came to an end in the person of Christian III., a German, the Count of Oldenburg, was elected King of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and from him descended the present reigning dynasty of Denmark. This King, Christian I., in 1460 succeeded to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, and so they became united to the Kingdom of Denmark. From this royal race sprang the Princess Alexandra."

So much for the Danish origin of the Princess of Wales. Why M. Blanc was angry because all England was so glad, it is hard to tell. But he was an-



noyed and vexed because the English newspapers of the day could hardly find terms sufficiently enthusiastic to express their delight. He spoke in scorn of "the inflated, hyperbolic, and ridiculously servile language of many of the English newspapers." It is manifest that a foreign correspondent, as well as a Cabinet Minister, may sometimes, as Disraeli said, "be intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

And now, while all England is busy preparing for the Royal Wedding, we will introduce the "Sea King's Daughter," a daughter, too, of Princely poverty, to our readers.

The Princess Alexandra of Denmark was the daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderberg-Glücksberg. He was a distant relative of the childless king of Denmark, who selected him as heir-presumptive to the throne; the salary attached to that distinguished position did not exceed \$4,500 per year.

Prince Christian, at the age of twenty-two, with the full approval of the King, he contracted a love-match with the pretty Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel, daughter of the Landgraf William, and niece of King Christian VIII. and of the Duchess of Cambridge, the aunt of Queen Victoria. The young couple were married in Copenhagen, June, 1842, and started house-keeping on an extremely modest income in a house dignified by the name of Gûle Palais. Here a year later a son, the present Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, was born, and on December 1st, 1844, his birth was followed by that of a daughter, Alexandra, afterwards Princess of Wales. The four remaining

children were George (King of Greece); Dagmar (Dowager-Empress of Russia); Thyra (Duchess of Cumberland), and Valdemar, married to Princess Marie of Orleans.

The birthplace of the Princess of Wales, though called the Gûle Palais, is really nothing more than a substantial and commodious town house. It is Number 18, Amaliegade, a street which is in the most aristocratic quarter of Copenhagen and which intersects the Amalieborg Square where stand the four royal palaces. The street in which the Gûle Palais stands leads in a straight line to that most delightful of marine promenades, the Langelinie, which skirts the shore from the harbor to the citadel, and affords an animated picture of the innumerable vessels plying the Sound.

For the first eight years of her life the Princess of Wales lived almost entirely in the beautiful sea-girt city of Copenhagen, going with her parents for a holiday in the country, or to the sea in summer, after the manner of ordinary people. But about 1852 came a decided change in her father's fortunes, he being at that time formally chosen as successor to the reigning King Frederick VII., who had ascended the throne upon the death of Christian VIII. a few years previously. The Château of Bernstorff, beautifully situated about eight miles from Copenhagen, was purchased by the nation and given as a summer residence to the Princess's father, who henceforth occupied the position of Prince of Denmark—although there was no great increase in his income, and he continued to live in the same simple style as before. In the years which followed the Princess spent the winter at Gûle Palais and the summer at Bernstorff, where, with her

brothers and sisters, she led the merriest and freest of outdoor lives, roaming the woods, gathering wild flowers, swinging on the branches of the great trees in the adjacent forest, cantering along the country lanes on her pony, and tending her pet animals. Her father was a great lover of horses and dogs, and Princess Alexandra was devoted to them as a girl, and soon became an expert and graceful rider.

About a mile beyond the glorious woods and park which surround the Château of Bernstorff, lies the charming village of Gjentoftie, with its rows of thatched cottages and tiny white villas. Each Sunday saw the Prince and Princess Christian, with their family of lovely children, walking to the quaint, red-brick village church, with no more ceremony than the family of a country squire; and to-day nothing pleases the King and Queen of Denmark better, when staying at Bernstorff, which is still their favorite retreat, than to quietly worship in the little kirke of Gjentoftie. The churchyard, or "kirkegaard," is indeed more like a lovely garden than a burying-place. It is of great length, and the central walk leads past the square grave-plots, edged with box borders and covered with flowers and shrubs, down to a field; and beyond one sees the famous deer-forest, three miles in extent, and catches a peep of the blue waters of the Sound. In the center of the "kirkegaard" is an open space with large, shady trees and seats, and here stands a rustic pump, which upon a summer evening seems to be the gathering-place of the village folk. A picturesque sight it is to see the women, in their large, Quaker-shaped bonnets, covered with bright spotted cotton, and their striped petticoats and aprons, stand-

ing for a quiet gossip between the carrying of buckets to and from the pump.

Into the cottages of these simple Danish peasants the Princess and her sisters went freely as girls, and there are those who still speak of the beautiful face and lithe, fairy-like form of "Alexandra" as she ran about in the unrestrained freedom of childhood. As she grew older she took a delight in visiting the sick and infirm, and was frequently to be met in the village on deeds of charity intent. This aptitude for making herself at home in the cottages of the lowly she took into the land of her adoption, and the Sandringham people, we are told, worship her sweet presence now as those of Gjentoftie did in the days of her girlhood.

The Princess Alexandra and her brother, the present Crown Prince, who was confirmed at the same time, sat together in front of the chancel. The remainder of the building was crowded with spectators, including even the gallery over the altar. The chief talk in Copenhagen for days afterwards was the rare and exquisite loveliness of the Princess Alexandra as she appeared in her white confirmation dress. Photographs of her began to be exhibited in the shop windows, pictures of her were published in the illustrated papers, and there was much gossip regarding her marriage prospects.

She was allowed to choose companions of her own age among the children of the place, and one who was her playmate speaks of her exuberant delight in outdoor fun and frolic. It would appear, too, that she and her sisters were allowed to play in the woods about Bernstorff without a governess in attendance; and one day Princess Alexandra conceived that glori-

ous sport might be obtained by taking rides in a wagoner's cart which was being used to carry earth to a dumping place. She prevailed upon the old man who drove the cart to let her and her sister Dagmar have the delight of riding in his homely, and we may add dirty, vehicle on the alternate journeys when the cart was unloaded.

When quite a child the Princess had been brought to London on a visit to her great-aunt the Duchess of Cambridge, and she was taken to see one of the Queen's parties at Buckingham Palace; but it is highly improbable that she met the Prince of Wales at this time. When in later years the match was whispered it met with warm advocacy from the Duchess of Cambridge, who had always felt a warm attachment for her niece, Princess Christian of Denmark; and it is thought she gave that astute mother valuable assistance in bringing about the marriage upon which she had set her heart. To-day the Queen of Denmark has a warmer friendship with the Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge) than with any other lady of the English royal family, and the marriage of her grandson to Princess May gave her the greatest satisfaction.

The Princess Alexandra, at the time of her marriage, knew scarcely anything of Court life and functions, and this makes the brilliant position which she at once took in English society the more surprising, and which arose not only from her personal charms but from her innate sense of what was gracious and fitting. Her girlish naïveté and simplicity were more charming than the most perfect acquaintance with Court etiquette.

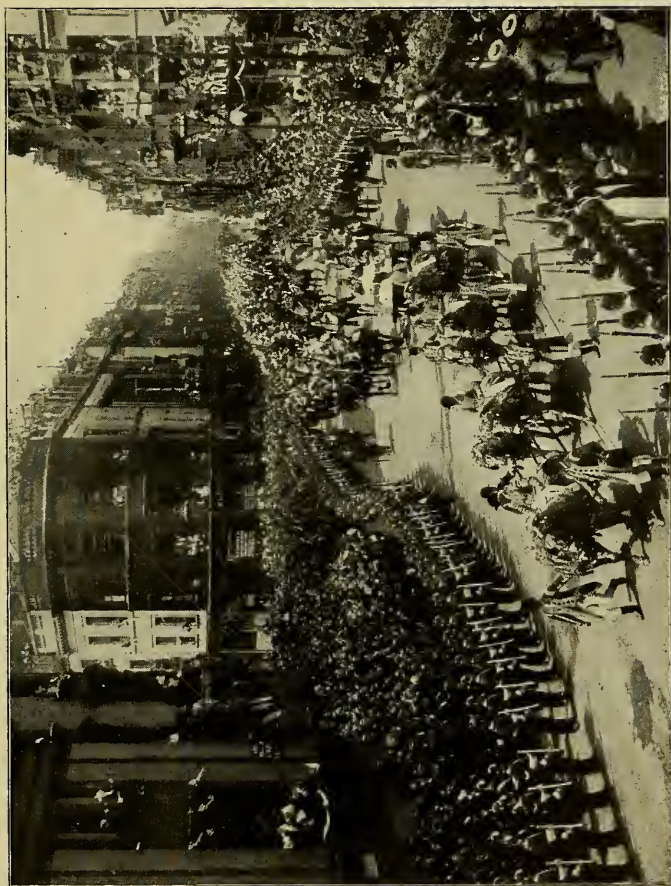
She, with her parents occasionally visited at some of the minor German Courts and also at Brussels, where she was a great favorite with King Leopold. It was indeed at Laeken, King Leopold's summer retreat, that the real courtship of the Princess and the Prince of Wales took place, both being there on a visit. Before matters reached this happy stage the Prince had had his interest in the young Princess Alexandra of Denmark aroused to the greatest pitch by reports of her beauty.

According to one of the friends of her girlhood the Princess' portrait came under the notice of the Prince of Wales in the following manner: He was one day in the society of some young men of his own age with whom he was on terms of such intimacy as to make discussion of private matters of a delicate nature possible. The talk drifted on to the charms of various beauties, and one of the number drew forth from his pocket the portrait of his fiancée, which we may suppose he intended proudly to display. It happened, however, that he handed to the Prince by mistake a photograph which had chanced to come into his possession. It was of a lovely girl, dressed in the simplest manner.

"Who is this rustic beauty?" asked the Prince.

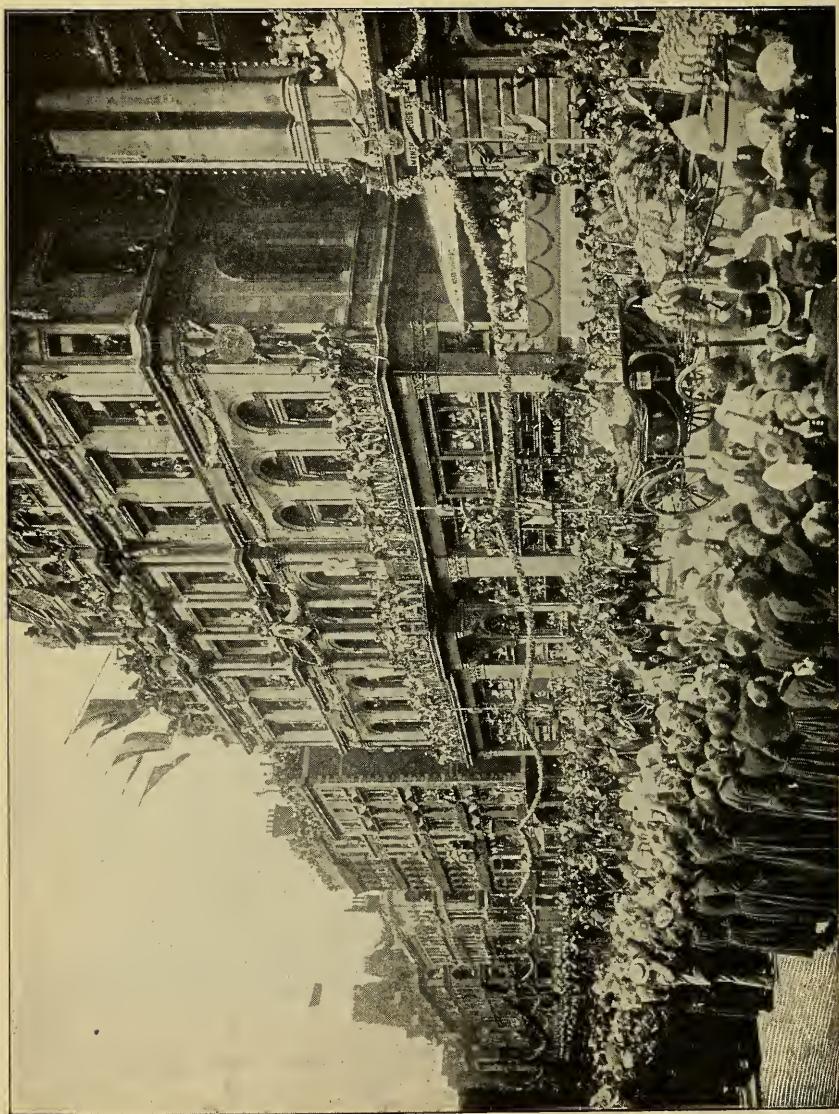
"The eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark," was the reply.

A few days later the Prince saw a miniature of the same lovely face at the house of the Duchess of Cambridge, who, as we know, was likely to be pleased with the impression which the beauty of her young kinswoman was making. The Prince now contrived to waive the German alliance which the Queen was



JUBILEE PROCESSION.

The Queen's carriage, drawn by the famous cream-colored horses.





contemplating for him, and sent a trusty ambassador to Copenhagen to ascertain whether the Princess Alexandra was as beautiful as her portraits represented her to be. It was to the very modest home at the Gûle Palais that the Prince's friend carried his introductions; but all considerations of social state vanished when he was introduced to the object of his mission. She was presented to him in a simple dinner dress of white muslin, with a wreath of pale blush-roses encircling her pretty head, after the fashion of the time. Her hair was golden brown, and fell in showers of beauty about her shoulders, which was the fashion of that day.

The Princess of Wales has always shown exquisite taste in dress. She and her sisters, in their days of princely poverty, are said to have been their own dressmakers and milliners. And she is spoken of to this day as the best dressed woman in England.

For a moment, we pause to note the ceremonies attendant upon the Prince of Wales taking his seat in the House of Lords in February, 1863, were of a very imposing character. At a few minutes after four o'clock the procession entered, preceded by the coronet of His Royal Highness. The Prince wore the scarlet robe with ermine bars, proper to his rank as Duke, over the uniform of a General in the Army. As the escort entered the House the Peers rose en masse. His Royal Highness, bowing his acknowledgments, advanced to the woolsack and placed his writ of summons in the hands of the Lord Chancellor. Then, proceeding to the table, the oaths were administered to him, and His Royal Highness signed the roll-call. The procession then moved towards the

throne, bearing the well-known Prince's plume and motto, His Royal Highness then took his seat there covered. Rising immediately afterwards, he again advanced to the woosack and shook hands cordially with the Lord Chancellor, who offered his congratulations, and His Royal Highness then retired by the peers' entrance.

On the 7th of the month following, the Princess Alexandra arrived at Gravesend, on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, accompanied by her father and mother, the King and Queen of Denmark. Never, in all the thousand years of her history, has England given such a welcome! The Princess, dressed in white, left the royal cabin and came to the starboard side of the yacht. Sixty young ladies, clad in red and white, the color of the Danish Kings, strewed flowers upon the pathway of the bride that was to be.

Then came the Prince of Wales, with a face beaming as brightly as the happy spring morning; and on the lips of his chosen bride he imprinted a fervent kiss that all the world might see. And then the river rang from shore to shore with the plaudits of gathered thousands.

The pen of the gifted Tennyson has never written anything that more perfectly echoed the thought and feeling of the English people than his "Welcome to Alexandra."

#### A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

March 7, 1863.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!  
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!  
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
 Scatter the blossoms under her feet!  
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!  
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!  
 Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer  
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!  
 Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher  
 Melt into stars for the land's desire!  
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
 Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,  
 Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,  
 And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,  
 The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—  
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
 Come to us, love us and make us your own  
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra.

The procession from London Bridge to Hyde Park was one unbroken line of splendor. In Hyde Park seventeen thousand volunteers kept guard of the royal cortège. From Hyde Park on to Windsor the grand procession swept, and as sun set on that happy day in March, the gentle Princess was fast locked in the loving arms of Queen Victoria, from whose trustful and loving confidence she has never one moment been severed.

Then came the marriage of the Prince of Wales

and the Princess Alexandra, at the Chapel, St. George's, Windsor, on the 10th of March, 1863.

All that could make the marriage glorious was there. The Queen in morning attire, wearing the blue riband of the Star of the Garter. Then came the resplendent Duleep Singh, the Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and the Prince of Leiningen, followed by the daughters of the House of Denmark; the Princess Dagmar, followed by her royal mother, leading in either hand the Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar.

The royal family of England followed in all the splendor of their courtly dignity. The wedding march was played, the Queen rose, the Prince of Wales entered with loving eyes full-fixed on his Queenly mother, and the bride appeared, nervous but beautiful, the delight of that gazing multitude. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The sixty-seventh Psalm was chanted, the Benediction was pronounced, and the great event ended.

It will be interesting to know how the costliest presents were sent to grace this royal marriage.

Prince Christian's present consisted of a necklace of two thousand brilliants and one hundred and eighteen pearls, all of rare value, attached to which was the famous Byzantine Cross of Dagmar, in cloisonne enamel, traditionally said to contain such old-time relics as a portion of the veritable Cross, and a piece of the silk which had once covered the corpse of King Canute.

The ladies of South Wales sent a splendid "badge" and bracelet, the former composed of the national emblem, the leek, in pearls, emeralds and diamonds, designed in the cinque-ceuto.

The ladies of Scotland sent a costly Paisley shawl. The City of London, superb earrings and a diamond necklace.

The Rajah of Kappoortulla sent a magnificent Indian necklace, remarkable for the size and beauty of its irregularly-shaped emerald drops.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh sent a bouquet-holder of rock crystal.

The Rajah of Nabha a necklace ablaze with diamonds, pearls and emeralds.

The Rajah of Furreedkote a bridal-gift of curious enameled bangles.

The City of Norwich sent a pair of magnificent iron gates for the Park of Sandringham.

The Edinburgh Highland Volunteers sent a fine brooch of antique design, with the words: "Welcome and Hail to the Daughter of Denmark from the Land of the Mountains. 1863."

The ladies of Liverpool sent a bracelet composed of opals, diamonds and emeralds.

The enthusiastic daughters of Erin sent to the Princess as Countess of Dublin, at the instance of Lady Rachel Butler, a glorious lace ball-dress of native manufacture.

These are but a few of the countless presents that came from far and near to greet the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea.

Marlborough House, London, was given up to the young people for their town residence. But the country house is at Sandringham, in Norfolk. It is said that Prince Albert selected this home for his son, as being one of the quietest and most delightful of country residences.

Lord Palmerston proposed to give the Prince \$200,000 per annum out of the Consolidated Fund, and the Princess \$50,000. Both Houses agreed, and the Bill received the royal assent.

Since his marriage, the Prince has grown in favor with people of all classes.

There is no man in Europe who has a more remarkable memory for names and faces than the Prince of Wales. This has been tested over and over again. People whom he has met casually and with whom he has exchanged but a few words have been very much surprised to be recognized by him several years afterward. This is undoubtedly a very strong element in his character, so far as popularity is concerned.

One of the most successful qualities of the Prince's character is his ability to make a good public address. He is not an eloquent man. None of his speeches are at all out of the ordinary way. You might read them all through and you would not find in them a single sentence remarkable for its beauty or originality. But these speeches are always short, simple, plain and unpretentious.

The Prince of Wales takes no part in politics. He has never voted but once in the House of Peers, and this was upon the act for the bill authorizing marriage between a man and his dead wife's sister. He knows that royalty in England owes its strength to its occupying a neutral position, and that it would be soon endangered if it were to be embroiled with political actions.

He does not express opinions upon political subjects, even among his most intimate associates. Some years ago he gave a dinner at Marlborough House

which no other English gentleman could have succeeded in giving. He took a particular delight in this dinner, because he had brought there the leaders of factions who had been fighting each other with the greatest intensity and bitterness for years. The extreme Tory and the most vigorous home-ruler, the representatives of the highest aristocracy and the most extreme Radical, high church dignitaries and eloquent dissenters, the legal profession, and even the city were taken into this gathering. The Prince, in the seating of his guests, placed the opposing elements side by side. Mr. Gladstone, who was an honored guest at this dinner, was seated between two of the most furious Tories in Great Britain, one of them a high church dignitary, who had often said that he would be reconciled if a thunderbolt from God struck Gladstone down. The arrangement of these guests afforded a striking illustration of one of the most prominent elements in the Prince's character. He hates factions and is always seeking to harmonize. In giving this dinner he practically said: "Gentlemen, differ as you will as to the method of conducting the public affairs of England, but do not let these differences carry you so far as to forget that you are Englishmen, and that upon the subject of England herself you should always stand united and harmonious."

Among the many public services in which the Prince of Wales took delight, was the opening of a grand Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington on the 4th of May, 1866. The Prince was the actual promoter, the executive president, and practically the director of the Exhibition. The enthu-

siasm with which His Royal Highness devoted himself to this laudable enterprize, reflected the highest credit on the energy and business-like sagacity of the Prince, and won for him widespread and cordial admiration; and Her Majesty was especially delighted to see her royal son walking the footsteps of his revered father. The Queen lent the grace of her presence to the occasion and formally opened the Exhibition. The occasion was most imposing. The building was densely crowded with a most brilliant audience. The entrance of the Queen was signalized by a flourish of trumpets. She was received by the Prince of Wales, and joined by the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, and other ladies of the royal family. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught each kissed the Queen's hand, and in return were kissed upon the cheek by their royal mother, amid the hearty plaudits of the assembled throng. A throne had been erected on a crimson dais, to which Her Majesty was conducted by the Prince of Wales; as soon as the Queen was seated, the national anthem was sung, part in English and part in Sanskrit. The Prince of Wales then read an impressive address, in which were set forth the character and purposes of the Institution.

Her Majesty in gracious response, said: "I receive with the greatest satisfaction the address which you have presented to me on the opening of this Exhibition. I have observed with a warm and increasing interest the progress of your proceedings in the execution of the duties intrusted to you by the Royal Commission, and it affords me sincere gratification to witness the successful results of your judicious and



unremitting exertions in the magnificent Exhibition which has been gathered here to-day. I am deeply moved by your reference to the circumstances in which the ceremony of 1851 took place, and I heartily concur in the belief you have expressed, that the Prince Consort, my beloved husband, had he been spared, would have witnessed with intense interest the development of his ideas, and would, I may add, have seen with pleasure our son taking the lead in the movement of which he was the originator. I cordially concur with you in the prayer that this undertaking may be the means of imparting a stimulus to the commercial interests and intercourse of all parts of my dominions, by encouraging the arts of peace and industry, and by strengthening the bonds of union which now exist in every portion of my Empire." A prayer was offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Hallelujah Chorus was performed by the choir; Madame Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home." Her Majesty then bowed to the audience, and as she descended from the throne the strains of the national anthem filled the great building with loyal melody.

It is an open secret that the Prince of Wales was very anxious to serve on the Labor Commission. He had served on the Commission of the Housing of the Poor, and he saw no reason why he should not be a member of the Commission which owed its existence to the initiative of Sir John Gorst. \* \* \* The Prince has a genuine sympathy with the people. There are in him all the elements of the truly Democratic Prince. He has unfailing courtesy, an unwearying patience, a marvelous memory, and a kindness that are worthy

of a Prince at his best. To keep him from these high tasks of the nation is a grave mistake.

The Prince remarked not long ago to a friend of his, somewhat pensively, upon the difference between his nephew, William of Germany, and himself:

“Look at my nephew,” he said, “he is but a youth, but he is the center of everything. He orders everything, directs everything, is everything; whereas I am not allowed to do anything at all.”

The critics of the Baccarat scandal found in this fact some considerable excuse for the Prince of Wales.

A writer in the *Figaro* says:

“The English have no right to get indignant with their Heir Apparent; but it appears to me that they would do well on this occasion to make some slight reforms themselves. If they want princes to be prepared to act as kings, they must not keep them entirely out of the domain of politics. If they want the princes solely as ornaments, they ought to make them a suitable allowance. If they don't want princes at all let them say so. Meantime, they have no right to flagellate Queen Victoria's son with the maxim, however just it may be, that a prince has higher duties to fulfill than an ordinary individual.”

Nor was the distinguished French critic alone. Almost in the same strain, the *Independent* of New York says:

“The Baccarat case has moved more loyal Britons to ask than ever asked the question before what possible excuse there can be for keeping up such a prolonged, expensive and dangerous sham as an idle Heir Apparent with no duties, no responsibilities, and nothing in the world to do. Frederick of Germany,

while he was Crown Prince, was kept full of care and responsibility which led straight on to the supreme duties of the head of the State. In England the actual royal responsibilities of the Sovereign are not great, and those of the Heir Apparent are still less. The Prince of Wales is past fifty, and has not yet had responsibility enough to have ceased to be frivolous."

The very excellencies of the Prince's character opened the doors of those follies which gave abundant opportunity for the meanest scandals to exploit themselves. Of the Prince of Wales it may be said with intense emphasis, that "he has been more sinned against than sinning." He was naturally a *bon vivant* rather than an anchorite. He was a lover of pleasure, but by no means vicious. Perhaps after all, the worst thing that can be said against him is that he was unwise and unhappy in the companions he chose.

The courage with which he confronted his accusers and submitted himself before the Court of Justice, offering himself freely for examination and cross-examination, when he might have sheltered himself behind the claim to be tried only by "a jury of his peers," awoke the universal admiration of the people, for that fearless pluck and courage which they esteem as the essential qualities of true worth and manliness. If the Prince had shown the "white feather" or had even appeared to be "afraid," he would have lost the confidence of his people; but acting as he did, it is very questionable if the Baccarat scandal, and the Lady Mordaunt episode, did not in the long run add to, rather than diminish, the Prince's popularity.

This at least should be remembered, for the last thirty years of his life the Prince of Wales has devoted

most of his time and influence to those movements that are for the public good. During these years, the Prince of Wales has been at the head of nearly all those great charitable and philanthropic enterprises. Millions of dollars have been contributed to these noble purposes through the direct influence of the Prince of Wales, and many millions more through his indirect influence, for as has been said, over and over again: "Between them, the Prince of Wales and his charming wife, have made charitable institutions a fashion and a fad!"

If this be so, it was a very happy fashion, and a very charming fad.

It was due to the persuasion of the Prince of Wales that Sir Francis Cook was induced to give \$200,000 towards the endowment of a home for girls attending the Royal College of Music. Moved by the same potent influence, Sir Thomas Lucas furnished the building at a cost of a further \$200,000.

It is averred that not less than a hundred London hospitals and forty orphanages owe their very existence to the Prince of Wales directly or indirectly.

Take him for all in all, the Prince of Wales well deserves the high place he holds in the estimation of the people. There may yet be—who can tell?—a decade of kingly service before him, in which he may reveal excellencies of character which hitherto have been hidden by circumstances and conditions he has not been able to direct or control. If this "King" ever "comes to his own," as the old phrase goes, he will meet with the most cordial and loyal welcome, and England no doubt will have abundant reason to be proud of King Edward VII.

It is only due in passing to note that the Prince of Wales was ever courteous to American visitors to England and an earnest advocate of the maintenance of the closest and kindest relations between Great Britain and the United States. He regarded Chauncey M. Depew as one of his warmest personal friends, and of his royal friend our distinguished Senator says:

“Instead of finding the Prince of Wales a man wholly devoted to the sports of the field, to the frolics of the board and the chase, I met a thoughtful, dignified gentleman, filling to the brim the requirements of his exalted position; in fact, a practical as well as a theoretical student of the mighty forces which control the government of all great countries, and make their best history.”

These are not the words of flattery, but a sober and wise analysis of character, by a master mind, who knows whereof he speaks.

Of the perilous illness of the Prince of Wales, and of the nation's unfeigned sorrow and anxiety during its continuance, and of the joy of the people on his recovery we have elsewhere spoken; as well as of the Prince's memorable visit to India, which won for him great Oriental renown and deepened the loyalty of the Indian Empire to that sovereign lady who was at once their Empress and their Queen.

The quiet, happy home life of Sandringham was the delight of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The present writer well remembers with what delight the people hailed the advent, one by one, of sons and daughters, who came to make that home bright and beautiful and full of promise. One bright morning, walking down Piccadilly, he observed here and there

groups of people engaged in the study of a new photograph of national interest. It was a portrait of the Princess of Wales, bearing her young son pick-a-back. The eminently natural, motherly aspect of the picture made it the most popular photograph of the period. Tens of thousands of them found their way into the homes and albums of the people.

Among the most recent tokens of the practical sympathy and philanthropy of the gracious lady of Sandringham, this story is told of the year 1900:

The Princess of Wales, in addition to fitting up and sending out to South Africa a hospital ship of the same kind as the *Maine*, almost entirely at her own expense, the medical staff and the crew being in her personal pay, has likewise converted a block of buildings on her Sandringham estate into a convalescent home for invalid officers.

The home has been arranged and decorated most charmingly under the personal superintendence of the Princess. All sorts of beautiful things have been sent there from Sandringham. The walls of the smoking-room, for instance, are decorated in the most picturesque fashion with old china, the best wines from the royal cellars are included in the invalids' "rations," and the cuisine is of the finest. The royal stables are at the disposal of the inmates of the home, who drive about in the wagonettes and dogcarts used by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Before they left for the continent in the summer of 1900, the Prince and Princess went especially to Sandringham to see if anything further could be done for the comfort of the invalids, and also gave permission to use the billiard-room at the hall. The home

is intended by the Prince and Princess more especially for Colonial officers, the idea being that, whereas officers hailing from the United Kingdom have their own friends and relatives to care for them during their convalescence, Colonial officers who are invalided are more liable to find themselves homeless in England and uncared for, save by strangers.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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### THE CYPRUS AND THE ORANGE WREATH

But the days at last brought sorrow to Sandringham as they had brought sorrow to Windsor. The Duke of Clarence, the first-born of the Prince of Wales and the favorite grandson of the Queen, died on the 14th of January, 1892.

The Duke was attacked on the 9th of January by influenza and pneumonia in a severe form. He had caught cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, another of the numerous victims of the insidious malady which then hung like a pall over the country. In the case of the Duke of Clarence, inflammation of the lungs supervened at an early stage. All efforts to arrest the complication of disorders proved unavailing, and on the morning of the sixth day after he had been taken ill he succumbed, never having rallied under the skillful treatment and unremitting care of which he was the object. His death occurred only within a few weeks of the date fixed for his marriage with his cousin, the Princess May.

The youth of the Duke of Clarence, the brilliancy of his prospects, the fact that he was about to be happily wedded, all combined to give to his death a tragic pathos which appealed powerfully to every class of the community. No effort had ever been made to thrust him on the attention of the public; but Englishmen, rightly interpreting all that was



known about him, had arrived at the conclusion to which personal intercourse with him had brought so keen a judge of men as Prince Bismarck—that he was a young man of frank and amiable character, a “perfect type of an English gentleman.”

They recognized in him all the qualities which are most essential for the lofty position to which he was born, and did not doubt that if he lived to inherit the throne he would discharge with honor to himself and with advantage to the Empire the duties of a Constitutional Sovereign. The announcement of his death produced a deep, universal, and most painful impression. No one who saw how the tidings were received will ever forget the aspect of the streets. It was as if every man and woman in the kingdom had been overtaken by a great private sorrow.

It was everywhere felt that the Queen would suffer severely from this fresh trial. Her Majesty had never quite recovered from the blow which, thirty years ago, deprived her of the husband whom she had so passionately loved; and since that time she had to bear with such resignation as was possible many another cruel shock. To the Duke of Clarence she was warmly attached.

Of the Prince and Princess of Wales it is enough to say that the country was deeply touched by the thought of their sorrow. The nation which congratulated them so joyfully on the birth of their eldest son, could not but utter a cry of distress when Death took him from them. Theirs was as bitter a grief as any of which humanity is capable, and the wound they received left a mark which Time itself will not be strong enough wholly to efface.

Few Londoners will ever forget the way in which the tidings were received and spread in the Metropolis. The news had been communicated to the Lord Mayor quite early, and large crowds had gathered to read the copies of the telegrams which were at once posted outside the Mansion House. The first, signed De Winton, told that a change for the worst had occurred, and that fear had taken the place of hope; the second that the fear had been realized. And the third and last was from the Prince of Wales, and read:

“Our beloved son passed away at 9 a. m.

“Albert Edward.”

The news spread wide and quickly. For to each breast the news had struck home, not only with the knowledge that the heir to Britain was dead; but with the thought that death had taken him in the flush of youth and happiness; with the thought that a father and mother had lost their first-born, and a sweet and good young lady her betrothed; and that another sorrow had been added to the many suffered by our beloved Queen. Never has a misfortune which has befallen the royal family been so deeply shared by the nation.

In the last sad hours, the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, read the prayers for the dying in the presence of the assembled family. There were present in the solemn chamber of death, the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had never left their son's bedside, Prince George, Princess Louisa, Duchess of Fife, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, waiting and keeping sacred vigil in the last sad hours.

The testimony of Dr. Hervey to the sterling character of the Prince is well worth recording :

He said that the whole nation was now mourning for the loss of one born to high estate, living, as it were, in the future, anticipating, as we all hoped, that in the future—the distant future—he might occupy the most important post in this realm, one whose loss seemed brought before us under specially melancholy circumstances. While standing, as it were, on the very verge of a marriage from which the nation hoped so much, on the point of being united to one whose affiance with him the nation hailed with so much joy, with every preparation being made for the completion of that marriage from which we all hoped so much, the hand of death had fallen on this young man at his entrance upon a life which must necessarily have been an important one in the history of the nation. Prepared as he had been, by a youth of diligent effort, to secure for him the advantages which were required for his very exalted position ; laboring as his parents had done to secure for him that extended knowledge of the Government of the Empire over which they fondly hoped he might one day be called upon to reign ; initiated in very early youth in the two great military professions on which the nation depended for its security ; laboring in the various avocations to which he was called with assiduity, we all looked forward to see in him one who would worthily occupy the great position which seemed destined to him from his birth, but the nation's hopes so far as he was concerned had been blasted.

While they thought of him from this point of view, they likewise could not but feel the deepest distress

for those who were closely bound to him by ties of affection and relationship. His parents rejoiced in him as a youth of singular amiability and kindness of character. The Queen, whom we had looked up to with so much honor for many years, had now to mourn in her advanced years the loss of a grandson in whom her hopes were signally placed. We mourned for her and for his parents.

The funeral was simple but impressive.

The coffin was on a gun-carriage, with a big silk Union Jack for a pall, and beautiful wreaths and crosses of flowers almost hiding the hussar busby and sword. Then appeared the tall plumes of the officers of the 10th Hussars, and the bearing party, who quickly resumed their busbies, to lift the coffin from the carriage. There was again a moment of silence, and presently the silken pall, with its burden of white flowers, shone beneath the western window. A chant broke the stillness, and there was the faint sweep of the white robes of the choristers and clergy as they reformed in procession. "I am the resurrection and the life," sang the choir, their voices rising now into triumph, now falling into sadness, and to the accompaniment of the church's song of hope came the slow procession. The choir was followed by the clergy, and at a short interval walked an official in evening dress. Immediately behind him came three equerries in scarlet uniform, bearing upon cushions the coronet and insignia of the late Prince. A small detachment of Hussars came next, and immediately behind them was borne the coffin upon the shoulders of some of their comrades. The ten officers of the regiment who acted as pall bearers walked by the side

of the coffin. The Prince of Wales followed in a dark uniform, having on his right hand Prince George, and on his left Sir Dighton Probyn. Behind them walked the princes of the blood and a brilliantly-picturesque throng of home and foreign representatives. Scarlet and gold uniforms contrasted with the darker blues, with here and there a shade of orange and of gray. On reaching the choir, the coffin was placed upon the bier before the altar, and the coronet and insignia of the Prince were deposited thereon. No flowers were visible except the few wreaths upon the coffin.

The Prince of Wales stood at the head of the coffin, with Prince George on the right and the Duke of Fife on the left. Surrounding them were the other royal personages. The Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward stood at the foot of the bier, while on each side were arranged the pall bearers.

The Dean of Windsor read the lesson, and the sentences beginning "Man that is born of a woman," were sung to the music of Croft and Purcell.

The Bishop of Rochester then read the sentences, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased," and earth was cast upon the coffin by Canon Dalton, the tutor of the Prince.

The choir here sang "I heard a voice from Heaven." The Bishop read the concluding prayer, and the Garter King at Arms proclaimed the style of His Royal Highness.

The memento from Her Majesty was a large wreath of white azaleas, arum lilies, and hyacinths, darkened with violets, and bordered with a setting of bay leaves, maiden-hair ferns, and myrtle. On one of the broad white satin ribbons of the wreath was

inscribed in Old English characters: "A mark of tenderest affection and love from his most devoted, loving, and sorrowing grandmother, Victoria, R. I." Another offering which arrested the attention was the memento from the regiment in which the Duke served. This was a huge wreath of poinsettias, within whose scarlet inner circle the Prince of Wales' Feathers—the regimental crest—had been fashioned in white flowers, the white satin ribbons attached bearing in characters of gold the motto, "Ich dien."

The Jewish Synagogues were deeply concerned in this sad experience, and from their ancient and sacred altars they offered the following prayer:

"He who giveth salvation unto Kings and dominion unto Princes, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, who delivered His servant David from the hurtful sword, who maketh a way in the sea and a path in the mighty waters, may He bless, guard, protect, and help, exalt, magnify, and highly aggrandize our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family; may the Supreme King of Kings in His mercy preserve the Queen in life, guard her and deliver her from all trouble, sorrow, and hurt; may He subdue nations under her sway and make her enemies fall before her, and in whatsoever she undertakes may she prosper; may the supreme King of Kings in His mercy put compassion into her heart and into the hearts of her counselors and nobles, and they may deal kindly with us and with all Israel; in her days and in ours may Judah be saved and Israel dwell securely, and may the Redeemer come unto

Zion. Oh, that this may be His will, and let us say Amen."

But there was joy as well as sorrow at Sandringham. July 22nd, 1896, saw the marriage of Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales.

All England was interested in the marriage of the Princess Maud, the third daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to Prince Charles, second son of Crown Prince Frederick. The ceremony took place in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace.

Inside the Marlborough House grounds, at the Pall Mall corner, the Prince of Wales had erected a stand for those of his friends who were unable to get to the palace. The Carleton Club was handsomely decorated in scarlet and white and the lamp posts were trimmed and decorated with white flowers. Devonshire House in Piccadilly was cheaply decorated with a few flags and looped scarlet cloth on the front wall.

The house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had a liberal display of scarlet cloth along its balcony. In St. James street, gorgeous decorations had been prepared and results were visible in all parts of the street. There were also displayed flags of all nations, including many United States flags, some of which were hoisted with the stars down.

Crowds began to assemble at an early hour, and all points of vantage along the route from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace were crowded with an orderly loyal populace. First Life Guards were stationed at intervals all along the route.

At 11:30 o'clock, with subalterns and an escort of the Royal Horse Guards, the bridegroom, Prince Charles of Denmark, attended by his brothers, Prince

Christian and Prince Harold, and their supporters, left Marlborough house in State carriages. As they appeared a few cheers were sent up by the populace and there was a general waving of handkerchiefs. Then the Princess of Wales and her second daughter, Princess Victoria, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, Prince Nicholas of Greece, and a large suite, emerged from Marlborough House amid much applause. The Princess of Wales appeared to be in a particularly gracious mood and bowed to the right and to the left in recognition of the greeting she had received. The party were escorted by the Captains of the escort of the Life Guards.

At 12:10 o'clock the Prince of Wales, with the bride, his daughter, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, and the Captains of the escort of Life Guards, started for the palace. As they emerged from Marlborough House, they were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.

The bride, pleased and smiling and bowing, could plainly be seen by the people in the street, as she was seated in the fairy like glass coach of the Prince of Wales.

On arriving at Buckingham House the bride's party were received by the Lord Chamberlain, and conducted to the library, where the bridesmaids and the Duke and Duchess of York were waiting to meet them.

The bridal costume was of white satin, en traine, with a deep belt of silver embroidery, studded with a delicate design in brilliants. For the benefit of lady readers, the following technical description by one of the modistes is given:



“The wedding gown, which was made in Spitalfields, was of pure white English satin, with long train, clearly cut in with the skirt, and trimmed in one corner with a full bow of mousseline de soie and orange blossoms. A ruche of delicate fabric and flowers bordered the skirt hem at the front and sides. On the bodice, the satin was drawn across the figure to a point at the left side, under a bow of the mousseline de soie and cluster of orange blossoms, and on the back there were lines carried downward, terminating at the left side of the waist in a band of exquisite silver and diamond embroidery. The low, square décolletage was trimmed with folds of silk muslin and trails of orange blossoms, and billowy muslin sleeves were formed of waterfall puffs, with trails of the flowers carried down each puff and falling on the arm in single bud.”

Around her neck the bride wore a magnificent circle of brilliants, the gift of the Queen, while about the costume were fastened the numerous ornaments and orders which she is entitled to wear.

The couple presented a strong contrast at the altar, the groom being over six feet in height, while the bride is petite.

The Princess of Wales wore a gown of rich white silk, with silver embroidery around the neck. Her hair was dressed in exquisite taste and liberally set off with diamonds.

The Duchess of Sparta wore a gown of white and silver brocade and a magnificent diamond tiara, tipped with white pearls.

The gown worn by the Duchess of York was of white brocade silk, the bodice trimmed with pointe

d'Alencon lace. She also wore a tiara of diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain wore white satin, the bodice being almost veiled with white chiffon.

Miss Yznaga wore a dress of striped chine glace silk.

The bridesmaids were dressed in pure white satin, made with low bodices, and beautifully embroidered in silver. In the hair of each was a white aigrette and a cluster of red geraniums, and each carried a bouquet of red geraniums. The red and white carried out in the bridesmaids' toilets, and which also characterized the decorations in the streets, were out of compliment to the bridegroom, these being the Danish national colors.

The bridesmaids were eight in number, being Princess Victoria of Wales, sister of the bride, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Inglebord of Denmark, Princess Thyra of Denmark, Princess Margaret and Princess Patricia of Connaught, Princess Alice of Albany, and Lady Alexandra Duff, the little niece of the bride.

The bride's procession was then formed and proceeded to the chapel, the way being led by two heralds, two gentlemen ushers, the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice Chamberlains. The bride was supported on one side by her father, the Prince of Wales, and on the other by her brother, the Duke of York.

The bridesmaids followed, while the gentlemen of the household, the equerries, and others, brought up the rear.

In the meantime the Queen had been conducted privately from her apartments to the vestibule of the

chapel. There the Queen's procession was formed and proceeded into the chapel. It was composed of heralds, ushers, women of the bedchamber, bearers of the gold sticks, and other officials of the Queen's household. With the Queen walked her son, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian of Denmark.

The Queen walked into the chapel leaning heavily on the arm of Prince Christian of Denmark, and was conducted to a chair at the left of and facing the altar. Her Majesty was dressed in black silk, and wore the ribbon of the Order of the Garter and other decorations. A white lace veil, surmounted with a diamond tiara, covered her head.

As soon as Her Majesty was seated the Lord Chamberlain and other officials of the Queen's household retired, but immediately reappeared with another imposing procession, composed of all the other royal personages, the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark, the father of the bridegroom, bringing up the rear.

When these had been seated the bridegroom's procession entered. Prince Charles wore the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Danish navy. The Prince of Wales was attired in the uniform of a Colonel of the Grand Guards.

Finally the bride and her attendants arrived. As each procession proceeded up a temporary aisle leading to the chapel, each side was lined with the invited guests for whom seats could not be provided. The chapel band, stationed on the terrace, played a march. As Princess Maud's procession entered the chapel the choir sung the hymn, "Paradise."

The Archbishop of Canterbury met the bride and bridegroom at the altar, and there performed the marriage service, at the conclusion of which he delivered a short address. The bride and bridegroom uttered the response of the marriage ritual in low but audible tones.

The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers.

After the register had been signed the Queen retired and the members of the royal party proceeded to the State dining-room, where luncheon was served, while the other guests were regaled in the ballroom. After luncheon the wedding couple received congratulations in the picture gallery.

The weather during the pageant and ceremony was threatening, with occasional intervals of sunshine.

Delay in saying adieu at the palace made the procession an hour late in returning to Marlborough House. By that time the morning crowds had been much re-enforced. Bands, which had taken up positions along the route through which the procession was to pass, enlivened the time during the waiting with music-hall ditties. At 3:40 o'clock the bridal couple left Buckingham Palace, the bands striking up the national air, "God Save the Queen," while the crowds greeted them with hearty cheers. The bride, who was quite pale, rode in the same carriage which had conveyed her to the palace. The young husband, sitting beside her in the glass coach, was smiling, but Princess Maud appeared quite serious.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

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### THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales stand at the head of the Royal Family, the Prince being the direct heir to the throne, will sufficiently explain our reason for presenting our sketch of the Prince and of his charming consort first among these "Outlines of the Lives and Characteristics of the Sons and Daughters of the Queen." In the royal families of Europe, heirship counts for more than chronology.

The Princess Royal was born on the 21st of November, 1840, to the great delight of her royal parents, notwithstanding Prince Albert did not hesitate to express the wish that the firstborn had been "a boy," to which Her Majesty had, as we may well be sure, a ready and sufficient answer.

The Court Chronicle tells us that she was "a plump, healthy, beautiful princess." Of course the Lords in Council and other great dignitaries had, as one of the duties of their high offices, to hold a solemn reception and to inspect the first-born of the royal house, which, the faithful chronicler avers, was evidently not to the mind of the infant Princess, who resented this intrusion on her early privacy by very distinct expressions of feeling.

The Princess Royal was as gifted as she was beautiful. She had a ready wit, and was quick to discern

the ludicrous side of things. She became very early in life the delight of the Court and of the people.

She was her father's pet companion, and imbibed from his conversation while yet a child that grave, deep thoughtfulness that justified the high eulogium of the Prince of Wales, who said, not very long ago, that he regarded his sister, the Dowager Empress of Germany, as "one of the wisest women in the world."

Many amusing stories are recorded of the young Princess and of her quaint, interesting ways. At Balmoral, when a little girl, she was a great favorite with all the cottagers about. It is related of her that one time she begged hard to be allowed to stand sponsor at the christening of one of the peasant babies to whom she was attached. The time came and everybody assembled at the church. No royal godmother, however, put in an appearance. The ceremony proceeded with a substitute. Near the end of it the Princess came hurrying in, breathless. "I just couldn't get here sooner. Please, can't you have it all over again," she panted.

Lady Lyttelton, the second daughter of Earl Spencer, who had been lady-in-waiting since the Queen's accession, had been entrusted by Her Majesty with the charge of the royal children. She was a kind, motherly lady, admirably fitted for this important office, which she held for eight years. The royal mother, however, remained herself the chief authority in nursery matters, and supervised every detail of the children's training. In drawing up some rules for their education, she said: "The greatest maxim of all is—that the children should be brought up as simply as possible, and in as domestic a way as possible; that,

not interfering with their lessons, they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things. \* \* \* Religious training is best given to a child at its mother's knee." Apropos of the latter, there is a story told of the quick-visioned child, to the following effect: The Queen was reading the Bible with her little daughter, and came to the passage, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him," upon which "Vicky," who had a sense of beauty and fitness, exclaimed, "But, mamma, surely not Dr. Prætorious?" This gentleman was secretary to Prince Albert, and by no means good-looking.

Very clever children need to be restrained betimes, or they will grow vain and tiresome. Even the Princess Royal with all her pert, pretty ways, needed the curb occasionally, and how promptly the royal mother applied it is illustrated by the following story: When about thirteen years old the Princess accompanied her mother to a military review, and seemed disposed, as she sat in her carriage, to be a little coquettish with some of the young officers of the escort. The Queen gave her some warning looks without avail, and presently the young Princess dangled her handkerchief over the side of the carriage and dropped it—evidently for the purpose. There was an immediate rush of young officers to pick it up; but the royal mother bid the gentlemen desist from their gallant intention, and turning to poor unfortunate "Vicky," said in a stern voice, "Now, my daughter, pick up your handkerchief yourself." There was no help for it; the footman let down the steps, and the young Princess did her

mother's bidding, with flaming cheeks and a saucy toss of the head.

Another example of this royal discipline is well worth recording. When Dr. Brown, of Windsor, entered the service of Prince Albert, the little princesses, hearing their father address him as "Brown," used the same form of speech. The Queen corrected them, and told them to say "Dr. Brown." All obeyed except "Vicky," who was threatened with "bed" if she transgressed again. Next morning, when the Doctor presented himself to the royal family, the young Princess, looking straight at him, said, "Good morning, Brown!" Then, seeing the eyes of her mother fixed upon her, she rose and, with a curtsy, continued, "and good night, Brown, for I am going to bed," and she walked resolutely away to her punishment.

The years pass on, the child has passed from the mystic boundaries of maidenhood to early womanhood, and Prince Frederick William, son of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, then heir-presumptive to the Prussian throne, has come a-wooing amid the heathery hills of Scotland for Victoria's first-born child.

Her Majesty thus refers to the Betrothal of the Princess Royal:

"Sep. 29, 1856.

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us of his wishes on the 20th; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again.



However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

The poetic outset of this courtship was worthy of all that followed; for the domestic happiness of the Princess Royal was like that of her mother's—cloudless and beautiful, but all too brief.

The contemplated marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia was a matter of grave and serious importance. The Princess was young, and it was suggested to the Crown Prince that he should wait two years at least for his over-young bride.

To use the familiar phraseology of the time, it was generally felt that the German Court was likely to prove a hornets' nest for the young Princess. But those who knew her well felt that she was quite equal to holding her own. Bismarck was a great power at Berlin, and it will not be out of place to quote a brief passage from one of his speeches relating to England. He was not a man to flatter, but had a stern, vigorous, uncompromising way of expressing himself.

"Give us," he said, "everything English that we do not possess. Give us English piety, and English respect for law; give us, if you please, the entire English Constitution, but with it the entire relations of the English landlords, English wealth, and English commonsense; then it will be possible to govern in a similar manner. But the Prussian Crown must not

be forced into the powerless position of the English Crown, which appears more like an elegant ornament at the apex of the edifice of State than the supporting pillar it is to Prussia."

It was perhaps necessary that a poet should arise, and describe the throne of Queen Victoria, as a throne  
"Broad-based upon Her people's will."

Thus in one comprehensive line, Tennyson crowded the poetry of politics, and the politics of poetry. The throne and crown of England have not been "elegant ornaments" alone, they have been grandly emblematic of a rule of righteousness, and a reign of broadening freedom.

On the 25th of January, 1858, the first break occurred in the royal family. On that day the Princess Royal was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Long before the happy event transpired the public sentiment was stirred to intense sympathy and excitement.

The Chapel Royal, St. James', was the scene of this august ceremony. The members of the Royal Family were all present, beside many other illustrious guests. As at all weddings, the costumes of the bride and bridesmaids and their associate friends have an unspeakable charm for those who hope some day to stand with palpitating heart before the altar,—it is reasonable to conclude that a record of the "wedding garments" of this special occasion will prove more than ordinarily interesting. Her Majesty the Queen wore a train of lilac velvet, with petticoat of lilac and silver moire antique, and a flounce of Honiton lace. The corsage was ornamented with diamonds, the magnificent Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light, was

worn as a brooch. A magnificent diadem of diamonds constituted the head-dress.

The Prince Consort and King Leopold were in field-marshal's uniforms; the Prince of Wales and the other Princes in Highland costumes; and the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louise—who went hand-in-hand behind their royal mother in the procession—wore white lace over pink satin, with daisies and blue corn-flowers in their hair. The bridegroom, whose bearing was stately and dignified, wore the blue uniform of a Prussian general. When he appeared in the Chapel, which was now a scene of august and dazzling splendor, he bowed low to the Queen, and then to his mother. The bride came into the Chapel walking between her father and King Leopold, who was her godfather as well as her grand-uncle. She wore a white dress of moire and Honiton lace, with wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms. Her gorgeous train was borne by eight bridesmaids—

The Lady Susan Pelham Clinton,  
The Lady Emma Stanley,  
The Lady Susan Murray,  
The Lady Victoria Noel.  
The Lady Cecilia Gordon Lennox,  
The Lady Catherine Hamilton,  
The Lady Constance Villiers,  
The Lady Cecilia Molyneux—

These were the unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises and earls. The very flower of English beauty and nobility. They wore the simplest form of dress, white tulle, with wreaths and bouquets of pink roses and white heather. As the Princess advanced, says the Annual Register, she paused on her way to

the altar, and made a deep reverence to her mother, her pale face flushing crimson as she bowed. A similar observance was made to the Prince of Prussia. The bridegroom then advanced, and, dropping on one knee, took her hand and pressed it with fervent love and eyes aflame with admiration.

The Marriage Ceremony was performed by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Oxford and Chester, and the Dean of Windsor. At its conclusion the "Hallelujah Chorus" was performed. As soon as the ring was placed on the finger of the bride, the cannon from castle, and park, and tower, told all London that the happy pair were wed; and telegrams informed the German Capital that London and Berlin were united in inseparable bonds.

The congratulations to the bride formed a most affecting scene. The Princess gave way to her pent-up feelings, and threw herself upon her mother's bosom, her whole frame shaken with a storm of agitation. The Queen shared the anguish of parting, and warmly and tenderly embraced her daughter again and again. Then came the gallant bridegroom, Prince Frederick William, who claimed the lover's privilege with a firm and tender embrace, and then Prince Albert with fatherly and tender emotion clasped his daughter in his arms. The bridegroom then kissed, first the hand and then the cheek of his father and mother, saluted the Prince Consort in German fashion, and was embraced by the Queen. The Princess-bride was about to kiss her father-in-law's hand, but he drew her towards him, and kissed her cheek. The familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Wed-

ding March" were echoing through the stately fane as the bride and bridegroom went forth from the Chapel Royal hand-in-hand.

The newly married pair then proceeded to Buckingham Palace, which was surrounded by an eager, delighted crowd, supremely anxious to give expression to their loyalty and to wish all that was best and most blessed for the first-born of their Queen. The cheering was hearty and continuous, and at last Her Majesty appeared on the Balcony with the younger members of the Royal Family, only to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of a happy people. The Queen retired for a moment, and then returned, leading the bride of that happy day in full view of the immense concourse, followed by Prince Frederick William, who stood by the side of his young wife. The two stood hand-in-hand and smilingly responded to the generous greetings of the multitude. The bride and bridegroom subsequently left for Windsor Castle, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

This festal wedding-day was observed as a holiday throughout the United Kingdom, and in the evening London was brilliantly illuminated. Her Majesty created her royal son-in-law a Knight of the Order of the Garter. In the evening of the 29th the Court and the newly married couple returned to Buckingham Palace, from whence a State visit was paid to Her Majesty's Theatre, when "The Rivals and The Spitalfield's Weaver" was performed.

Sunday followed, but the heart of the Queen was sad at the thought of parting. "God will carry us through," she wrote, "as He did on the 25th, and we

have the comfort of seeing the dear young people so perfectly happy."

The Princess, however, was much distressed at the thought of parting, and said to her mother: "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa."

The separation came on the 2nd of February and the Palace was indeed a place of tears. The Queen was beside herself with grief. "I clasped her in my arms and blessed her," said the Queen, "and knew not what to say." And again: "I kissed good Fritz, and pressed his hand again and again. He was unable to speak, and the tears were in his eyes." The Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, accompanied the Prince and Princess Frederick William to Gravesend. The last farewell of the tender father to his dear daughter, the first-born of his love and care, on this snowy winter's day was most affecting.

The English bride was heartily welcomed in Germany. But she was English to the heart of her, and could not wholly cast aside the thoughts and habits, the tastes and memories, of her Island home.

Unlike the Princess of Wales, the Empress Frederick has never been able to forget her foreign birth and accommodate herself to the stiff rules of the German Court. She was continually saying, "They do so in England." "But, mamma, we are not in England; we are in Germany," the present Emperor is reported to have once replied. The whole life of the Empress has been a futile struggle against the jealousies and political intrigues of a Court where she has never been popular.

As an instance of the tiresome etiquette which she found irksome, the following anecdote is told:

“A Prussian princess is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and, after having carried it across the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such a heinous offense against the laws of Prussian decorum that the Princess Victoria was once caught by Countess Perponcher.

“The venerable lady remonstrated with a considerable amount of earnestness.

“‘I’ll tell you what,’ replied the Princess; ‘I’ll tell you what, my dear Countess; you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?’ The Countess bowed in assent. ‘Well,’ resumed the Princess, ‘then I must reveal to you another fact. Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed one day my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for the children. Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?’ The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps a little astonished at this revelation of what doubtless appeared to her to be the shocking state of domestic royal manners in England. Subsequent events, however, lead one to believe that the Countess firmly carried out her own ideas of her official duty.”

The Crown Princess was idolized by her husband, who constantly deferred to her judgment in the most weighty matters. “We will ask my wife; she knows

how to do everything," he was accustomed to say. "I love the war march of the priests in *Athalie*," he once remarked to an English nobleman; "they played it when my wife and I walked down the aisle after our marriage."

A literary gentleman of Berlin, writing to Prince Albert concerning his beloved daughter, says:

"She sees more clearly and more correctly than many a man of commanding intellect, because, while possessing an acute mind and the purest heart, she does not know the meaning of the word prejudice."

In the happy years that followed we get charming accounts of the simple, pleasant life led by the Prince and his wife in their little palace. They walked and drove together, accompanied by their children, in the true English free and happy fashion. The bringing of the little ones down to dessert must have been a terrible blow to Prussian etiquette, but the Princess had her invariable answer: "We did it at home."

Lord Clarendon said he "was more than ever astonished at the statesmanship and comprehensive views which she takes of Prussia, both internal and foreign, and of the duties of a constitutional King."

The birth of her first-born son, now Emperor of Germany, was a great delight to the Queen, who writes of him in these ardent words:

"Such a little love!" writes his grandmother. "He came walking in at his nurse's hand, in a little white dress, with black bows; and so good! \* \* \* He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face. \* \* \* So intelligent, and pretty, and good, and affectionate,—such a darling!"



It is somewhat pathetic to remember that this "little love" has lived to flout his grandmother, and to weigh down his mother's heart in her widowhood with sorrow that seems greater than any mother or widow in common life is called to bear.

While Frederick III. lived to rule only a few months, he placed himself on record as unalterably opposed to the policy of the Iron Chancellor. The death of the King was a great blow to the Empress. She is still regarded by the Germans as an arrogant and intriguing woman. It is said, however, that, if she would but flatter the vanity of her son, Emperor William, her influence at Court would yet be unbounded. As it is the Emperor is said to prefer that his mother remain as much as possible away from Berlin.

Contrary to the ideas of her royal mother, the Empress has always been interested in the advancement of women. After becoming Empress she said:

"I have always kept in view the moral and intellectual education of women, the advance of hygienic domestic arrangements, and I have endeavored to increase the prosperity of women by opening to them fields for gaining their livelihood; and I hope to attain still more in this direction with the loyal coöperation of the women of Berlin and of the whole country."

Depressing accounts are current concerning the Empress. Her condition is most serious. For two years she has been more or less an invalid and considerable anxiety over her condition has been felt among the royal families of Germany and England. The Prince of Wales is especially fond of his eldest sister. It is said the Empress is so weak she has to

be carried up and down stairs, though this may be due to the rheumatism from which she suffers. Queen Victoria wanted her eldest daughter to come back to England and for that reason gave her White Lodge, the residence of the late Duchess of Teck, but the Empress was not well enough to make the journey.

## CHAPTER XXX

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### THE PRINCESS ALICE.

The Queen's third child, and second daughter, the Princess Alice, was born on the 25th of April, 1843.

She was a sweet, good-tempered, bright little thing, and we have her mother's testimony that she behaved "extremely well" at her christening on June 2, when she received the fine old English names of Alice Maud Mary. When a year old she was described by her father as the "beauty of the family," the Queen adding the mother's corrective that she was "a very vain little person," although at a later date she herself describes her as *La Beaute* and the "dearest little bijou I ever saw."

The little Princess grew to be as fearless as she was gentle, but always showed thoughtful consideration for the feelings of others. On one occasion, when the royal children were playing in the corridor at Windsor Castle, one of the Queen's dressers passed them, and the Prince of Wales, in a mischievous mood, made a not very flattering remark about her height. Princess Alice immediately said, in a voice loud enough for the dresser to hear, "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall."

She was the most amiable of all the royal children and the especial favorite of her father, the Prince Consort. For a long time after the death of Prince Albert she was almost the sole link of communication between the Queen and the outside world.

The Queen, writing of her second daughter, Alice, in the year 1843, says: "She is a pretty and large baby, and we think will be la beauté of the family. \* \* \* Our little baby, of whom I am really proud, is to be called Alice, an old English name, and the other names are to be Maud, another old English name, and Mary, as she was born on Aunt Gloucester's birthday.

In December, 1860, Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt came a-wooing to the fair Princess Alice. Whether this match had been pre-arranged, or whether it was a case of "love at first sight," does not appear. The Queen's account of it would seem to indicate that she herself was a little unprepared for the event. In describing "how it all happened," Her Majesty says: "After dinner, while talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis conversing before the fireplace more earnestly than usual, and when I passed to go to the other room, both came up to me, and Alice in much agitation said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say, 'Certainly,'—and that we would see him in our room later. We got through the evening work as well as we could. Alice came to our room—agitated but quiet. Albert sent for Louis to his room, and then called Alice and me in. Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much, too much, to him. He pressed and kissed my hand and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted; a most touching, and to me, most sacred moment."

On the 16th of August, 1862, soon after her mar-

riage, the Princess Alice wrote to her widowed mother in these gentle filial terms:

“Oh, mamma, the longing I sometimes have for dear papa surpasses all bounds. In thought he is ever present with me. Dear, good papa! Take courage, dear mamma, and feel strong in the thought that you require all your moral and physical strength to continue the journey which brings you daily nearer to Home and Him.”

And again, a little later, she writes:

“I am sure, dear mamma, the more you try to appreciate and to find the good in that which God in His love has left you, the more worthy you will daily become of that which is in store. That earthly happiness you had indeed is gone forever, but you must not think that every ray of it has left you. You have the privilege, which dear papa knew so well how to value, in your exalted position, of doing good and living for others, of carrying on his plans, his wishes, into fulfilment; and as you go on doing your duty this will, this must, I feel sure, bring you peace and comfort. Forgive me, darling mamma, if I speak too openly, but my love for you is such that I cannot be silent.”

The marriage of the Princess to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt was private and took place in July, 1862. The engagement had been warmly approved by Prince Albert before his death, and from all reports was a love match. She received a most enthusiastic reception at Darmstadt, and her husband's people were captivated by her simplicity and grace, united as it was to her great dignity of demeanor. The home of the young pair was quite a small house

adjoining the palace of Prince Louis' parents, Prince and Princess Charles of Hesse, and they started housekeeping with an exceedingly modest income for their position. Indeed, her letters to the Queen at this time are quite filled with pathetic references to the painful economy necessary to make ends meet. The children's clothes were made over by her own hands, and a little present of money from her mother came just in time to buy much-needed dining-room furniture.

At the time when the Princess first began her philanthropic work she was only 21 years of age, though a wife and mother, and in the years which followed she founded four principal institutions, which exist to-day in Darmstadt and bear her beloved name. They are the Alice Hospital, the Asylum for Idiots, the Orphan Relief Association, and the Industrial School for Women.

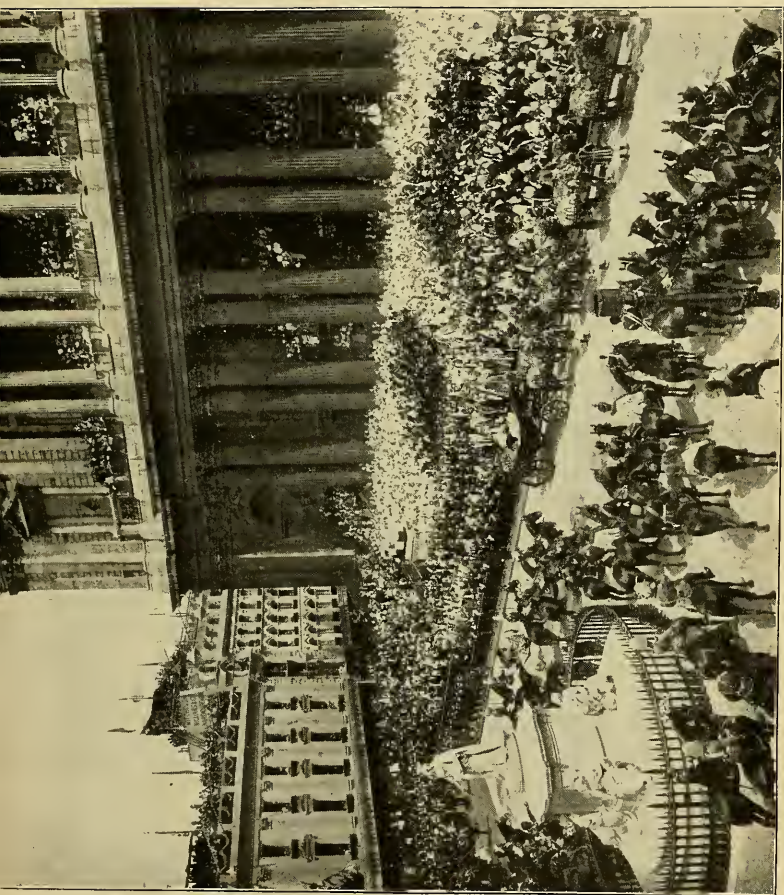
The poor we have always and everywhere with us. The Princess Alice found in her new home in Darmstadt plenty of the work that had interested her so much in the old home in England. Writing home in March, 1864, she gives a very delightful picture of the work in which she was engaged. "I will tell you," she says, "of something I did the other day, but please tell no one, because not a soul but Louis and my ladies know of it here. I am the patroness of the Heidenreich Stiftung. The ladies who belong to it go to bring linen to poor respectable women in child-bed, who claim their assistance. They bring them food and help them. All cases are reported to me. The other day I went to one incog. with Christa, in the old parts of the town—and the trouble we had to find

the house! At length we found our way through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder into one little room, where lay, in one bed, the poor woman and her baby; in the room four other children, the husband, two beds and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, then, with the husband cooked something for the woman; arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing! And did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good and touchingly attached to each other; it did one's heart good, to see such fine feelings in such poverty. The husband was out of work, the children too young to go to school, and they had only four Kreuzers in the house when she was confined. Think of the misery and discomfort! If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up, and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that was in my power. I am sure you will understand this. \* \* \* Living with thinking, cultivated Germans, much in papa has explained itself to me, which formerly I could less understand."

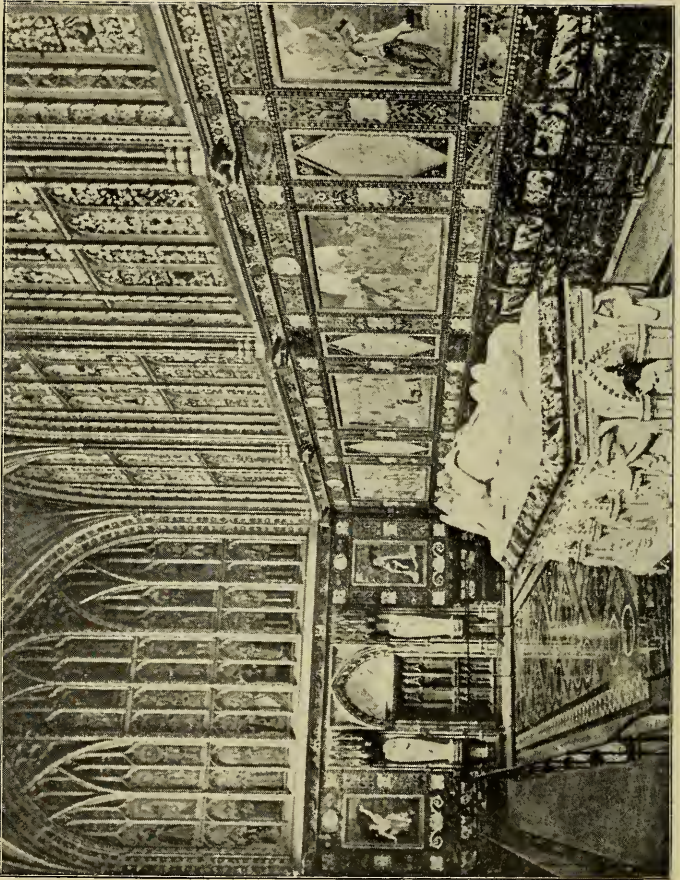
The War between Prussia and Austria in 1866 brought exceeding sorrow to the Princess Alice. Her royal husband had gone to the War at a time when she needed most his gentle and thoughtful sympathy. It was impossible to get a scrap of news of him. If he was dead or dying, coming home in triumph or borne down in defeat, she could not tell. She could hear the roar of the distant guns, and the low cry of the new-born infant at her side, and per-

chance the beating of her own sad heart, and that was all! She had gone out to Frankfort, with other wives, who had gone also to see their husbands march to War. In mercy her husband was spared to her. Writing to the Queen after Peace was proclaimed, she says with exulting gratitude: "When one has one's beloved husband by one's side, what is there in the world that is too heavy to bear?" The great mother-heart of the Queen echoed back her daughter's joy, and thanked God with her for the safe return of her beloved husband; but deeper down, the old anguish was revived as the royal widow remembered one who would come no more to help her gladness and to soothe her care. If there was a child-longing on the part of the Queen to clasp once more to her heart her beloved Alice, there was also a great home-sickness and a passionate mother-want on the part of the Princess Alice herself. How she longed for the beautiful hills and vales, the security, the quietude and peace of her dear England with all its sacred memories of joy and sorrow! But the Princess Alice was always a hero. She had duties at home that could not be set aside. The claims of the sorrowful around her were supreme. If God had been good to her, and brought back her husband triumphant from the War, there were women with pale wan faces, and eyes too sad for tears, all about her, whose husbands and sons and lovers would never come back again. To comfort these was her joy. The hospitals of Darmstadt were crowded with the wounded and dying, one of the saddest legacies of War. These the gracious Princess could not abandon. She exalted





JUBILEE PROCESSION.



INTERIOR OF ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

duty to the highest throne and, like her Divine Master, she "went about doing good."

The Queen had desired the presence of the Princess Alice in England for a little while that they together might talk of all the days that had been, and of the hopes of coming years. But the Princess declined for the reason already stated, a reason that would be sufficient and satisfactory to the Queen, however disappointed she might be. But if Alice could not visit her royal mother she could pray for her, and the letter in which she tenderly explains why she cannot visit England just now, ends with a prayer which deserves to rank among the sweetest utterances of filial piety the world has ever heard.

She died December 14, 1878, the seventeenth anniversary of the death of her father. Her death was caused by diphtheria, contracted in nursing her children, who were ill with the disease. One of her daughters, the Princess Alix, is now the Czarina of Russia.

Sir Theodore Martin was greatly impressed with the devotion of the Princess Alice to the cause of the suffering poor. "She inherited," he says, "much of her father's practical good sense, and like him, was ever ready to take part in any well directed effort for raising the condition of the toil-worn and the poor. How much of their misery, nay of their evil ways, was due to their wretched habitations, she, like him, felt most keenly, and she gave her sympathy and support to every effort for their improvement. With this view, she translated into German some of Miss Octavia Hill's essays on 'The Homes of the London Poor,' and published them with a little preface of her own,—

to which only her initial, A., was affixed—in the hope that the principles which had been successfully applied in London by Miss Hill and her coadjutors might be put in action in some of the German Cities.”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

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### MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Prince Alfred Alexander William Ernest Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, first Duke of Edinburgh, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., was the second son of Queen Victoria and was born at Windsor Castle on August 6, 1844. He was educated by private tutors and prepared for the navy, which he entered in 1858 as a naval cadet on the steam frigate *Euryalus*. He served first in the Mediterranean, and later cruised along the shores of America and in the West Indies. In 1862 he was offered the throne of Greece, which he declined.

In 1866 Parliament granted him £15,000 a year, payable when he attained his majority, and an additional £10,000 on his marriage. He was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster the same year, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He was sworn in Master of the Trinity House, and received the freedom of the City of London. In 1867 he started on a tour of the world in command of the frigate *Galatea*, and visited nearly every country. At a picnic held at Clontarf, near Port Jackson, New South Wales, an attempt was made to assassinate him. His assailant was an Irishman named O'Farrell, who fired a shot at the Prince, wounding him in the back. O'Farrell was tried, found guilty, and executed.

The Duke subsequently visited Japan, where he was received both publicly and privately by the

Mikado, and toured the interior of China and India. In 1873 he went to Italy and had an audience with the Pope in Rome. The following year occurred his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of Alexander II. The wedding occurred at St. Petersburg and was celebrated with great pomp.

In March, 1874, the Duke and his wife, accompanied by the Queen, made public entry into London amid much popular enthusiasm. Their silver wedding was celebrated at Coburg in 1899. In 1882 the Duke was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral in the British navy and given various important commands. As commander of the Mediterranean squadron in 1888 he visited the chief continental capitals, and at Madrid was given the Order of the Golden-Fleece by the Queen Regent of Spain. He gave up his naval command in 1889.

The Duke succeeded to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the death of his uncle in 1893, and took the oath of loyalty to the constitution in the presence of the German Emperor, to whom he later paid a State visit at Potsdam. He had the year before been made an honorary General of infantry in the German army. He kept up an establishment at Clarence House, England, and lived there a portion of every year, thus retaining the annuity of £10,000 given him in 1873. The £15,000 annuity conferred upon him in 1866 was voluntarily relinquished upon his succession to the Duchy, and as a foreign sovereign he ceased to be a Privy Councilor of Great Britain.

In addition to being Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, he was Duke of Saxony, Duke of Juliers, Clèves, and

Berg, of Engern and of Westphalia; Landgrave of Thuringia, Margrave of Misnie, Count of Henneberg, Count of Mark and of Ravensberg, and Seigneur of Ravenstein and of Tonna Alt.

His first child, and only son, Prince Albert, was born in 1874 and died in February of last year. Four daughters are still living, the eldest, Princess Marie, being the wife of the Crown Prince of Roumania; the second, Princess Victoria, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse; and the third, Princess Alexandra, the wife of Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The fourth, Princess Beatrice, born in 1878, is still unmarried.

On the 31st of July, 1900, the Duke died at Rosenau Castle, Coburg. The specialist in attendance upon the Duke said that he suffered from cancer of the throat, besides other ailments, and was finally told that nothing could be done for him, and that he must within a short time succumb to the disease.

The Duke was in a most depressed condition after the physician's opinion had been conveyed to him. It was believed that his life could be prolonged several weeks, but the Duke passed away under distressing conditions.

The Duke had been long ill. He first suffered a great breakdown and tried medicinal baths and a process of semi-starvation without good results. He returned to Rosenau Castle to die, hopeless of recovery.

#### HELENA, PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Helena, the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, is the fifth child, and deserves the title of royal

philanthropist. She was the first of the Queen's daughters to make her married home in England, and royal Windsor claims the Princess almost wholly as its own. She was married there, and has lived in the heart of the Great Park for the thirty years which comprise her married life. The royal town is alive with her charities, and the inhabitants, it need hardly be said, regard her with peculiar affection. She was born at Buckingham Palace, May 25, 1846. She has lived for the last thirty years at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Forest. It is a beautiful and quiet place. It seems, indeed, typical of the quiet, simple, serene life which Prince and Princess Christian have elected to live—the Princess busy, in the first part of her married life, with the training of her little ones, and in later years absorbed in her philanthropics, while the Prince, who has the character of being one of the kindest and most unassuming of men, had the congenial duties of ranger of the park to perform, and abundance of opportunity for following the pleasures of the chase. He is known throughout the country as a "great shot."

There is probably no work which is so dear to the heart of Princess Christian as providing trained nurses for the poor, and it was she who in 1887 first started the idea in Windsor. Her Royal Highness has herself sat by the bedside of those who were suffering, and tried to alleviate their pain and improve the sanitary conditions of their surroundings, and in such matters she has a thorough practical experience, having made it a subject of special study. It would be difficult to find a more sympathetic or better qualified nurse than the Princess. She also takes great interest



in the mission in the East End of London established by the Eton boys, and for the last three years has gone to Hackney Wick on boxing night and taken part in the annual entertainment.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLE.

The Princess Louise was born on the 18th of March, 1848, and was married to John, Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyle, in March, 1871.

The "Scottish Princess" is a title by which the Queen's fourth daughter is frequently called, for since her marriage to the heir of the Argyles, Princess Louise has largely identified herself with her husband's country, and in time to come she will reign at Inverary, Queen of the Highlands, wife of the Chieftain of the Clan Campbell. Her Majesty has often recalled with pleasure her remote descent from the Stuarts, and although it would be rather stretching a point to speak of her children as having Scottish blood in their veins, one may safely say that Princess Louise has shown that love for art and literature and that mingling of the democratic with the autocratic which is peculiarly Celtic.

She is the artist of the family, and many creditable specimens of her work with brush and chisel have been shown. Some of her pictures were exhibited at the World's Fair.

When in London the Princess enjoyed many little peeps into literary and artistic society at the Deanery of Westminster, with Dean Stanley as host, and she was frequently the companion of Princess Alice in her informal visits to celebrated people when she was staying in London. Together the sisters visited

Motley the historian, and were frequently to be seen in the studios of celebrated artists. It is not often that one has to bring forward the Sage of Chelsea to bear testimony to a lady's charms, but Carlyle, in a letter to his sister, thus refers to Princess Louise at a literary gathering at Dean Stanley's, whither she had come with the Queen: "Decidedly a very pretty young lady, and clever, too, as I found out in talking to her afterward." This was in 1869, when the Princess was twenty-one years of age.

The wedding of the Princess was very popular in London. The Queen gave away the bride, who looked pale and handsome in her white satin and Honiton lace, and wore, in compliment to the bridegroom's country, sprigs of white heather among the orange blossoms and myrtle of her bridal wreath. The succeeding years of the Princess' married life passed without anything special to mark them, until in 1878 her husband was appointed Governor General of Canada, and she went out to share his Vice-Regal duties. To tell the truth, Lord Lorne has been known as a dilettante, dabbling a little in literature and reform, conspicuous in neither.

"The Princess is exceedingly sympathetic, merry, and light-hearted," writes Mr. Motley in 1877. "She has decided artistic talents,—draws, paints, and models, and does your likeness in a few sittings very successfully. Nobody could be a kinder or more graceful hostess."

#### PRINCE ARTHUR, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Prince Arthur was born May 1st, 1850. He was educated at Woolwich Military Academy, where he

applied himself diligently to the rudiments of his profession. The Duke is the seventh child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. He was born at Buckingham Palace, London, May 1, 1850, and was promptly christened Arthur William Patrick Albert. His father and mother destined him from his birth to be the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, one of Prince Albert's cardinal maxims, which he impressed upon his wife, the Queen, being that the control of the army and navy should always be lodged in a member of the Royal Family. He was married in 1879 to Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia, a daughter of the splendid soldier, Red Prince Frederick Charles, who served so gloriously with "Unser Fritz" in the Franco-Prussian War.

In 1882 the Duke was in Egypt with General Sir Garnet Wolseley, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir fought against Arabi Pasha, heading a brigade of the Guards in the night march and assault on a very strong position.

The Queen, who was at Balmoral, knew the battle was impending, and she wrote in her Journal:

"How anxious we felt I cannot say, but we tried not to give way. I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed for the morrow to arrive. Read Körner's beautiful 'Prayer before the Battle,'—'Father, I call on Thee.' My beloved husband used to sing it often. My thoughts were entirely fixed on Egypt and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense that they seemed to feel as if they were all alive."

At last came a telegram announcing the victory, with a postscript from Sir Garnet:

"Duke of Connaught is well. Behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack."

"I carried it," says the Queen, "to Beatrice, where Louischen [the Duchess of Connaught] was, and I showed it to her, embracing her warmly, saying what joy and pride and sense of thankfulness it was to know our darling safe, and so much praised."

#### PRINCE LEOPOLD, THE YOUNGEST SON.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the youngest son of Her Majesty, was born on the 7th of April, 1853. He was delicate from his birth and committed to the care of General Gray.

From his early boyhood he was an ardent searcher after knowledge, and his public utterances in maturer years invariably bore the distinct impress of an original mind. Most men in his position would have been sparing of exertion. In conspicuous contrast to his royal brothers, he was but indifferently fitted to endure the fatigues of public life. Yet, with that self-denying amiability which endeared him to the subjects of his august relative, he was always ready to take part in any scheme for giving them enjoyment or adding to their material advantage.

Like his gifted father, and certainly in no diminished degree, he possessed the faculty of gathering information in unsuspected ways. His knowledge of the world, of politics, of commerce, and of the technical processes employed in various manufactures, was surprising in its exhaustiveness, considering how limited were his opportunities and how largely his time was

devoted to intellectual pursuits. Recalling the frequency of his appearances in connection with ceremonies and institutions of widely divergent kinds, and the rare felicitousness which enabled him to say something appropriate and original concerning all, the appellation of an Admiral Crichton is hardly unwarranted. But for the lack of constitutional robustness which debarred him from indulging in manly exercises, he would doubtless have made a more conspicuous figure in the world, but when his bodily infirmities are kept in view the energy of character which enabled him to achieve so much is worthy of the highest admiration.

Prince Leopold's love of music and his desire for the spread of musical education among the people were very great. On these subjects he was quite as eloquent and quite as judicious in his remarks, and quite as practical in suggestiveness, as when speaking on education of the ordinary commercial and classical kind. On December 12th, 1881, he took part in a soiree at Manchester for the purpose of urging the establishment of a Royal College of Music in this country, similar to the Conservatoire in France, and in an address dwelt on the power of music, of the general culture of the science of early English music, of the glee writers, of the progress of music in this country as compared to that of Germany, and other topics, all of which he dealt with in an exhaustive manner and in a way which showed that he was no superficial dilettante with the subject.

Prince Leopold was a great favorite with Dean Stanley. It is said that at one time he contemplated becoming a clergyman. There is nothing improbable

in this, but even if the story be not true it is undeniable that the Prince was always of a reverent disposition in regard to sacred things, and loved to talk about them. Church music, too, was delightful to him, and some of the happiest hours of his boyhood were spent in learning to play on the harmonium and to sing favorite hymns. In after years Dean Stanley dedicated to him a beautiful poem, "The Untraveled Traveler." The purport of it was that the Prince had in his illnesses journeyed many times near to the bourne whence "no traveler returns," but had always returned in safety; and the poem was, further, written as a consolation to one who had pined so much for travel, but had been repeatedly disappointed by ill-health of projected journeys. The only complaint which physical weakness ever drew from the young patient was caused by the disabilities under which he labored in respect of travel. During part of his boyhood he lived at Greenwich, and he would often go and look with longing eyes at the ships sailing down the river. But, variable as the English climate is, and pernicious as cold winds were to the delicate Prince, it was not felt prudent to gratify his yearnings for rambles in those sunny southern lands of which he read so much and so wistfully.

The time came when his health improved a little, and in 1872 he was sent to Oxford. He matriculated at Christ Church, but he spent most of his time afterwards with Tutor at Wykeham House, on the confines of the city of Oxford.

#### PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of the Queen, was born on the 14th of April, 1857. She was

only four years of age when the Prince Consort died. She has lived to be, more than any other member of the royal family, the comfort and companion of her mother's widowed age.

Princess Beatrice was fifteen years of age when the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne left her the only unmarried English Princess. Although ten years had passed since the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen still led as retired and quiet a life as her official duties would permit, and her young daughter shared but little in the amusements and innocent gayeties which generally fall to the lot of happy childhood. She was most carefully educated, and soon became an admirable linguist, while from her father she inherited a distinct gift for music, fostered and developed to the utmost extent. Her first public appearance took place on the day when she accompanied the Queen to St. Paul's, to take part in the thanksgiving service held after the Prince of Wales' terrible illness; and since that eventful occasion she has been her royal mother's constant companion, both in public and private. So entirely was the world accustomed to seeing Her Royal Highness in this capacity that the announcement of her betrothal was somewhat of a shock.

Princess Beatrice first made the intimate acquaintance of her future husband when she accompanied her mother to Hesse-Darmstadt in order to be present at the marriage of her niece, Princess Victoria of Hesse, to Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The engagement of Prince Henry and Princess Beatrice was announced on New Year's eve, 1884, but it was at once clearly stated that the Queen had

only given her consent subject to the condition that her daughter's fiance should become a naturalized British subject, and should adopt England and the British court as his permanent home.

The marriage was considered an unfortunate one, Prince Henry not having a penny to bless himself, nor particularly brilliant qualities of mind. The marriage, however, seems to have been a happy one.

Unfortunately, Prince Henry insisted upon taking part in the Ashantee campaign. He caught fever and died January 20th, 1896, and was sincerely mourned by the royal family and the English people. The Princess has four children. She was recently appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren now occupy the principal thrones of Europe. The Emperor of Germany is her grandson, the child of the Empress Frederick; the Czarina is the daughter of the Princess Alice of Hesse. The Queen has sixty-six direct descendants.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

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### THE PASSING OF LEOPOLD.

Before the dawning of the morning on the 28th of March, 1884, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, passed from the weakness and suffering of his brief life into the land of silence and eternal peace.

He had been living at Cannes for a few weeks. A slight accident overtook him in the afternoon of the 28th, and in the morning he was dead.

The sad news reached Windsor at noon. Her Majesty was thoroughly prostrated with grief, so much so that all the Castle were most anxious about her condition. However, after a most painful ebullition of grief she seemed to rally, and the paroxysm of weeping ceased. Her first thought was for her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who was at Claremont with the infant daughter of the marriage. Shortly before five o'clock the ex-Empress Eugenie arrived at the Castle, clad in the deepest mourning, and was received by one of the officers of the Castle, also in mourning, as were the drivers of the royal carriage which conveyed her Imperial Majesty. The ex-Empress was weeping as she drove up to the Castle, and all hats were raised as she passed, as it was felt that no more sympathetic heart than hers could essay the task of assuaging the Queen's bitter grief.

The Empress Eugenie left the Castle about seven o'clock, and informed a few privileged inquirers, be-

tween frequent sobs, that the Queen bore up wonderfully considering the great bereavement she had suffered. She had received the Empress in her arms and had derived consolation from the earnest sympathy so delicately tendered. Her Majesty appeared to obtain relief by giving vent to her grief in the presence of one who had herself suffered so much.

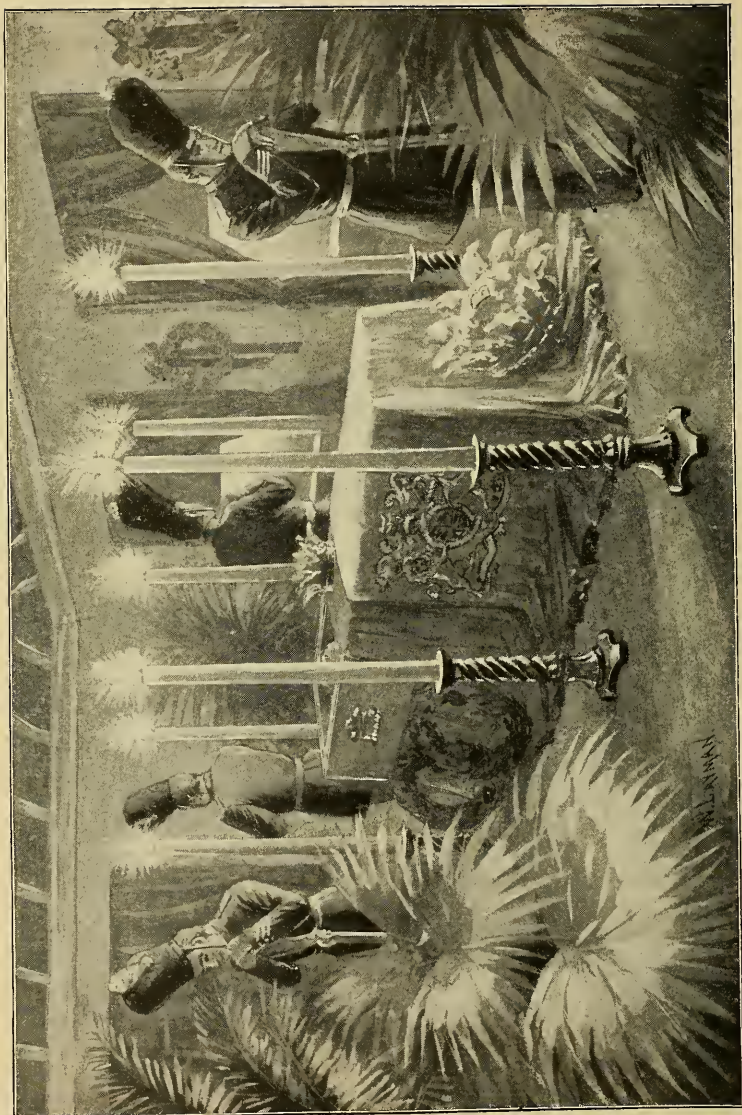
The sad news was received at the little village of Esher with the greatest regret. The Duke, during the short time he had lived at Claremont, had taken the greatest interest in all that concerned his neighbors, and by his geniality and good heartedness had made himself not only popular but greatly loved by all the inhabitants for miles round. It was only a few weeks prior to his untimely death that he was singing at a concert for a local charity, and is said to have stepped back on to the platform with the greatest readiness in response to an encore. While staying at Claremont, he was constantly seen driving his dog-cart through the village, and it is said that he was usually accompanied by his infant daughter and her nurse, his destination being in a good many instances the studio of Mr. Williamson, the sculptor, who was engaged on the bust of his child.

Prince Leopold was a great favorite with the Prince of Wales, who went to Cannes to bring home the body of his youngest brother for interment. The funeral, which took place on the 5th of April, with solemn pomp at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was conducted under the superintendence and care of the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Albany was a very good speaker. The first time he was heard in public, speaking on an



CORONATION CHAIR AND STONE OF DESTINY.



THE QUEEN'S REMAINS GUARDED BY A DETACHMENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD GUARDS.

important occasion—a Trinity House dinner—his utterances took his hearers by surprise. With a handsome, placid face, perfect self-possession, an easy delivery, and a good choice of expressions, he stood out at once as a speaker of mark. His speeches revealed culture. There was nothing commonplace in them; even in returning thanks for his health on occasions where he was not expected to say much, he said what little was necessary in a graceful and appropriate manner without either diffidence or presumption.

We are glad to be able to present one or two examples of his oratory which may serve as a tribute to the memory of this wise and thoughtful Prince.

One of the most remarkable speeches ever made by His Royal Highness, a speech remembered to this day with loyal pride by those who heard it, was in connection with the opening of the Nottingham University College. The cost of the buildings of the educational institute was \$500,000; provision was made for 1,400 students.

Prince Leopold opened the college on the 30th of June, 1881. The success of the event, and the enthusiasm with which the Prince was received, marked a grand educational epoch in the good old loyal town of Nottingham. At the luncheon, served after the formal inspection and opening of the building, His Royal Highness, in the course of an eloquent speech, proposed the toast of "Success to the University College of Nottingham," and in the course of a thoughtful and interesting address, said:

"When we consider the manner in which the noble building was founded, and the various objects which

it is intended to advance, I think we have reason for very deep satisfaction; very confident hope. First in the work of founding it came the anonymous donor with \$50,000. I don't know who he may be, but I envy him his feelings if he is present here to-day to see on what good ground his seed was sown. Then there were other benefactors also, and, gentlemen, I hope and trust that the list of the benefactors of the new college is not even yet closed. Next came the helpful energy that was thrown into the scheme by the University of Cambridge, and especially by one member of that university, whose name is well known to all those who are interested in the higher education of this country—I mean Professor James Stuart. I ought to say there comes, lastly, and this is the most important fact of all, that your wealthy town herself heartily took up the matter, and resolved to complete and maintain the great institution in a manner worthy of her wealth and of her public spirit. I did not realize, gentlemen, until this morning how many objects the college is meant to serve, and how well it has been fitted to fill them all. I admire the Free Library, an excellent example to other towns which have not yet provided their citizens with that great advantage. I admire, also, the spacious rooms in which you have housed your Museum for Natural History. That was well worthy of doing, for the value of a museum depends largely on the manner in which its collection is shown. I may here mention with what pleasure I have heard that the valuable and beautiful collection which my friend Mr. Ruskin presented to your neighbors at Sheffield, and which I admired in his small museum there two years ago,

is now to be more properly housed. I hope you, too, will receive many gifts, now that the donors know their treasures will be well seen and fully appreciated. But your great building is above all things a college, a center for the higher education of the men and women of Nottingham. I hope, gentlemen, that you will not let the teaching which you will give become too excessively technical. You will remember that many of your students will need from you, not so much that you should help them in their daily work, but that you should teach them to rise above it—that you should open to them wider vistas and make them capable of new joys. But technical teaching is prominently included, and I hope that the teaching which you will give will do as much good to the other industries of Nottingham as the Art School has already done for your designers in arts.

“There is another great advantage in thorough technical training which must not be overlooked. When a man learns anything thoroughly it teaches him to respect what he learns. It teaches him to delight in his task for his own sake, and not for the sake of pay or reward. The happiness of our lives depends less on the actual value of the work which we do than on the spirit in which we do it. If a man tries to do the simplest and humblest work as well as he possibly can he will be interested in it—he will be proud of it. But if, on the other hand, he only thinks of what he can get by his work, then the highest work will soon become wearisome. I hope that your college will send forth many men so trained to do good and honest work, that to do work which was bad or dishonest shall become simply impossible to them. Men

such as these will be proud of their trade and proud of their town. And I do not believe, gentlemen, that we become better citizens of the world by being indifferent to the interest or honor of our town or our nation. I believe a narrow patriotism is the surest way to lead us to the broader, and the better citizen a man of Nottingham the better citizen will he be of England, and that the truest citizens of England will become the best citizens of the world. Then it is when a man has lived for others, and has worked for public ends, that the good which he has done is not interred with his bones. No, it lives after him, and in the words of the proud motto of your ancient Corporation, *Vivis post funera virtus.*”

On February 19th, 1879, the London society for the extension of the university held a meeting at the Mansion House, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany made the following speech:

“To all Englishmen, I think, it is gratifying to feel that the institutions of which we are so proud are not mere dead systems, but living organisms which can expand under new circumstances and meet new needs as they arise. Few English institutions have been the objects of so long and so wide a reverence as our Universities, and yet there was a time when they seemed to be falling out of harmony with the needs of the age. That reproach, I think, can no longer be urged against them. We may fairly claim that of late they have taken the lead in all the most important educational reforms. We sometimes hear comparisons made between German and English universities, not always to the advantage of the latter. I have no means of making any such comparison, as my experi-



ence of universities is confined to the University of Oxford; but I shall always look back to my residence at Oxford as one of the greatest pleasures and the greatest privileges of my life, and I should find it hard to believe that any other university can surpass Oxford in the power of attracting her alumni to herself.

“There is, however, one advantage possessed by German universities which must strike everybody. They diffuse knowledge throughout a much wider class of the community than Oxford or Cambridge have hitherto reached. Learning in England has been too much regarded as the privilege of a particular class.

“A very strong spirit has arisen in these old seats of learning. I cannot call it a spirit of benevolence, for these lectures are in no way a work of charity, and will, it is hoped, be self-supporting after the first few years. But it is a spirit of active sympathy with the wants and wishes of a very large class, whose needs in the direction of higher education have been too long ignored.”

Prince Leopold's lesson from Ruskin, and the spirit which we can trace as the actuating motive of the young speaker's earnestness, were very finely evinced in the beauty and truth of his suggestion, “that the highest wisdom and the highest pleasure need not be costly or exclusive, but may be almost as cheap and as free as air, and that the greatness of a nation must be measured, not by her wealth or apparent power, but by the degree in which all her people have learnt to gather from the world of books, of art, of nature, a pure and ennobling joy.”

On Saturday, January 20th, 1884, within three months of his death, Prince Leopold made the greatest of all his speeches. It was worthy to be described as the "princeliest of his princely orations." We make no apology for presenting this address verbatim et literatim. A careful study of this speech will serve to show how much England lost in the untimely departure of this illustrious Prince.

The occasion of the address was the annual distribution of scholarships and awards of the Liverpool Council of Education.

His Royal Highness said:

"The objects which the Liverpool Council of Education aims at are so numerous and so praiseworthy, that any one who is called upon to deliver an address on such an occasion as this may well be perplexed as to what special topic he shall choose for his remarks. Some topics, indeed, must recur every year—cordial congratulations to the council on the good work which it is achieving and hearty welcome and encouragement to the boys and girls who have won your scholarships and prizes and certificates of honor. But beyond this expression of pleasure and sympathy there is a wide field open for praise or comment. Perhaps, it may be best if I try to avoid the themes on which previous speakers on these occasions have dwelt at length, and say something on other aspects of your benevolent work which have received rather less attention.

"I will first remark then how gratifying it is to find a group of influential men, who have united themselves in a kind of voluntary association to aid in carrying out the law of the land, to teach those

whom the law affects for good to derive the full benefit from its provisions, and gently to persuade into compliance some whom it might otherwise have been needful to compel. We Englishmen may fairly point with satisfaction to the way in which, in the matter of education, we have combined the advantages of central with those of local authority, and managed to bend the inflexibility of general rules to the needs of each particular case. And this is illustrated by the cordial relations in which you have stood with successive presidents and vice-presidents of the Committee of Council for Education, and with Sir Francis Sandford, whose recent removal to other duties will doubtless be felt by many friends of education throughout the country as a personal loss. For, indeed, you, and bodies like you, are the best allies which the Education Department can possess. You are securing by your own gentle methods the attendance at school which the law makes compulsory, and you are thus setting the law before your fellow townsmen in the light in which law shows to most advantage—namely, as the persuasion of the best and wisest backed by the force of all. And I am very glad you find persuasion so powerful an incentive, and honor so attractive a reward.

“One sometimes hears it hinted, or assumed, that the poor can only be acted upon by pecuniary inducements. It is surely better to appeal, as your certificates appeal, to a spirit of nobler emulation; and I believe that if we rightly awaken this thirst for approval in early boyhood, we shall be rewarded by a citizen’s virtues when the boy has grown to a man. And we must all feel anxious that this approval should

be felt as a reality—that the mother who goes without her girl's help at home that she may mind her schooling, or the boy who trudges hungry to his lesson instead of trying to earn a meal in the streets, should feel that our praise is no empty form of words, but a heartfelt sympathy; that we realize their difficulties and temptations; that we recognize that they have shown a self-denial and an energy which we in their places might find it hard to imitate. But although it is well that we should sometimes hold out to the poor rewards of honor only, I do not mean that we should be quite satisfied if we came to giving out protégés nothing but praise because we had nothing else to give them.

“Your subscription list, if I may venture to allude to this part of the report, scarcely seems adequate to the occasion. Where a very few men do so much and so many men, who might, perhaps, if they gave their attention to the matter, be equally liberal, do little or nothing, one fears that further allusion to this subject might wound the modesty of the few without giving any particular pleasure to the many. I will only express my entire concurrence in the Bishop of Durham's admirable address to you in 1879, and my satisfaction at the thought that a large installment of what he then described to you as his Utopian dream has become a reality in your University College. I come now to another point in your programme on which I am anxious to say a few words—I mean the help and encouragement which you offer to the teaching of cookery in elementary schools. It may very likely be the case that the schools which are willing to teach cookery are for the most part in the better

quarters of the town, where children come from neat and comfortable homes. Now, for such children cookery is a useful accomplishment, and I wish them all success in acquiring it. But it is not with those comparatively well-to-do children that my main interest in this matter lies. What I desire to see is cookery taught in the most ragged schools, in the most wretched quarters. This cookery, of course, should be of the simplest, plainest kind; but it should be such as to show that with the coarsest material and the cheapest apparatus a neat, clean, and thrifty manager may set before a hungry man a meal which he may eat with pleasure, and with no need to resort to the public-house to wash down an unpalatable and indigestible mess. Amid all the dirt, vice, and misery of which your council and your clergy and other public-spirited men speak so often and with such deep sadness, I think that the success of your Liverpool coffee taverns forms a bright spot.

“Now, I should like to see the system of coffee taverns greatly extended, and see the cookery lessons in schools working in with it. I should like to see a rapid lift given to the standard of cleanliness and care in the preparation of food in the poorest homes. I should like to see meals which are now mere scrambles becoming points of real family union, occasions for showing forethought and kindness and self-respect, where circumstances make this too difficult.

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“This is a point of view which I can never quite understand. I cannot understand how a man can feel himself so separate from his fellow creatures as to think

that the pleasures which are quite worth his attention in his own case can become mere superfluous trivialities in the case of the poor men and women and children who have so few pleasures in all their lives. I would rather say that we may desire that the poor should have whatever innocent enjoyment we can provide for them, so long as we do not encourage them to claim as a right that which is not a right.

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“And therefore it is that whenever we see our way, consistently with sound economical principles, to do something obviously kind and pleasant for the poor we ought eagerly to take the opportunity; we ought to think nothing trivial or sentimental which may persuade them that we wish them well, and may help the one class to understand the other. A mutual understanding of class and class—that, surely is what we need. And I trust that these bright boys and girls may themselves do much for this end. They have begun to rise, from different levels no doubt, but some I hope from the lowest. They will rise higher still; but I am confident that however high they rise they will remember that they found those on the steps above them eager to help them up and not to keep them down. There has not always been this willingness to encourage onward effort; there have been times and there have been countries when—

Those behind cried “Forward,”  
And those in front cried “Back.”

But in our age and in our country it is not so. Those whom Providence has placed in the front ranks of this

great nation are desirous that those behind them should move onward as swiftly as they can, for we have learnt that along the ways of wisdom and virtue we shall all advance furthest if we advance together."

It is no secret that he placed his services at the disposal of Ministers as successor to the Marquis of Lorne in the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, and that it was from no misgiving as to his administrative capacity that the offer was not promptly availed of. Of his popularity among the Canadian Colonists there could have been no question. Some admirers of His Royal Highness brought the subject before the House of Commons last session in the shape of an interrogatory addressed to Ministers, and it was then elicited that considerations entirely unconnected with his individuality had made it expedient to look elsewhere. There are obvious reasons indeed why such an appointment might not altogether justify expectation. Ireland was in a state of anarchy at the time, and the geographical situation of Canada was peculiarly favorable to the development of plots against constituted authority. The Marquis of Lorne, popular as his sway undoubtedly was, was not altogether exempt from the discomforts which were the common lot of high-placed officials in those stirring times. It is not improbable that the fate of the Prince Imperial in South Africa, and the cry of indignation which uprore against those who had suffered him to join an expedition beset with perils, influenced the decision of Mr. Gladstone when the appointment of the Duke of Albany was broached. No Minister with a regard for his reputation would have cared to assume the responsibility of sending a delicate Prince to brave

the rigors of a Canadian winter, not to speak of the "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" directed against the persons of prominent public men in that troubled period. But, once the circumstances had been placed in their true light, there was a cheerful disposition to accept the will for the deed, and to respect His Royal Highness for the motives which had induced him to make an offer involving a complete surrender of his personal ease. He was ever ready, indeed, to take his full share of the burdens of life, although physical frailty and the absence of any incentive to arduous exertion might have formed an ample plea upon which to avoid all active participation in public ceremonials.

Mr. Disraeli paid a very high tribute to the House of Commons. He said:

"The delicate state of health of Prince Leopold has prevented him from adopting a profession which in the instance of his royal brothers has been followed, I may say, by them with energy and success. Partly from that state of health, and in a greater degree probably from difference of temperament, his pursuits are of a different character from those of princes who are called upon to deal with armies and fleets. Prince Leopold is a student, and of no common order. He is predisposed to pursuits of science and learning, and to the cultivation of those fine arts which adorn life and lend luster to a nation. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that for a young prince of his character there may not be an eminent career, and one most useful to his country. The influence of an exalted personage of fine culture is incalculable upon a community. No more complete and rare example of that truth can be shown than in the instance of his



illustrious father, the Prince Consort. We can now contemplate the public labors of the Prince Consort with something of the candor of posterity. He refined the tastes, he multiplied the enjoyments, and he elevated the moral sense of the great body of the people. Nor has this influence ceased since he departed from us. Public opinion has maintained the impulse it gave to our civilization, because it sympathized with it. It has maintained in the highest degree that great improvement which he introduced in the manners and the sentiments of the great body of the people. The examples of such a father will guide and animate Prince Leopold; and, therefore, I hope I may make this motion which I have read to the House in answer to the gracious and confident appeal the Queen has made to the attachment of her faithful Commons."

Mr. Gladstone, following in the same strain, referred to the large intelligence, the cultivated mind, and the refined pursuits of the Prince and of his capacity to tread in the steps of his illustrious father. Although regarded by some as mere stock utterance, "pleasant words lightly spoken," as became well-trained courtiers, events have proved them to be words of soberness and truth, and showed the foresight and discernment of the speaker:

"In the Prince," said Mr. Gladstone, "we had one who had every encouragement to live a life of luxury and ease—a position of the highest, all that he could desire in the way of comforts, a princely position without its unenviable responsibilities, and all this imbued with a naturally feeble constitution. And yet he chose to study, and to devote his best energies to the welfare of his country; to assisting in the noble work of the

spread of education among the people, to the inculcating habits of thrift and sobriety, to the cultivation of the virtues, and to teaching by precept and practice how true happiness might be obtained. His position gave him responsibilities. These he realized to the fullest extent, and performed the duties of a prince in a princely manner."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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### THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

There is no sadder, no fairer spot on the face of the earth than the beautiful Emerald Isle. Ireland has been called, with as much of poetry as of truth, "The Niobe of Nations." If the glorious sunlight on her hills and vales and countless lakes tells of the sunny heart and genial nature of Ireland, so too, the dewdrops on her Shamrock leaves are emblems of her tears.

Her sons and daughters tell us that for seven centuries she has been the victim of oppression and wrong. Her ardent friends declare that no nation under heaven has been worse governed, and that by a government that claims to rule in righteousness, and to direct all affairs according to the rules of everlasting righteousness.

The heart of the Queen was sore distressed for her troubled people. The main purpose we have in view is not to discuss at length the causes of Ireland's sorrows, or to suggest a cure. We shall the rather find pleasure in recording those pleasant visits Her Majesty paid to her loyal Irish subjects; and while glancing through the eyes of others at the sorrows of this fair land, we shall note some honorable efforts made to alleviate her sorrows.

"The original condition of the Irish peasantry," says a writer on Ireland, "was not that of owners of

the soil. A few hereditary chiefs (or kings, as they called themselves), having the power of life and death, ruled the whole lower population as absolutely as a king in Central Africa. English law raised the peasantry from this condition, and gave them the rights of Englishmen; but no law on earth could give them equal industry, prudence, or perseverance. The English settlers grew rich, the Irish peasants continued savage and poor. They robbed, murdered, and rebelled; were put down by the strong hand, and after every outbreak they were punished by finding more and more of the soil of Ireland pass into the hands of those who supported the rule of the English in that country. Not, however, that these 'lands' consisted of fertile fields, dotted with smiling villages. They were mostly vast green swamps, uncrossed by roads. The Celtic Irish never cultivated any arts, never carried on any commerce, never devoted themselves to agriculture."

The Duke of Wellington, in the debate on the introduction of the Irish Poor Law, May 21st, 1838, said:

"There never was a country in which poverty existed to so great a degree as it exists in Ireland. I held a high situation in that country thirty years ago, and I must say from that time to this there has scarcely elapsed a single year in which the Government has not at certain periods of it entertained the most serious apprehensions of actual famine. I am firmly convinced that from the year 1806 down to the present time, a year has not passed in which the Government have been called upon to give assistance to relieve the poverty and distress which prevailed in Ireland."

What was the matter with Ireland? Mr. S. C. Hall

talks of strange scenes. He saw many "a tall grand iron gate leading to a field of thistles; the master in the big mansion was making punch in a house that let the rain in, and giving a dinner and a ball before the walls were firm or the wainscots painted; and putting a fine tester-bed in the best room, where my lady might catch cold in state in the midst of yawning chimneys, creaking window-sashes and steaming plaster." There were crowds of ragged children, young men and young women in shameless indecent attire—if it could be called attire—and tramps aplenty almost too lazy to beg. Streets of miserable cabins, with miserable, aimless people lolling at the doors, staring at the passer-by as they combed their tangled hair, or smoked their black dudeens, while the almost-naked rolled and played with the pigs and chickens in the gutters. But why all this? As Thackeray asked: "Are we to set all this down to absenteeism and pity poor, injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to fetch the straw and the ladder and mend it himself."

A tramp through the west or south of Ireland in these days would sadden a heart of stone. Everywhere, armies of paupers and beggars; homeless, ragged and dirty; without ambition, without hope, and it would seem almost without a friend. As Mr. Wall says: "Indolence and neglect were written everywhere—in fields overgrown with weeds, in fisheries unworked, in harbors deserted, in road hidden beneath the grass and weeds, in towns of hovels, and

in families packed and wedged into cabins of mud and turf which in England would not be thought good enough for pigs."

The Irishman was disposed to regard the potato his only hope and salvation, but Sir William Temple called the potato "Ireland's curse," "because," he said, "it enabled the people to live for weeks on two days' labor, and thus, by encouraging idleness, ruined the nation."

The year 1847 saw the climax of the misery caused by the potato famine in Ireland, where thousands were dying of starvation and its attendant fever. The harvest in Great Britain had been bad, and the poor both in England and Scotland were suffering; but all classes united to help the Irish. A subscription was opened at once—in fact many subscriptions—the Queen heading the national list with thousands. Her Majesty also ordered secondary flour to be used in her kitchen; and the rich gave up tarts and pies, and limited the consumption of bread and flour in their households. A government grant of a million was made to give employment to the people by reclaiming waste land, half the amount being spent in buying good potato seed for sowing. The suffering, the charity, were alike extreme. Every day two millions of rations were given to the starving people, chiefly of rice and Indian meal. It has been said "organized armies had been rationed before, but neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a parallel to the fact that upwards of three millions of persons were fed every day in the neighborhood of their own homes by arrangements controlled by one central office."

At the close of the famine Ireland was found to have lost by it (and by the emigration is caused) two

millions of her population. The Queen, when reading her speech on opening Parliament, was evidently affected when alluding to it; indeed, her heart had bled for her Irish subjects.

In the July of 1848 Ireland was in a state of partial insurrection. Thousands of men had, it was known, been drilling by night, and numbers of pikes had been purchased. The rebels were led by Mr. Smith O'Brien, whom they called "King of Munster," and the whole island was ripe for revolt. But the Government acted with decision. A Crime and Outrage Act was passed; a large military force was concentrated in the most diaffected districts; and warships were stationed at Cork and Waterford, which could have swept the streets with their cannon. Cowed by the firmness of the Government, and perceiving, in spite of all the incendiary oratory to which they had listened, that they were powerless to contend with the might of Britain, the rebels began to draw off, and only a few thousands followed Smith O'Brien in his attack on the town at Ballingarry. These attacked a house in which forty-seven policemen had taken shelter, but were received with such vigor by the police that they dispersed as soon as two were killed and a few wounded. O'Brien, thus deserted, wandered about the country for several days, but was at last recognized by a railway employe and arrested, as were also Meagher and the other leaders. They were tried for high treason and condemned to death, but their sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Ireland has never had a truer friend or a more able advocate than the Right Hon. John Bright. He had a divine faculty for getting at the true condition of things,—especially as it related to the poor.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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### ROYAL VISITS TO IRELAND.

There was a strong and unanimous feeling among Her Majesty's Ministers that a Royal visit to Ireland would have at least a good moral effect. It might not effect any great material good, but at least it would close the mouths of blatant discontents who were ready enough with the charge that "neither the Queen nor the Government cared a straw whether Ireland was ruined by poverty or rotted in famine." Wherever the Queen had hitherto shown her genial, kindly face, the result had invariably been the deepening of the love and loyalty of the people. And so it came to pass that on the first of August, 1849, Her Majesty, accompanied by Her Royal Consort, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, visited Ireland. Some faint-hearted people feared there might be danger ahead. What if the life of the Queen should be assailed? There are everywhere prophets of ill, who seem to think the sun's chief work is to scorch, that fire can only burn, and water can only drown. The truth is, Her Majesty has never met a more cordial welcome anywhere than on her visits to Ireland, from her first visit in 1849 to her latest visit in 1900.

But to return to this first visit. It was ten o'clock in the evening when the Royal party neared the land, and saw before them the little town of Cove peering



through the mists to the sea, from its simple, irregular terraces.

The little fishing village, and all the hills that lay about and beyond, sent forth a loyal welcome. Signal fires blazed on every height, and the stars were hidden or forgotten in the thousands of rockets that went hissing up to the heavens, and then descending in showers of glittering splendor. Every ship in the harbor was trim and beautiful with bunting and with banners, and the cannon's thunderous welcome was heard far out at sea, and reverberated among the distant hills.

Early on the following morning a deputation, consisting of the Marquis of Thomond, the Earl of Brandon, the Mayor of Cork, and its representative in Her Majesty's House of Commons, boarded the royal yacht, the "Fairy," to offer a loyal welcome to their Sovereign on behalf of those they represented. They besought Her Majesty to permit them, in memory and in honor of her visit, to name the first spot she set her royal foot on in the beautiful Emerald Isle by the name of "Queenstown." A temporary hall or pavilion had been erected to receive Her Majesty on her landing. Above this pavilion, as the Queen and her husband and children entered, a flag bearing the name "Cork" was floating; as the royal party emerged to re-embark, another banner was seen tossing in the breeze, bearing the name "Queenstown." This romantic and magnificent harbor with its terraced hills in the background is the first sight of Ireland that greets the voyager across the Atlantic who has sailed from America to pay a visit to "England, home and beauty."

As the Queen rode through the streets the people were simply wild and ungovernable in their demonstrations of loyal delight; nor did Her Majesty fail to note the characteristic beauty of the daughters of Erin; their dark hair and dark eyes, and snowy teeth; and their well-shaped heads, poised on ample shoulders. In all this the Queen was sincerely in earnest. She had not yet visited the famous Blarney Castle, with the more famous kissing-stone.

From Queenstown the party journeyed to Dublin. Here all that loyal hearts could devise was done to the very uttermost to assure the Queen of the hold she had on the affection and loyalty of Ireland. All who have studied the Irish character know that the Irish tongue is as eloquent as the Irish heart is true. Every conceivable form of benediction was lavished on the Queen and her companions. The Prince Consort and the royal children came in for their share of blessing. One warm-hearted matron called aloud from the midst of the throng:

“Queen, darlint, make one o’ the childer Prince Patrick, and ould Oireland will die for ye!”

And sure enough on the first May-day of the next year, the Queen’s seventh child was born, and she called him Prince Arthur Patrick, in honor of the Duke of Wellington, and of “Ould Oireland.”

Referring to this Dublin demonstration of 1849, the Queen says in her journal:

“It was a wonderful and exciting scene, such masses of human beings, so enthusiastic, and so excited, yet such perfect order maintained. Then the number of the troops, the different bands stationed at certain distances, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the

bursts of welcome which rent the air, all made it a never-to-be-forgotten scene, especially when one reflected how lately the country had been in open revolt and under martial law."

One touching, poetic little incident occurred during the royal progress through the streets of Dublin. Passing under one of the beautiful triumphal arches, Her Majesty noted that the carriage had almost come to a standstill, when to her great delight, and to the wonderment of the Prince and Princess, a beautiful white dove was let down into the Queen's lap. The dove was alive and very tame, and had an olive-branch in its mouth and twined about its neck.

This little episode brought tears to the eyes of the Queen, and as she petted the little feathered messenger, she said: "So may it be. Peace! Peace! Peace!"

The royal party visited the Irish National Schools, where now the children of Roman Catholic parents sat side by side with the children of Protestant parents, and shared equally and pleasantly the advantages of education. Thence they journeyed in turn to the Bank of Ireland, the Dublin University and the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. Levées and drawing-rooms followed, and the happy Dublin visit concluded with a grand Military Review in Phoenix Park.

From Dublin to Belfast the royal party proceeded, and found in this great home of the linen manufacture the loyal welcome of Cork and Dublin repeated. Belfast was a great hive of industry even in these days. Its population of 120,000 were not wholly dependent on the succulent potato and the healthful buttermilk. There were so many mill chimneys pouring forth the smoke of industry, and factories busy far into the

night with their lighted windows, that one might fancy that the industrial energy and enterprise of Glasgow or Leeds or Manchester, had found a home in the land where the Shamrock grows.

One of the best known men in Ireland just now was Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, who with unquenchable zeal carried his crusade through the length and breadth of the land, and tens of thousands, charmed by his impassioned pleading, signed the pledge and became sober, industrious men.

On leaving the shores of Ireland, the Queen went upon the paddle-box of the steamer and waved her handkerchief to her warm-hearted Irish subjects, who responded with long-continued cheering, and then with royal courtesy Her Majesty ordered the royal standard to be dipped three times in token of a royal farewell. So ended the Queen's first visit to the Emerald Isle.

The happy influence of this visit may be judged in part by a single paragraph quoted from the Report of the Irish Education Commissioners for 1849, in which reference is made to the royal visit to the headquarters at Dublin:

“By the country at large it has been hailed as an eminent proof of Her Majesty's wisdom and goodness, and as peculiarly worthy of the daughter of that illustrious Prince who was the ardent advocate of the education of the poor, when denounced by many as dangerous novelty; and of their united education on just and comprehensive principles when most men regarded it as impracticable.”

In August of the year 1853, Her Majesty and the Court made a second visit to Ireland, the occasion

being the holding in Dublin of a great Industrial Exhibition, somewhat after the fashion and inspired by the success of the great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park in 1851. Four years had elapsed since the Queen's first visit to Ireland. These years had been years of steady, happy progress. The tide of emigration had borne many away from the old land. America had become the home of thousands, who found in her vast stretches of untilled land, and in the varied occupations of cities, the prosperity their native land denied them.

But Ireland was a happier and a more prosperous Ireland than when the Queen saw it in 1849. The towns were growing larger, markets were busier, the workhouses were less crowded. Factories were springing up here and there, railroads were being made, the mud cabin was giving way to a pleasant cottage. Interested as the Queen was in the Dublin Exhibition, she was not the less interested in the signs and tokens of a widespread, growing prosperity. The greeting received was just as hearty and enthusiastic as on her former visit. After a somewhat protracted stay at the Viceregal Lodge, the Queen returned to London, loving her Celtic subjects more than ever and entertaining brighter hopes for the future of Ireland.

In the month of August, 1861, the saddest year of the Queen's life, she made a tour of the beautiful Lakes of Killarney.

"Tuesday, August 27, 1861.

"At eleven o'clock we all started in our own sociable, and another of our carriages, and on ponies."

In the early spring of 1900 we find Her Majesty

once again in Ireland. Despite April showers the Queen was able to take many drives in the neighborhood of Dublin; and if Her Majesty had been obliged finally to decline a journey so far afield as Belfast, she gave the residents of the Irish capital and its vicinity an abundance of opportunities to see their Sovereign.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

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### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

Not less than John Bright was Mr. Gladstone a devoted friend of Ireland. With sympathies as wide as the world and a heart as large as humanity, he brooded over the sorrows of this beautiful land.

He saw the Established Church, the church of the minority, trampling the Catholic Church beneath its feet and absorbing almost boundless wealth in a shameless fashion. The inner heart of this subject is ably discussed in the speech of John Bright, quoted on an earlier page.

The facts are few but very impressive. In 1867 the population of Ireland was about six millions. Of these six millions, four and a half millions belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. On Episcopal authority, the Established Protestant Church only numbered 700,000. This church arrogated to itself the title of "The Church of Ireland," totally ignoring four and a half millions of Catholics and half a million of Presbyterians. The endowment of this church of the 70,000 amounted to \$70,000,000 at the very least, derived from National Property. This wealthy church seemed to the Irishman to be an insult to his religion and a mockery of his poverty.

The Irishman was bound by ties of indescribable strength and complication to his own church. It was the teacher of that faith which especially commended itself to his nature and his temperament,

says McCarthy. It was made to be the symbol and the synonym of patriotism and nationality. Centuries of the cruel, futile attempt to force another religion on him in the name of his English conquerors, had made him regard any effort to change his faith, even by argument, as the attempt of a spy to persuade a soldier to forsake his flag. To abandon the Catholic Church was, for the Irishman, not merely to renounce his religion, but to betray his country. It seemed to him that he could not become a Protestant without also becoming a renegade to the national cause. The State Church set up in Ireland was to him a symbol of oppression. It was Gessler's hat stuck up in the market-place; only a slave would bow down to it. It was idle to tell him of the free spirit of Protestantism; Protestantism stood represented for him by the authority which had oppressed his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics for generations; which had hunted men to the caves and the mountains for being Catholic, and had hanged and disemboweled them for being Irish.

It was Mr. Gladstone's purpose, at one stroke, to destroy the insult and the mockery and give to Ireland the grand boon of religious equality.

The writer well remembers this glorious campaign, and was proud to have a share in it. It was a brave, bold fight for religious freedom. What hard names they called the great leader! He was a "spoliator," a "robber," a "turncoat." How odd it seemed to me that Mr. Gladstone should be burned in effigy in the country churchyards of England! And stranger still that godly men from their pulpits should discover in him "The Man of Sin" spoken of in the Book of



Revelation. Perhaps the disendowment hurt more than the disestablishment. The enormous surplus to be disposed of was the chief difficulty.

Mr. George Barnett Smith, who knows all that is worth knowing about statistics, says :

The tithe rent charge would yield \$45,000,000 ; lands and perpetuity rents, \$31,250,000 ; money, \$3,750,000 —total, \$80,000,000 ; the present value of the property of the Irish Church. Of this, the bill would dispose of \$43,250,000, viz., vested interests of incumbents, \$24,500,000 ; curates, \$4,000,000 ; lay compensation, \$4,500,000 ; private endowments, \$2,500,000 ; building charges, \$1,250,000 ; commutation of the Maynooth Grant and the Regium Donum, \$5,500,000, and expenses of the commission, \$1,000,000.

There would then remain, after every righteous claim had been generously dealt with, a surplus of between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000.

The Bill passed and received the royal assent by commission on the 26th of July, 1869.

There was much angry comment in church circles. But Ireland found that at least there was one great Englishman anxious to do justice to Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone closed this great battle for religious equality in Ireland with these words :

“The Church may have much to regret in respect to temporal splendor, yet the day is to come when it will be said of her, as of the temple of Jerusalem, ‘that the glory of the latter house is greater than of the former ;’ and when the most loyal and faithful of her children will learn not to forget that at length the Parliament of England took courage, and the Irish Church was disestablished and disendowed.”

One of the saddest events in the later history of this distracted country occurred, just when it seemed as if the Government was prepared to hold out the olive branch of peace. Mr. Forster, who had won the hard, unhappy name of "Buck-shot Forster," resigned. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were deeply in earnest in presenting a spirit of conciliation to the Irish people. They hoped for "a new departure" in the direction of amity and good will. Mr. Forster had been a conspicuous failure. Lord Cowper, the Irish Viceroy, also resigned. Lord Spencer became Viceroy and Lord Frederick Cavendish succeeded Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary of Ireland. Surely a better day was dawning for this "Niobe of Nations!"

The moment Earl Spencer was appointed Mr. Gladstone released Mr. Parnell and the other agitators from prison. It was hoped that the agreement entered into with them and the bringing the Land Act into effect would set Ireland straight.

On the 16th of May the new Lord Lieutenant made his entry into Dublin, Lord Frederick Cavendish of course with him. It was reported that as the carriages passed a man out of the crowd slipped up to the one in which Lord Frederick sat, and asked, "Which is the new Chief Secretary?" "I am," was the civil reply. The man looked earnestly at him, and went back into the crowd.

When the procession reached the Castle, Lord Frederick called a car, and was driving in it to his official residence across the Phoenix Park, but he happened to meet Mr. Burke, who was a permanent Castle official, and being desirous probably of talking the state of the country over with him, sent his car away

and walked with him. It was a clear, lovely evening; a public park—who could dream of danger at such an hour and in such a scene? But suddenly Mr. Burke was attacked from behind by a wretch with a huge butcher's knife. Lord Frederick turned at once, exclaiming, "You villain!" and struck at the assassin boldly with his only weapon, his umbrella.

The murderer instantly attacked him also, and, assisted by two or three ruffians similarly armed, the two gentlemen were actually slashed to death with knives. Several people saw the scuffle, but did not interfere—did not, perhaps, understand what it meant; for Lord Spencer himself saw it from a window, and thought that some roughs were at horseplay. When the poor victims were apparently dead the murderers sprang into a car they had kept ready for them and escaped in it.

The horror felt in England was extreme; Ireland appeared to be a veritable land of blood. A Coercion Bill of the strictest kind was passed unanimously in Parliament in one sitting.

The police used all their skill (for some time in vain) to discover the assassins, but did not succeed till the next year (January, 1883), when they arrested twenty men, whom they charged with committing the murders. Most of them were working men; but one, the master-fiend, was James Carey, a contractor, builder, and a member of the Dublin Town Council. He also made profession of a great amount of sanctity. The Town Council had been called together, of course, immediately after the murder, and this monster actually proposed a vote of condolence to Lady Frederick Cavendish. When, however, he found himself in peril,

he saved his hateful life by turning informer on the others. He acknowledged that he was the leader of and inciter to the Phoenix Park murders; that he gave the signal for the crime, and watched it being committed. His evidence, confirmed by other testimony, brought the crime home to five men—the actual perpetrators: Brady, Curley, Michael Fagan, Caffrey and Timothy Kelly; they were all hanged. Three others who confessed their complicity in the design were condemned to penal servitude for life.

The miscreant Carey escaped free, but a just vengeance overtook him. For some time he was protected by the Government keeping him in the security of the jail; but at length he was set free, took another name, and, with great precautions as to embarking, was sent to South Africa. But the avenger was on his track. An Irishman named O'Donnel had traced and followed him, embarked in the same ship, and, as they drew near Cape Town, shot the wretched Carey.

O'Donnel was brought to England to be tried, and as there was no doubt that he had killed Carey, he was hanged. No one knew whether he had acted as the agent of the Land League or any other society, as he refused to explain his motive, and died silent.

The Fenians with O'Donovan Rossa at their head now set to work with the merciless methods of physical force. Their cruel crusade began on March 15, 1883, when an attempt was made to blow up the offices of the Local Government Board, and a second to destroy the Times newspaper office. Fortunately the attempt on the Times was detected and prevented

entirely, but the Local Government Board had one room shattered by the explosion.

In consequence of these crimes a Bill was passed to amend the law relating to explosives. It was brought in on the 19th of April, and passed through both Houses of Parliament in two hours; it received the Queen's assent at once, and became law in twenty-four hours. But it did not prevent a repetition of the attempts of the horrid dynamiters. At the end of 1883 they succeeded in causing two explosions on the Metropolitan Railway, by one of which cruel injury was done to many innocent working people who were going home by train, inflicting much bodily injury, and rendering some of them incapable of ever again earning their bread. In February, 1884, Victoria Station was seriously damaged and one man hurt by an explosion of dynamite concealed in a portmanteau in the luggage-room.

An attempt to blow up the Tower of London, and another to blow up the House of Commons, partially succeeded, and a great deal of mischief was done by them.

Two men were arrested by the police for being concerned in these attempts; they were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

More recently an attempt has been made, happily frustrated, to blow up London Bridge.

These enormities filled the people with horror and indignation. The miscreants, who did not care what harm they inflicted on harmless men or on helpless women and children, were certainly the last kind of people to be entrusted with the government of a nation. Poor Ireland had better never have had cham-

pions than have found them in incendiaries and murderers. No man's life was safe, apparently. The Premier himself had to be guarded by four policemen.

A manufactory of dynamite was afterwards discovered at Birmingham, and here, too, the police were successful in securing the dynamiters, and they were all transported.

With the same ardent desire for the well-being of Ireland Mr. Gladstone took up in turn the Land Question, the Education Question, and that wide-reaching, comprehensive question of Home Rule.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

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### THE SMITTEN MONARCH.

The new century had scarcely started upon its untrodden course before all the world was startled with the sad tidings: "Queen Victoria is dying!" The Court was at Osborne. The last days of the venerable Monarch were destined to be spent in a home that was dear to the Queen by the most gracious and tender memories of her long reign.

Osborne became for the time being the center of the world, and all the world looked and listened, held its breath, and watched with tears and prayers for every message that came from the island home. All London was in gloom, and thousands paused and waited, expecting at every moment to hear the booming of the great bell of St. Paul's that never breaks the silence except for some royal cause.

The sons and daughters of the Queen hastened to the sorrowing scene, and it is pleasant to record that the aged monarch suffered but little pain and was conscious to the last.

The two most conspicuous figures in the chamber of death were the Prince of Wales and the Queen's eldest grandson, William, Emperor of Germany. To her son and grandson the Queen directed her latest thoughts and spoke her dying words; words that may have measureless influence on the future of Europe.

She pledged these mighty rulers of the coming years to avoid war and rule in peace.

She died as a Queen should die, exerting her latest efforts on behalf of the peace and brotherhood of men.

It is averred that at the very moment of dying the Queen gently pressed the hand of the Prince of Wales and murmured feebly: "My son!" and so passed from life with all its cares to death with all its calm.

At sunset of Tuesday, January 22nd, 1901, Queen Victoria died. At that brief announcement: "Queen Victoria is dead," the heart of Great Britain and of the world was smitten with a great sorrow. Never in the history of the world have four brief words held such infinite and exhaustless meanings.

In the solemn death-chamber at Osborne, the Emperor William grasped the hand of his bereaved uncle and was the first to hail him "King."

The formal recognition of the Prince of Wales as successor to the late Queen was made in due order, and on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23rd, the Privy Council at St. James' Palace, the oath of office was administered in the presence of two hundred councillors, and the Prince was acknowledged King.

The first speech of King Edward the Seventh to his council is an important document and sounds the keynote of what we pray may be a long and prosperous reign. The King subscribed to the oath relating to the security of the church of Scotland, and made the following declaration:

"Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords and Gentlemen—This is the most painful occasion on which I



shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen, and I know how deeply you and the whole nation, and I think I may say the whole world, sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained. I need hardly say that my constant endeavor will be to always walk in her footsteps in undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me. I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

“I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever to be lamented great and wise father, who by universal consent is, I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

“In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.”

The following is the form by which the Privy Council proclaimed the Prince of Wales the successor to the throne :

“Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late sovereign lady Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward, we therefore, the

lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of Her Late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, aldermen and citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice consent of tongue and heart to publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become our only lawful and rightful liege lord Edward VII., by grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the royal Prince Edward VII. with long and happy years to reign over us."

Then follow the signatures of the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Ministers, members of the Privy Council.

The proclamation was read at St. James' Palace, at the Royal Exchange, from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, and subsequently in the provinces.

The Queen lay in semi-state in Osborne House till Friday, the 1st of February, when the solemn functions of the royal funeral began.

The entrance to the dining-room, where the Queen's body rested, was beautifully draped with crimson and attached thereto were several gigantic wreaths from members of the household. Indian and Highland servants remained constantly on duty. The remains were guarded by sentries leaning on their reversed rifles, immovable as statues.

The most elaborate wreath, that from the King of Portugal, was brought by special messenger. It consisted of a great crown of lilies resting on a cushion of violets.

At the head of the coffin were the wreaths of the new King and Queen, while on either side were the offerings of the Emperor and Empress of Germany. At the foot was a beautiful floral crown with a golden "B" from Princess Beatrice. But little of the white satin-covered coffin or the silk flag on which it rested was visible, being almost hidden by the magnificent white pall and crimson velvet robes of the insignia of the Order of the Garter, the whole being surmounted by a glittering diamond crown, which reflected the lights of the tapers, six feet high, in silver candlesticks.

The pall was made by the students of the Kensington School of Needlework, under the direction of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

The sympathy of the American people with the bereaved English nation found many opportunities of expression.

President McKinley ordered the flag at the White House at half mast. The following messages of condolence were sent, to which King Edward the Seventh suitably responded:

"Washington, January 22.

"His Majesty the King, Osborne House, Isle of Wight: I have received with profound sorrow the lamentable tidings of the death of Her Majesty the Queen. Allow me, sir, to offer my sincere sympathy and that of the American people in your personal bereavement and in the loss Great Britain has suffered

in the death of its venerable and illustrious Sovereign, whose noble life and beneficent influence have promoted the peace and won the affection of the world.

“William McKinley.”

“Department of State, Washington, January 22.”

“Choate, Ambassador, London: You will express to Lord Lansdowne the profound sorrow of the Government and people of the United States at the death of the Queen, and the deep sympathy we feel with the people of the British Empire in their great affliction.

John Hay.”

Of a thousand kindly expressions of appreciation on the part of distinguished Americans, we quote the impressive words of Ex-President Harrison:

“No other death could have excited so general sorrow. There are persons in every nation other than Great Britain whose death would profoundly move the people of that nation, but Queen Victoria’s death will bring real sadness to the hearts of more men and women than any other. More hearts pulsated with love for her and more knees bowed before her queenly personality than before the Queen of Great Britain.

“I do not care to speculate as to the effect of the Queen’s death upon European politics further than to say that a mighty influence on the side of peace has been lost. The British people will find it hard to adjust their minds and hearts to a succession. But the new Sovereign will not be denied an opportunity to win that dominion over the hearts of his people, which they yielded to his mother.

“Benjamin Harrison.”

The Rev. W. Milburn, for many years the Blind

Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following pathetic prayer in reference to the sad occasion :

“For as much as it hath pleased Thee to remove out of this world the soul of the most illustrious ruler of the earth, after a reign of unexampled length, strength, dignity, power and glory, we come to pray that Thy grace and heavenly benediction shall rest upon her son, who is to succeed her in that eminent position.

“Grant, we beseech Thee, that his sweet, dignified and gracious qualities of character, his long experience in the position which he has filled with such fitness and eminence, may prepare him to enter upon this higher dignity with all its solemn responsibilities. Grant to him and his admirable wife Thy defense and protection, Thy guidance and support. And may the nation which he is called to rule rejoice in the benignant and admirable quality of his reign. Prosper the nation; uphold its people in their great sorrow. Soothe and cheer them with the sense that their beloved Queen has entered into the rest which remains to the people of God; through Jesus Christ, our Savior.”

On Sunday, January 28th, 1901, the churches of London were crowded to hear sermons in honor of the dead Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Venerable Dean Bradley preached at Westminster Abbey. The Dean was one of the few who still remain who was present at the coronation of Victoria in 1838. His reference to Her Majesty was most impressive and pathetic. All over the British Empire, and in many

thousands of American pulpits, memorials of the Queen were presented.

From every quarter of the late Queen's dominions, from the whole civilized world, words of sorrow have been spoken.

On this memorable Sunday, a solemn service was held at Whippingham church. After which the Emperor William of Germany was invested with the distinction of a Field Marshal of the British Army, the sword of which was presented by the Duke of Connaught. Then followed the investiture of the insignia Order of the Garter in diamonds, a gift intended by the late Queen as a birthday present for her nephew.

Emperor William, on learning of the King's intention to appoint him a Field Marshal, sent the following telegram to Lord Salisbury:

"The King, my august uncle, confers upon me the rank of a Field Marshal in his army, and informs me that my appointment will be published on my birthday. I hasten to apprise you of my deep appreciation of so signal a mark of His Majesty's affection for me, and I rejoice to think that I shall be numbered among those of the highest rank in His Majesty's gallant army.

WILLIAM R.

These new ties will surely serve to bind England and Germany in closer bonds than ever they have known before.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

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### THE LAST SAD RITES.

The funeral of Queen Victoria was distinctively military in character, and assumed such dimensions as were never seen before.

The spectacle at Cowes was profoundly impressive. All the mourners, including the women of the royal family, followed the gun carriage, containing the bier, afoot. The gun carriage was drawn by eight horses and attended by six men of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose gun detachment acted an escort all the way. The Queen's Highland Pipers played a lament from Osborne House to the Queen's Gate. From this point the bands of the Royal Marine Artillery, with muffled drums, conducted the body to the pier.

The households of Queen Victoria and King Edward formed on the grounds, and followed afoot, which was preceded by mounted grooms. This procession included Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of York, Prince Christian and Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, Princess Victoria Charles of Denmark, and Lady Lytton, lady-in-waiting, all afoot. Then followed military officers representing the corps of the district, the servants, and the tenants.

Three thousand five hundred troops acted as guard

from Osborne drive to York avenue and to the pier. They marched with arms reversed, but saluted the coffin as it passed.

Of all the ceremonies the naval was the finest pageant. The *Alberta*, with the body, slowly steamed along a line of battleships extending eight miles. Facing these giants of the British navy were smaller vessels and numerous foreign battleships.

On Saturday, February 2, a guard of honor was mounted at the London stations, Victoria and Paddington, and at Buckingham Palace. At 9 o'clock the royal coffin was removed from Portsmouth to London, arriving at Victoria at 11 o'clock. On its arrival in London the royal coffin was taken from the carriage by an officer and twelve men of the Grenadier Guards, and placed on a gun carriage, with the crown and cushion lying thereon. The procession then moved in the following order:

An officer of the headquarters staff.  
Bands of the Household Cavalry.

VOLUNTEERS.

The First South Middlesex Rifles.  
The First Middlesex Engineers.  
The Tynemouth Artillery.  
The Warwickshire Yeomanry.

THE COLONIAL CORRS.

A detachment formed under the orders of the Colonial Office and an officer commanding the provisional battalion at Shornecliffe.

MILITIA.

The Third Battalion of Gordon Highlanders.  
The Third Battalion of Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



The Fourth Battalion of Norfolks.  
The Honorable Artillery.

INFANTRY.

A detachment of the Army Veteran Department.

The Army Pay Corps.

The Army Chaplains' Department.

Royal Medical Corps.

Army Service Corps.

Representatives of the Indian Army—Selected by  
India Office.

INFANTRY OF THE LINE.

The Fourth Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The Second Battalion of the Highland Light  
Infantry.

The Fourth Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle  
Corps.

The Royal Fusiliers.

The First Battalion of the Royal Lancasters.

FOOT GUARD.

The Irish Guards.

The Scot Guards.

The Coldstream Guards.

The Grenadier Guards.

The Corps of Royal Engineers.

The Royal Regiment of Artillery.

CAVALRY OF THE LINE.

The Twenty-first Lancers.

The Seventh Hussars.

The First Life Guards.

ROYAL NAVY, ETC.

The Royal Marine Light Infantry.

The Royal Marine Artillery.

- The Royal Navy.  
 Military Attachés of Foreign Embassies.  
 Headquarters Staff of the Army.  
 Field Marshals.  
 Band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.  
 The Guards' Band.  
 Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery Bands.  
 The Earl Marshal, Riding.  
 Gold Sticks.  
 Two White Staves.
- Gun carriage, surrounded by bearer party of non-commissioned officers of the guards, while outside of these, on either side, two lines, as follows:
- On the left of the carriage—The Lord Chamberlain, Aid-de-Camp, the Queen's Physician, Sir James Reid, Equerries, and Lord in Waiting.
- On the right of the carriage—The Lord Steward, Aids-de-Camp, Equerries, and Lord in Waiting.
- Immediately behind the gun carriage comes the King, riding. On his left, the Duke of Connaught; on his right, Emperor William, both riding.
- Following these come the Royal Family, Royal Representatives, and Master of the Horse, all riding.
- Four four-horse carriages, conveying the Queen and Princesses.
- The Kings of Belgium, Portugal, and the Hellenes, probably riding, closing the escort.

The body of the Queen rested in the chapel of St. George, Windsor, on Sunday, when a memorial

service was conducted by the leading prelates of the Church of England.

On Monday, February 4th, the Queen was laid to rest at Frogmore, by the side of him whose life had been for more than a quarter of a century the inspiration and help, the joy and comfort of her early years.

They were beautiful in their lives, and in their death they are not now divided.

So ends the story of the beautiful life of Victoria.

Rest in silence and in calm, venerable monarch, rest! Thy long day's work is over, and night brings peace under its enfolding wings! The glory of thy reign will win new lustre as the years roll on. Thy sons and daughters to remotest years will tell of the glorious majesty of thy kingdom. Centuries hence, men will call thee Victoria the Great, and lips stirred with a tenderer enthusiasm will call thee Victoria the Good. The story of thy gracious reign, of thy noble ideal womanhood—the gentle wife, the tender mother, the faithful friend—will serve as a new idyl to enrich the far-off years. Thou hast left this great legacy of truth for thy children to cherish, embalmed in the memories of thy four-score years, that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Having served thy day and generation according to the will of God, thou hast fallen to sleep: the long, unending, dreamless sleep! Earth's "dreary noises" will never more disturb thy sacred slumbers. The war-drum will not wake thee from thy sweet sleep. The glad plaudits of thy loyal people thou wilt hear

no more. Hail! and Farewell! Thou hast entered the silent land, the land of everlasting peace, whither the love and tears, the loyalty and reverence of uncounted millions follow thee.

# Queen Victoria

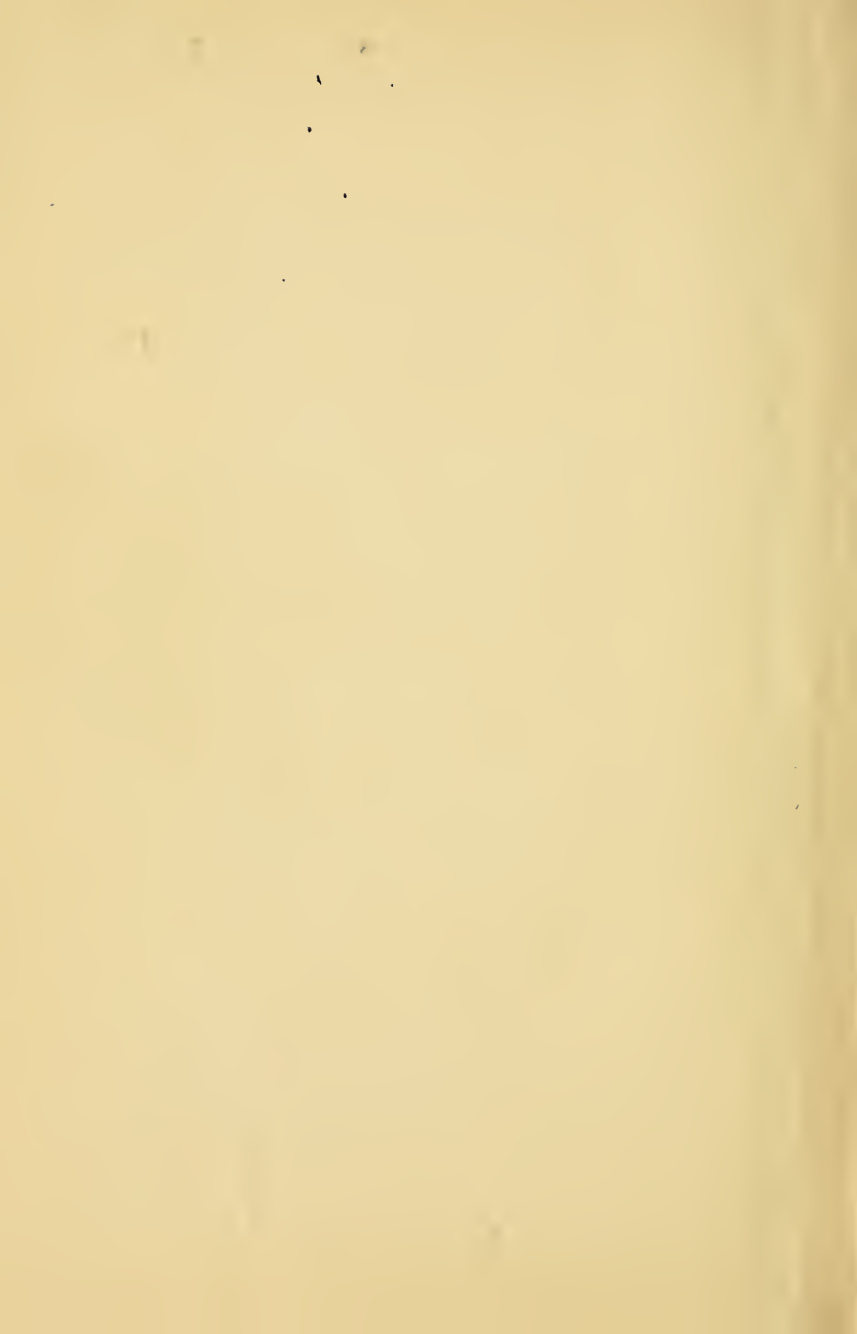


Her Glorious Life  
and  
Illustrious Reign

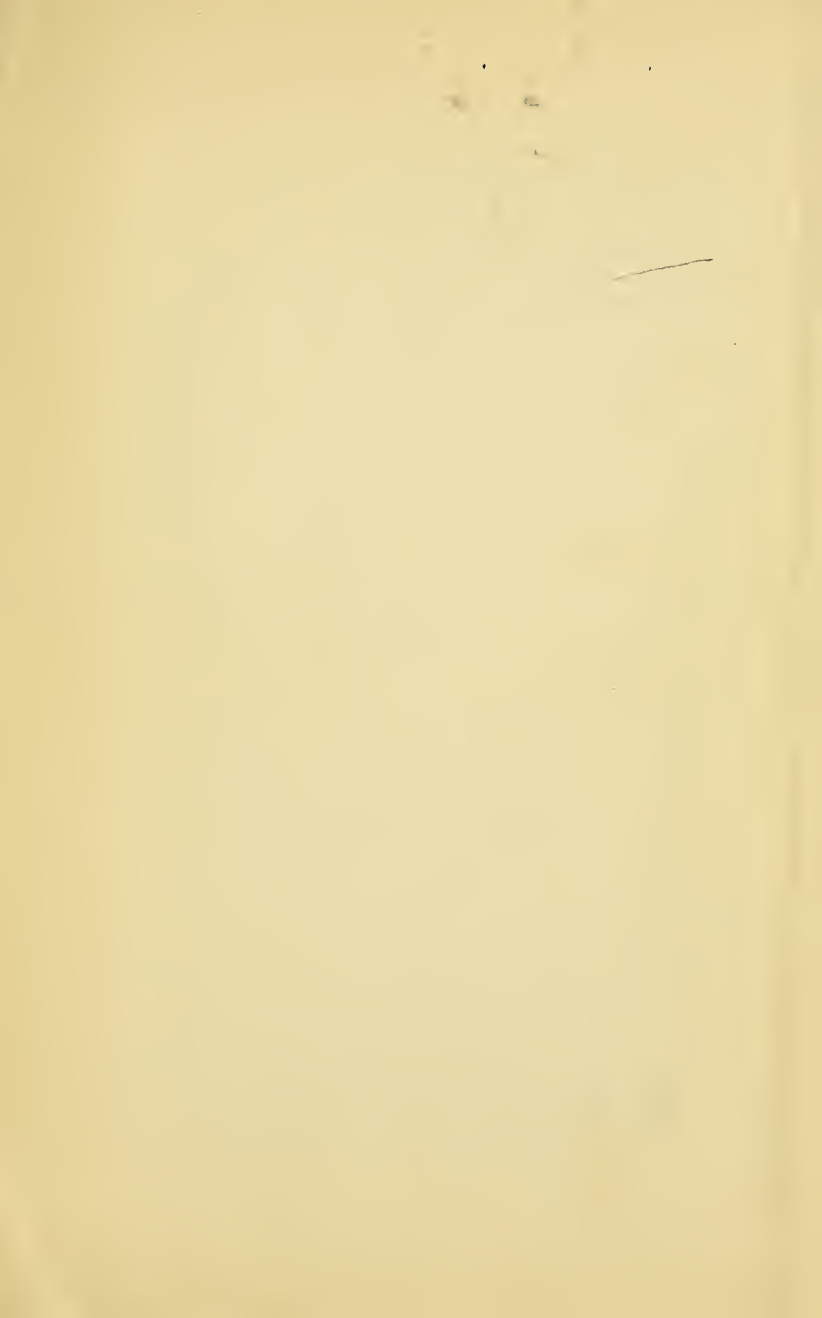
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